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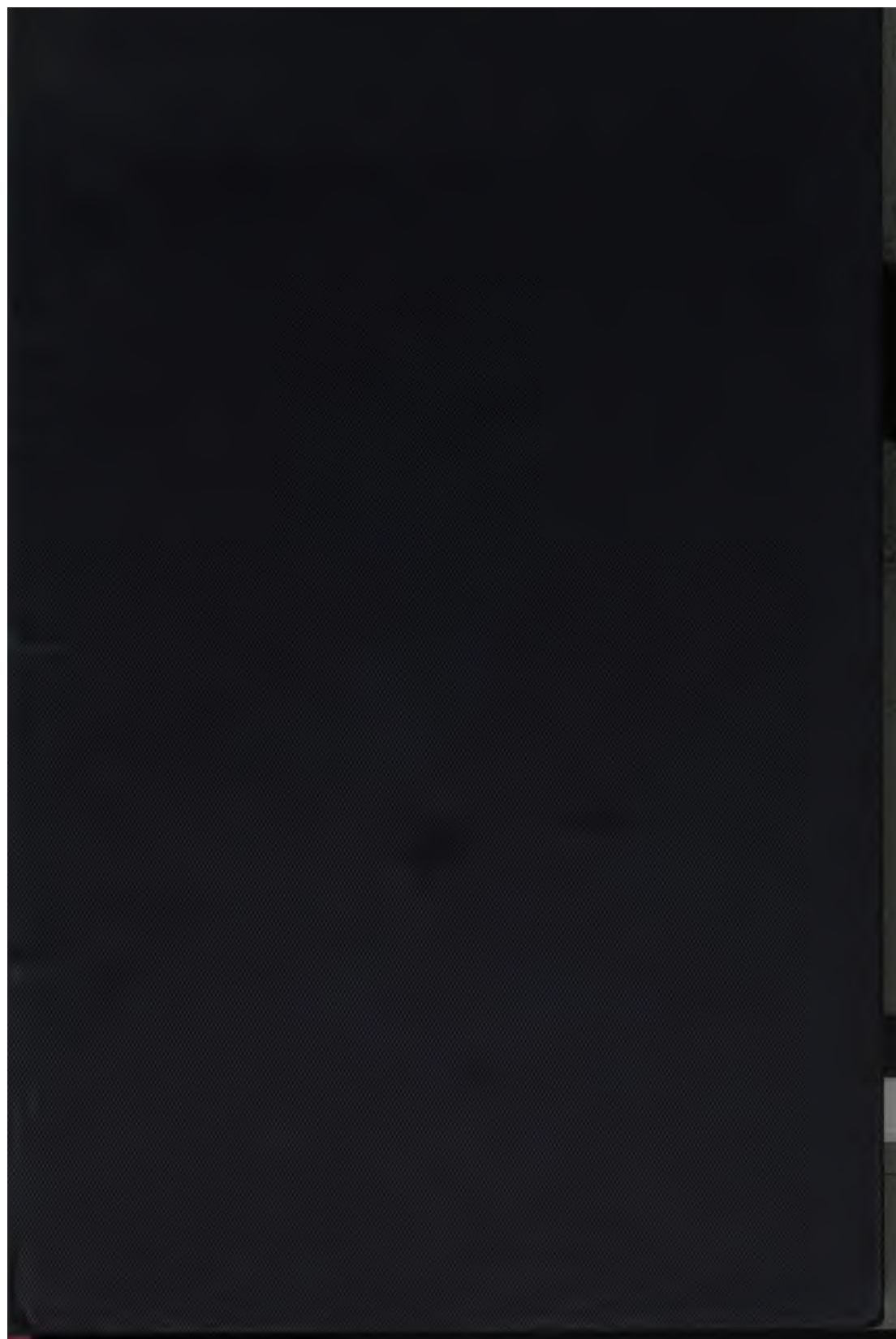
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NORTH COUNTRY  
POETS.





# NORTH COUNTRY POETS

## POEMS AND BIOGRAPHIES

OF NATIVES OR RESIDENTS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,  
CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, DURHAM,  
LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

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AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC YORKSHIRE," "HISTORIC ROMANCE,"  
"MODERN YORKSHIRE POETS," ETC., ETC.

(MODERN SECTION)

\*

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## P R E F A C E .

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The aim of the Editor of this work is to bring together the best poems with original biographical sketches of representative poets, who, by birth or residence, are connected with the six Northern Counties of England. In the present volume are included authors who are living, or have died not prior to 1860. It is expected that the Modern Section will be completed in about two more volumes.

The Editor is grateful for the kind assistance of several authors who have written biographies, and to the publishers who have been good enough to grant permission for the reproduction of copyright poems.

That the work supplies a want is proved by the flattering reception it has received from the press and the public during its publication in monthly parts. The success has far exceeded the expectations of the Editor, and encouraged him to continue his labours.

Mr. J. R. TUTIN, of Hull, has kindly prepared the index.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

*Hull Literary Club,  
1st December, 1888.*



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## NORTH COUNTRY POETS.

*Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.*



RS. George Linnæus Banks is favourably known as a poet and novelist. She was born in Oldham Street, Manchester, March 25th, 1821. Shortly after her birth, which occurred during a thirteen weeks' frost, a smoky chimney it was impossible to repair caused inflammation in her left eye, and imperilled her eyesight, leaving the sixth nerve paralysed. Her grandfather, Mr. James Varley, a member of a good Yorkshire family of Quaker descent, was a man of mark, as a traveller, a linguist, a scientific chemist, and the discoverer of chloride of lime for bleaching. He lost ten thousand pounds in a Chancery suit in defence of his right to use it in his own bleach works, although Tennant, his opponent, was nonsuited. He also discovered in England the fine clay for biscuit china, previously obtained from Germany. Her father also was a man of genius and culture; artistic, scientific, and literary. The education Mrs. Banks received, in part from a classical master, was largely supplemented by home influences, a good library, and the intelligent, literary, theatrical, and artistic friends who thronged her gifted father's house. At the age of eleven, she wrote a song, and delighted her younger sister and little friends with stories of her own invention. Her first contribution to the press, in the *Manchester Guardian*, April 12th, 1837, was a sentimental poem entitled "The Dying Girl to her Mother." It was followed at intervals by others of a higher order. Later, at the request of Mr. Rogerson, editor of the *Odd Fellows' Quarterly Magazine*, she sent him a poem called "The Neglected Wife," and gained by it a prize of three guineas, which was her first literary honorarium. She was barely eighteen when she succeeded to a long-established school for young ladies, at Cheetham, Manchester, which she carried on with success. In 1844 was issued her "Ivy Leaves; a Collection of Poems." Two years later, viz., December 27th, 1846, she was married at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, to George Linnæus Banks, of Birmingham, a many-sided man, poet, orator, and journalist. She greatly assisted her husband in his literary labours, and conjointly with him produced a most favourably received volume of verse under the title of "Daisies in the Grass." Many of their songs have been set to music, and are extremely popular. Mrs. Banks's first publication after marriage was a "Lace Knitter's Guide," followed, after a long interval, by "Light Work for Leisure Hours," a quarterly brochure still in progress with the aid of a daughter. It was not until June, 1865, that she published her first novel, "God's Providence House" (Bentley). It established her



reputation. Next in turn appeared a North Country story, "Stung to the Quick" (1867); "The Manchester Man" (1876); a Wiltshire story entitled "Glory" (1877); a Lancashire novel entitled "Caleb Booth's Clerk" (1878); "Woovers and Winners," a Yorkshire story (1880); "Forbidden to Wed" (1883); and "In His Own Hand" (1885). A cheap and uniform edition of her novels was commenced in 1881 by Abel Heywood & Son, Manchester, and Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London. In addition to the foregoing novels, excepting "God's Providence House," the series includes the story "More than Coronets," a number of weird stories entitled "Through the Night," and a second volume of short tales under the title of "The Watchmaker's Daughter, and Other Stories," and a third volume entitled "Sybilla, and Other Stories." In 1878, a collection of Mrs. Banks's later poems was published under the title of "Ripples and Breakers," and entitled the writer to a high place amongst the poets of the period. The volume received many favourable reviews. The *Athenæum* said, "Mrs. Banks writes with fluency and animation. Her view of sentiment is pure and earnest." Other leading critical journals welcomed the work with words of praise. Mrs. Banks has written much for the leading magazines, including *All the Year Round*, *Argosy*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia Annual*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *Quiver*, *Girl's Own Paper*, *The Fireside*, *Odd Fellows' Quarterly*, *Once a Week*, *Country Words*, many of the Christmas Annuals, Holiday Numbers, &c., &c. During her residence at Harrogate she lectured on "Woman as she was, as she is, and as she may be," with considerable success, but her preference for privacy has been the means of keeping from the platform one who might have done a good work. She, however, baptized the Shakespeare Oak, planted by Mr. Phelps, the tragedian, on Primrose Hill, at Shakespeare's tercentenary, and delivered "an eloquent address" on the occasion. Several of her books have been illustrated in part by her son, George Collingwood Banks, a gentleman also of literary gifts as well as artistic skill. Two daughters are also living out of a family of eight children. Her life has had its sorrow and its sunshine, her writings are always ennobling, and her actions kind.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

---

## INDUSTRIA ET PROBITATE.\*

(TO MY SON.)

---

Our ancestor at Hastings fought,  
 A Norman baron, clad in mail;  
 And on his shield and scarf were wrought  
 A motto ne'er by bloodshed bought;  
 Yet valour had its spirit caught,

\* The motto of the Varley family, to which the writer belongs.

And in the fight  
That armed knight  
Felt every blow was for the right,  
And being right could never fail ;  
It nerved his arm for victory  
By " Industry and Probity."

Scorn not the motto as unmeet  
For feudal times and battle-cry ;  
For fields where fiery foemen greet  
The ringing axe with iron sleet,  
And tread out lives with bloody feet  
Intent to slay !  
Sure in such fray

Some consciousness of right must sway  
The leaders who thus dare to die !  
And golden spurs to victory  
Are " Industry and Probity."

Those feudal times have passed away,  
Earldom and barony are gone,  
Castle and lands own other sway—  
Forfeit for treason, so they say ;  
Not e'en to us remains to-day  
The right to bear  
Their 'scutcheon fair,  
For rights like these with wealth decay ;  
And even my birth-name is gone.  
Yet cling I with tenacity  
To " Industry and Probity."

We fight far other battles now,  
No kingly quarrels ask our aid ;  
Yet every manly heart and brow  
Is scarred in fight as fierce, I trow ;  
And whether pencil, pen, or plough  
Be ours to wield,  
Our surest shield

In struggling on, all will allow,  
 Is conscious right and earnest zeal ;  
 And so, my son, hold sturdily  
 By " Industry and Probity."

'Tis all our ancestors have left  
 To mark their course in field or town ;  
 Whether through serried ranks they cleft,  
 Or drove the dagger to the heft,  
 And the fierce stag of life bereft,  
 Or battered wall  
 Echoed the call  
 First shouted by some craftsman deft,  
 Who, fighting, won his mural crown ;  
 Yet a right noble legacy  
 Is " Industry and Probity."

So, guard within thy inmost heart  
 That Norman's cry, howe'er attained ;  
 Assured that no ignoble part  
 Was played in battle, field, or mart,  
 By him who wrote upon his chart  
 That worthy line.  
 So make it thine ;  
 Hold up the words like stars to shine  
 Upon a life by vice unstained ;  
 And fight thy battle trenchantly  
 By " Industry and Probity."

---

### BRIDAL ROBES.

---

A bridal robe should be  
 A dress to be worn for the day,  
 Then laid aside with all perfumes rare,  
 A treasure to guard with lifelong care,  
 A relic for ever and aye.

And never meaner use  
Should sully its delicate snow ;  
The bride's last robe in her maidenhood  
Should be kept as perfect, pure, and good,  
As when first it was donned, I trow.

For ever a dainty type  
Of her chastity pure and white,  
Folded up, like a rose in the bud,  
Its beauty unseen, but understood  
By all who can think aright.

Text from the marriage morn,  
In its silence to preach through life,  
Of duties, put on with every fold,  
To change that life's silver into gold,  
If love link true husband and wife.

And not till Death should call  
The tried wife to *his* bridal bed  
Should that well-saved robe again be worn,  
Or that orange wreath again adorn  
The auburn or lint-white head ;

And only wife who kept  
As spotless her life as her dress,  
Be honoured to wear her bridal gown,  
Be honoured to wear her bridal crown,  
When Death shall her pale lips press.

---

AH, ME !

---

I measure life by gravestones, not by years ;  
They are the milestones on my life's highway ;  
For rain of heaven they have been wet with tears—  
Are wet to-day !

Tears of the heart, not of the clouded eye,  
Bedew these sepulchres of blighted blooms,  
Where, unresponsive, the beloved ones lie  
In far-off tombs.

Dear friends, who journeyed with me hand in hand,  
And dropped, way-worn, leaving sad me behind,  
To seek alone that bright and better land  
Faith looks to find.

My baby-buds, sweet blossoms of my love,  
With sentient leaves expanding day by day ;  
Whose essence envious Death exhaled above.  
And left me—clay.

Fair human forms surrendered to the dust,  
My human tears may dew *your* verdant graves ;  
But there are buried hopes—uncoffined trusts—  
Where no grass waves.

There will be " resurrection of the dead ; "  
Parted humanity expects to meet  
All smiles and love—where never tears are shed—  
In bliss complete.

Some *hopes* died early, others in their prime,  
And the heart shrouds them in a viewless pall ;  
But *they* will rise not in the after-time  
At *any* call.

I measure life by gravestones, not by years ;  
And these, intangible, count with the seen ;  
The dead hopes buried in a rain of tears—  
The " should have been."

And not I only—for, alas ! all men  
Inurn dead hopes within their secret souls,  
But seldom mark their graves for mortal ken  
With open scrolls.

FALLING LEAVES.

---

The wind its trump hath blown  
Adown the dell,  
And lo ! what leaves are strown  
On yon grey stone,  
And o'er the well !

Like human hopes they fall—  
Hopes born in Spring,  
When Nature's cuckoo-call  
Wakes life in all,  
And everything.

Leaves matron Summer nurst  
On sunny slopes,  
Where their young verdure first  
To beauty burst ;—  
Leafage and hopes.

But the autumnal gust  
That sweeps life's dell,  
Blows leaves as red as rust  
Into the dust,  
And death's dark well.



## Samuel Collinson.



ULL, the chief town on the Humber, has been the birthplace of many poets, and amongst the number is Samuel Collinson, who was born there on October 31st, 1812, and now lives at Nottingham. He descends from a Bridlington family. He served an apprenticeship with Mr. Robert Briggs, chemist, in Whitefriargate, Hull, and subsequently removed to the Metropolis, where he remained for seven years; he then returned to his native place, where he carried on business as a chemist and druggist, in Queen Street, for about three years. Then—this was in 1845—he went to reside at Nottingham, since which time he has lived there. In 1870 Mr. Collinson issued his first work. This was entitled "*Autumn Leaves*" (Low), and is in its second edition. This diversified collection of poems, gathered with great taste, from many fields of illustration, indicates a command of language and richness of imagery, without being confused or without straining after effect, qualities which are only attainable as a result of patient culture and years of study. The sonnets are generally very good. The principal poem in this volume is "*Merope*," in which the power of description and the play of imagination are throughout well sustained, and there is no falling off in the composition. In 1876 Mr. Collinson issued his second volume, "*Richard's Tower: an idyll of Nottingham Castle; and other poems*" (Hodder and Stoughton), a work which added to his reputation as a poet. Since 1860 Mr. Collinson has acted as Secretary to the Nottingham Chamber of Commerce, a position which he still occupies. He filled a similar office to the General Exchange from 1856 down to within a couple of years. He is also a stock and sharebroker, and honorary local secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Mr. Collinson was instrumental in providing "*The Robin Hood*" lifeboat, which is located at Boulmar, Northumberland. He was for a long period on the staff of the *Nottingham Journal*, as art and dramatic critic. Mr. Collinson is a water colourist of ability; and has a strong leaning to antiquarian pursuits.

J. POTTER BRISCOE.

### MAY.

I love thee not, young May, with all thy flowers,  
Thy blooming hawthorn with its odours sweet,  
And all thy promises of Summer's heat,  
Thy song birds and thy pale green leafy bowers.

The sunshine on thy face gleams bright but chill,  
Thy smile's deceitful, and upon my brow  
Thy false kiss falls, cold as a flake of snow  
Unseasonable. On the breezy hill  
Thy icy breath at eve and early morn  
Spreads out the gauzy hoar frost's mantle white,  
Withering the buds that, opening to the light,  
Had ventured forth beneath the shadowing thorn.  
I love thee not, whate'er old poets say,  
Chill, treacherous, but beauteous young May.

---

### TIME.

[From Mr. J. Potter Briscoe's Album, dated 1881.]

---

So fragmentary and so incomplete,  
When severed from Eternity, is Time,  
That the soul deems not earth its home or clime  
Where it shall fade, like flowers fair and fleet.  
It waits but here the rising dawn to meet,  
And struggling up the mountain side to climb,  
To catch the golden sunlight at its prime,  
With joyous song Heaven's radiance to greet.  
The earth to it is but a goodly hall,  
Where music haunts the air in fitful strains ;  
But ever to its ear there comes a call  
To brighter skies, to the celestial plains,  
Where, though the lyre be broken, the song be stilled,  
The soul with harmony shall aye be filled.



### THE LIFE BOAT.

---

On a lone hillside 'neath the starless night  
And drifting clouds, I stand with listening ear  
To the deep moaning through the bare woods near,  
Of the chill winds that hurrying in their flight,  
From the rough North or cliff-bound Eastern shore,  
Bring with them memories of the beating surf  
And sea bird's cry ; whilst at my feet the turf  
Seems like the wind-swept sand near ocean's roar.  
A wailing cry comes with the fiercer gale :  
Is it the death shout of a drowning crew ?  
The stars shine out, the mist clears off anew,  
The drifting clouds down the horizon sail ;  
The sailor's blessing comes as the winds are laid,  
To those who sent the Lifeboat to their aid.

---

### WHITBY ABBEY.

---

Time, sacrilegious hands of men, and storms  
Have made thee but a ruin, roofless, bare ;  
The rough winds wander 'midst thy pillars fair,  
'Neath lofty arches, dight with sculptured forms  
Of beauty, the destroyer's hands have spared.  
Whilst Time, as if repentant of his blows,  
Spreads o'er thy mouldering stones a veil that glows  
With warmest colour ; where thy shrines are bared  
Beneath the blue of Heaven, every arch  
Lifts up its graceful many-moulded crown,  
Grey with the lichen, or in golden brown,  
Rich as at sunset gleam the boles of larch.  
Thy triple windowed gable crowns the hill,  
A land-mark where the gales the white sails fill.

## Thomas Newbigging.



EW men are better known in Lancashire than Mr. Thomas Newbigging, who was born in Glasgow, September 30th, 1833. His father, John Gibson Newbigging, was a Scotchman, his maternal grandmother was also a Scot but his maternal grandfather was of Yorkshire. His early boyhood was spent in the beautiful Vale of Fleet, a "haunted, holy ground," whence poetry and romance have drawn abundant inspiration. In his eleventh year he exchanged the quiet charm of Gatehouse-of-Fleet for the bustling town of Blackburn in Lancashire, and five years later, in 1849, he removed to Bury, where, for two years, he served at his trade of mechanic. From 1851 to 1870 he resided in the Rossendale district of Lancashire, first at Newchurch, and later at Bacup, occupying during thirteen years of this period the post of secretary and manager of the Rossendale Union Gas Company, and identifying himself with the educational movements of the time; he was for several years honorary secretary and director of the Mechanics' Institution of Bacup.

In 1859 he married Miss Lomax, daughter of Mr. Abraham Lomax, of Sunnyside, Rossendale, by whom he has three sons and two daughters. In 1870 Mr. Newbigging went out to Brazil as engineer and manager of the Pernambuco Gas Works, whence he returned in 1875, and, settling in Manchester where he still resides, began practice as civil and consulting engineer. He is esteemed a leading authority on gas-engineering, and is often consulted by Committees of Parliament in a professional capacity on Bills relating to gas supply. In the general election of 1886, at the request of the Liberals who favoured Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, he contested the Rossendale Division with Lord Hartington. Although defeated, Mr. Newbigging's speeches during the contest became known far beyond the limits of the constituency for their keen analysis, clear and cogent argument, and generous bearing towards his opponent.

Throughout this most active life Mr. Newbigging has found time for no inconsiderable amount of literary work, always with him a work of love. His published volumes, if not numerous, attest the singular versatility of his mind and the wide range of his interests and sympathies, and even more marked would this manysidedness appear if the great mass of his contributions to the press could be scanned. He is the author of "The Gas Manager's Handbook," which has reached a fourth edition; joint author and editor of "King's Treatise on the Manufacture and Distribution of Coal Gas," the standard book on the subject. His other works are "Poems and Songs," published during his residence in Rossendale; "History of the Forest of Rossendale," written originally for the *Bacup Times*, and afterwards brought out in book form, justly regarded as a model in its

department of literature ; a second edition of "Poems and Songs" issued in 1883 ; a volume of "Sketches and Tales" in 1884 ; and, more recently, an appreciative biographical sketch and critical estimate of the work of James Leach, the Lancashire composer of psalm and hymn tunes. In 1887 appeared a volume of his "Speeches and Addresses, Political, Social, and Literary." The political speeches were those delivered in the Rossendale contest and subsequently ; many of the addresses were given before the Manchester Literary Club, of which Mr. Newbigging is a member, and embrace a wide range of topics, including "Education," "Co-operation," "Robert Burns," and "John Critchley Prince."

But little space is left to speak of Mr. Newbigging as a poet. His lyrics, for most of his poems are lyrical, often remind us of Burns in the grace and vigour of their style, in the quaint homeliness of their humour, and the pathetic melancholy which now and then creeps into his verse. They bear abundant evidence that their author is a loving and close observer of nature, and a man in full sympathy with his fellow-men, however lowly their lot in life. They read like the spontaneous utterances of a broad, manly, earnest spirit on life's somewhat prosy highway, breaking now and again into involuntary song, singing because he must and careless who hears.

J. OSCAR PARKER.

---

## THERE'S PLEASURE AND HEALTH IN CONTENTMENT.

---

There's pleasure and health in contentment,  
 There's fortune in freedom from care ;  
 But envy, and strife, and resentment,  
 Our happiest moments impair.  
 He's a wise man his passion that bridles,  
 He's a fool that will brawl and look sore ;  
 When self, pomp, and pelf are our idols,  
 Joy soon bids adieu to our door !

A crown's but a cumbersome bauble,  
 That darkens the brow it adorns !  
 And he that wins power oft exchanges  
 The down of his pillow for thorns.  
 The heart that is fainting and fearful,  
 Finds life but a pathway of pain ;

But he that is trusting and cheerful,  
Describes the bright bow through the rain.

Though little in life we may boast of,  
'Tis wisdom that little to prize ;  
And trials, if men make the most of,  
Are heaven's best gifts in disguise !  
The tiniest seed in earth's bosom  
To loftiest tree doth upspring ;  
And the birds of the air from the tempest  
'Neath its branches may shelter and sing.

Life hath its eclipses of sorrow,  
That hide the blue sky from our sight ;  
But trust we the brighter to-morrow—  
God's manna comes down in the night !  
And while the rich harvest we gather,  
We'll not the Good Giver forget ;  
But, grateful, low bending together,  
With gladness acknowledge the debt.

---

### O TELL NOT ME OF SUNLESS HOURS.

---

Life is a dreary round, they say,  
A lonely pathway paved with sorrow ;  
Where tear-clad care holds potent sway,  
And all seems cheerless, but to-morrow ;  
So I would add my bitter sigh ;  
So might I deem my soul benighted ;  
So darkness dire might shroud my sky,  
If Mary were not here to light it.

O tell not me of sunless hours,  
And sweet vows plighted to be broken ;  
Why close thine eyes on couch of flowers,  
And take the darkness for a token ?

Why gaze upon the brow of night,  
Nor mark the myriad stars that grace it ?  
Thy grief ! go, view the world aright,  
Thou'lt find some dear one born to chase it.

---

### IN ROSSENDALE THERE LIVES A LASS.

---

In Rossendale there lives a lass—  
I know not where her peer may be—  
She's fairer than the fairest maid  
That graces poet's minstrelsy.  
The sunlight of her kindly face  
Is dowry more than gold and land ;  
Her smile, a richer treasure than  
E'er rose 'neath touch of fairy's wand.

The spring-time wakens leaf and bud,  
And sprinkles flowers on every spray ;  
The summer gilds the mountain top,  
And clothes the vale with verdure gay :  
'Tis spring-time where my darling is,  
The light of love illumines her eyes ;  
The beauty of her tender glance  
Broods o'er my soul like summer skies.

When o'er the russet moorland hills,  
In wild career the whistling gale  
Speeds on its wintry way, and fills  
With drifting snow the narrow vale,  
I sit beside the glowing hearth,  
Nor count the moments as they glide :  
'Tis summer in yon forest home,  
With the dear angel by my side.

## WILLIE IS WAITING FOR ME.

---

The mavis he sings by his nest,  
The lark o'er his home on the lea ;  
Each lass to the lad she loves best,  
And Willie is waiting for me.

My mother says wooers are wild,  
They ne'er let the lasses a-be ;  
Oh ! kind is the bosom, and mild,  
O' Willie, that's waiting for me.

Yestreen as we sat in the glen,  
By the stream that runs murmuring free,  
" My heart to my mou' gied a sten,"  
For Willie spak' something to me.

He said that his bosom was sad,  
And 'twas mine ilka pleasure to gie ;  
I'll ne'er be unkind to my lad,  
For oh ! he is kind aye to me.



*William Cartwright Newsam.*

IN the year 1845 was published at Sheffield a charming volume, entitled "The Poets of Yorkshire; comprising Sketches of the Lives and Specimens of the Writings of those 'Children of Song' who have been natives of or otherwise connected with the County of York;" commenced by William Cartwright Newsam; completed, and published for the benefit of his family, by John Holland. The story of Mr. Newsam's struggles and early death is told with a sympathetic pen, by Mr. Holland. Several pleasing specimens of Mr. Newsam's poetry are also included. The story of his career is sketched in Mr. W. H. Dawson's "History of Skipton," the native town of Mr. Newsam, who was born in 1811, and died at Sheffield in 1844. Mr. Holland speaks of him as a "worthy and ingenious man."

His grandson, also named William Cartwright Newsam, is widely and favourably known as a lyric author, has spent the greater part of his life in Yorkshire, and as a contributor to the Northern press, his name must be familiar to many readers. He was born at Nottingham in 1861. Many of his songs have been set to music by leading composers, and become very popular, and have been much praised by the critical press. Mr. Newsam has set to music many of his own pieces, and is the composer of numerous musical works. The list of his songs and musical pieces is a long and interesting one, and shows tireless industry and ability. To numerous magazines he has contributed poetry much above the merit usually found in periodical publications. We give three examples of his poetry.

W. A.

---

LOOKING BACK.

---

Returned from travel, after many years,  
 Once more on old familiar ground I roam;  
 I mark the little Church, unchanged it stands,  
 And all unchanged my childhood's village home;  
 Unchanged the sunset lights the sapphire sea;  
 Unchanged it smiles upon the village green,  
 Touching with gold the daisies on the lea,  
 And lighting, as of old, the peaceful scene.

The old familiar sounds fall on my ear,—  
The shouts of merry children at their play ;  
And from the fields, to seek the homesteads near,  
The lowing cattle slowly wend their way.  
All, all unchanged ! But still so changed to me  
The unfamiliar forms that pass me by ;  
Strange and unknown is every face I see,  
And gone the friendly glance of every eye.

All, all are gone, and here I stand alone,  
Without the pressure of a friendly hand ;  
Where once I lived and loved,—now all unknown,  
I stray unnoticed through my native land ;  
And, as I muse upon the fading past,  
Amid the shadows of the dying day,  
Long pent-up mem'ries now come crowding fast  
Of forms and faces that have passed away.

Just as of old—I hear the curfew bell,  
The lilies tremble on the murmuring stream,  
The fragrant blue-bells scent the shadowy dell,  
And, as of old, once more I dream, I dream.  
Just as of old, that one sweet face I see,  
And, as of old, the blissful hour glides by.  
Oh ! could the joy be given once more to me !  
To live again that one sweet hour—and die !

Give me that hour ! Take back the wasted years  
That form the burden of my weary life !  
Give me that hour for all the sighs and tears  
That were the guerdon of my life-long strife !  
Then, to recall the joys that now are o'er,  
And lay my head upon that gentle breast,  
Fain would I claim the joyful boon once more,  
And for that blissful hour give all the rest !



## BY THE SEA.

I stood by the sea when the sun shone bright  
And flooded its depths with a blaze of light,  
And the golden sheen and emerald green,  
Like gems in the crown of a fairy queen,  
    Flashed forth in glittering splendour ;  
And the soft winds sighed o'er the shining tide,  
And the murm'ring waves to the breeze replied  
    In tones that were low and tender.

I stood by the sea when the moon was high,  
And the stars shone out from the midnight sky,  
And a wondrous sight was that shimmering light  
That flashed from the crests of the surges bright,  
    Like stars in trembling motion ;  
And the moon's soft ray on the waters lay,  
And its gleaming track made a bright highway  
    Across the slumbering ocean.

I stood by the sea when the lightning flashed,  
And the waves ran high, and the thunder crashed,  
And the blinding spray, that was dashed away  
By the howling wind, in the furious fray,  
    Brought death to the hardy toiler ;  
When his ship at last by the stormy blast,  
A dismantled wreck on the rocks was cast,  
    A prey to the ruthless spoiler.

The beautiful sea ! The treacherous sea !  
A joy and a terror it is to me.  
A beautiful sight, by day or by night,  
Is the tranquil sea, by whose margin bright  
    The fisherman loves to wander ;  
A terrible thing when its rage doth bring  
The angel of death with his sable wing,  
    To darken the homesteads yonder.

## SWEET MOTHER, DEAR.

---

Sweet mother, dear ! Sweet mother, dear !

How flies my memory back to thee  
And those bright days of thoughtless joy  
When thou wert all in all to me.

Secure from every grief and care,  
How calm and peaceful was my rest,  
When folded in thy loving arms,  
And pillowed on thy gentle breast.

Those halcyon days soon passed away,  
And, as the years of life rolled on,  
Sorrows came fast and faster still,  
While pleasures faded, one by one.  
The spring of life seemed bright and fair,  
Its summer now will soon be o'er,  
Its winter time is drawing near,  
But springs return to me no more.

Sweet mother, dear ! long years have passed,  
Long years of care, and toil, and strife,  
Since, full of hope, I left thy side,  
To launch upon the sea of life.  
Now, buffeted by every storm,  
By adverse winds and waves distressed,  
Wearied and worn with ceaseless toil,  
I turn to thee and sigh for rest.

Sweet mother, dear ! Perchance thine eyes  
May pierce the veil so dark to me ;  
Perchance thou still canst lead me on,  
And guide my faltering steps to thee.  
Gladly I'll meet thee on the shore,  
Where sighs no more disturb the breast,  
Where all is peace for evermore ;  
Then shall I rest, then shall I rest.

## William Brockie.



THOUGH Mr. William Brockie is still in active work as a journalist and man of letters, his recollection travels back to the time when, almost every day, he had sight of Sir Walter Scott, and when his daily life was spent among many of the characters who have become immortal through the "Waverley Novels." As a youth engaged in the law, he beheld Jeffrey practising as an advocate in the Parliament House at Edinburgh; as a young Scot of strict religious training, he listened on Sundays to the lofty and ornate eloquence of Chalmers. Surviving into our own world, he still remembers, with something of his youthful awe, the giants of a former race. The Border country produces poets by the score. On the Northumbrian side the people of the villages will come to their doors and say, "There goes the poet Mitford," or Johnston, or Thompson, as the case may be. It is some humble son of the Muses, who has put words to the popular airs, so that his verses are sung over all the country side. William Brockie had ambitions of a larger scope. He was born, the descendant of one of the old yeoman families, at Lauder East Mains, on the Scotch side of the Border, on March 1st, 1811. His father gave him the best education his means could procure, and then, without thinking proper to consult the lad on the subject of a calling, placed him in a lawyer's office at Melrose. There, as may be supposed, he would often, "pen a stanza when he should engross." When he was qualified to practice as an attorney he took to farming, and when the landlord, in spite of a promise given, raised the rent, he took to book-keeping, travelling for a wholesale establishment, and finally to schoolmastering. It was possible to combine this occupation with literature, and so he became editor of *The Border Watch*, which was to the Border country what Hugh Miller's *Witness* was to Edinburgh. Then he must needs almost ruin himself by getting the paper into his own hands, and taking a partner who drank the firm into difficulties. In the emergency thus produced, Mr. Brockie set his eyes on what Dr. Johnson declared to be the finest of all sights for a Scotsman, "the high-road which leads to England." In 1849, he became editor of the *North and South Shields Gazette*, then a weekly newspaper, and continued in this position till 1852. For eight years longer he kept a school in Shields, called an academy, getting married in the meantime to the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and finally taking leave of the Shields folks in a scathing set of verses still locally famous under the title of "Hookey Walker's Farewell." From 1860 to 1873 Mr. Brockie edited the *Sunderland Times*, at the end of that period resigning regular duties in order to engage in general literary work, which he contributed to a large number of newspapers and magazines. In a life of incessant work as a journalist, during which he has acquired thirteen languages, ancient and modern, Mr. Brockie

has written much which was intended only for immediate consumption. Nevertheless, he has found time to produce a shelf-full of books, among which may be named, "The Confessional and other Poems," "Leaderside Legends," "Indian Thought," "The Gypsies of Yetholm," "Legends and Superstitions of the County of Durham," and "The History of the Priory of Coldingham." Let me add that he is a man of high and earnest character, respected wherever his name is known, and beloved by all who have the advantage of his friendship.

AARON WATSON.

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## THE MIGHTY.

---

Where are the graves of the Mighty ?

Far in the forest and fen.

Where are the graves of the Mighty ?

Down in the depths of the sea.

Where are the graves of the Mighty ?

Sunk in the sands of the desert.

Where are the graves of the Mighty ?

Lost in the lone savannah.

Tumuli, hummocks, and mounds,

Storyless, nameless, and dateless,

Spots which the Yezidi deems

Haunts of the fiend he worships.

Where are the bones of the Mighty ?

Ground by the waves into lime.

Where are the bones of the Mighty ?

Burnt in the Arab's rude oven.

Where are the bones of the Mighty ?

Mingled with soil to enrich it.

Where are the bones of the Mighty ?

Scattered as dust to the winds.

Earth has reclaimed her own ;

Water and air have theirs ;

And now there remains of the Mighty

Not even a marrowless fragment.

Where are the halls of the Mighty?  
Vacant, dismantled, downfallen.  
Where are the halls of the Mighty?  
Left to the owl and the ostrich.  
Where are the halls of the Mighty?  
Razed to the very foundation.  
Where are the halls of the Mighty?  
Under the peasant's plough.  
Only some mossgrown stones,  
Left in a nook secluded,  
Draw a stray moonstruck pilgrim  
Off the great world's high road.

Where are the sons of the Mighty?  
Shrunk in soul and sinew.  
Where are the sons of the Mighty?  
Faint and chicken-hearted.  
Where are the sons of the Mighty?  
Bondmen to serf and slave.  
Where are the sons of the Mighty?  
Crouching to Pope and Kaiser.  
The priest-sucked Latin soil  
Brings forth few Romans now;  
And Ida and Olympus  
Are abandoned by the Gods.

Where are the deeds of the Mighty?  
Wrapped in oblivion's shade.  
Where are the deeds of the Mighty?  
Ah, how few have survived them!  
Where are the deeds of the Mighty?  
Frustrated, undone, fruitless.  
Where are the deeds of the Mighty?  
As if they had never been done.  
No, it is false? the fruits  
Past generations have eaten,  
And still there remains a store  
For all generations to come.

What have we gained by the Mighty ?  
Look around, and see.  
What have we gained by the Mighty ?  
Knowledge, religion, freedom.  
What have we gained by the Mighty ?  
All that the brutes have not.  
What have we gained by the Mighty ?  
To be called the sons of God.  
Matter subdued, mind disenthralled,  
Heaven's portals opened wide,  
Life and immortality brought to Light :  
This we have gained by the Mighty.

Where is the fame of the Mighty ?  
Not on earth, which they have left.  
Where is the fame of the Mighty ?  
In Heaven, to which they have gone.  
Where is the fame of the Mighty ?  
With the souls of the saints made perfect.  
Where is the fame of the Mighty ?  
With God, who has received them.  
Myriads of grateful voices  
For ever and for ever,  
Shout through the empyrean,  
The triumphs of the Mighty.

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## LOVE.

---

Love is a friendly bark on the deep,—  
A planet in the stormy sky,—  
A bright cloud on which angels sleep,—  
A madness-soothing melody.  
It softens the proud,—gives nerve to the brave,—  
Uplifts the feeble,—ennobles the slave,—

Retards the swift,—to the lame gives wings,—  
And compasses all incredible things.  
All beings its wondrous powers rehearse,  
And its empire is the universe.

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### ETERNAL RECORDS.

---

The world is not a passing show,  
Although things wither and decay,  
And Time, in his unceasing flow,  
Carries them rapidly away.  
Whate'er has been, is, and shall be,  
Through measureless eternity.

All Time is mirrored upon Space  
In Nature's wondrous prototype ;  
The history of the human race  
Is writ on heaven in lines so deep  
That, to the God-directed eye,  
The Past is not a mystery.

Man's conscience, too, a record is,  
Surcharged with the minutest lore ;  
Had he no other roll but this,  
The Judge Supreme would need no more ;  
For not one jotting, foul or fair,  
Can Time or Trouble cancel there.



## Edwin Waugh.



EDWIN Waugh, who has often been styled the Laureate of Lancashire, was born at Rochdale, 29th January, 1818, but although to the manner born as a genuine Lancashire lad, he is of Northumbrian stock on his father's side. The love of poetry and music may thus be regarded as a double inheritance, since both the Borderers and "lusty lads of Lancashire" have a reputation for harmony and songcraft. Mr. Waugh was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and has left an interesting record of the struggles of his earlier years. After passing through Davenport's Commercial Academy, he was apprenticed to a bookseller and printer, and like many other men who have achieved distinction, he has "worked at the case." After ten years of this drudgery he became Secretary of the Lancashire Public School Association, which was established for the formation of a plan of National Secular Elementary Education. Whilst not achieving this object, the Association undoubtedly did much to pave the way for the education measure subsequently carried by Mr. Forster. Five of the busiest years of Mr. Waugh's life were given to this work. Since then he has devoted himself entirely to literature. The list of his writings is a long one, and as many were issued in a somewhat ephemeral form, they became difficult to obtain. This has been remedied by the appearance, a few years ago, of a uniform edition extending to ten volumes. To this may now be added a new volume of the poems of his later years. Mr. Waugh writes pleasantly of persons and places, and has a very unusual power of descriptive writing. In his prose stories there are many admirable points of humour and pathos. His dialect poems have often great lyrical beauty and are racy of the soil. To read them after some modern poetry, is like feeling a waft of moorland breeze, laden with the perfume of wild-flowers and orchards, after escaping from the warm and sickly odours of the greenhouse. Mr. Waugh paints the lads and lasses of Lancashire as he has known them, concealing neither their defects nor their virtues. The appetite for fun and frolic, the adventurous spirit, the shrewd common sense, the cheerful stoicism that makes a jest of misfortune, the tender home affections, the love of wife and child, and all the sacred joys and sorrows that centre round the humble home, find a fine and fitting expositor in Edwin Waugh. He is so great as a dialect poet, that the delicate beauty of his verses he has written in book-English are too often overlooked. They would have made the reputation of any man except the author of "Come Whoam to Thi Childer an' Me." Mr. Waugh has for years been in the receipt of a Government pension, and is now resident in New Brighton, from whence he is occasionally tempted to re-visit those literary circles of Manchester where he is ever an honoured guest.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.



## COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ; <sup>1</sup>  
 Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon ;  
 There's some nice bacon-collops o'th hob,  
 An' a quart o' ale posset i'th oon ; <sup>2</sup>  
 Aw've brought thi top-cwot, <sup>3</sup> doesto know,  
 For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ; <sup>4</sup>  
 An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;—  
 Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,  
 Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther <sup>5</sup> weren't theer,  
 So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said  
 Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair ;  
 An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,  
 An' a nice little white cotton-bo' ;  
 An' aw kiss'd her again ; but hoo said  
 'At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark <sup>6</sup> wi' him,  
 Afore aw could get him up stairs ;  
 Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,  
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;  
 Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,  
 " Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad ? "  
 An' he cried till his een were quite red ;—  
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

At th' lung-length, <sup>7</sup> aw geet 'em laid still ;  
 An' aw hearken't folks feet that went by ;  
 So aw iron't o' my clooas reet well,  
 An aw hanged 'em o'th maiden to dry ;

<sup>1</sup> *Cob*, a lump of coal.<sup>2</sup> *Oon*, oven.<sup>3</sup> *Top-cwot*, top-coat.<sup>4</sup> *Dree*, wearily-continuous.<sup>5</sup> *Feyther*, father.<sup>6</sup> *Wark*, work.<sup>7</sup> *Th' lung-length*, the long-length, the end.

When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,  
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,  
 An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—  
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly*<sup>1</sup> when theaw artn't theer.

“Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;  
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;  
 Aw've a book full o' babs ;<sup>2</sup> an' a stick  
 An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel' ;  
 Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—  
 Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see* ;  
 An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—  
 But aw al'ays bring summat for *thee* !

“God bless tho', my lass ; aw'll go whoam,<sup>3</sup>  
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' children o' round ;  
 Thae knows, that wherever aw roam,  
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd ground ;  
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;  
 Aw can do wi' a bit of a spree ;  
 But aw've no gradely<sup>4</sup> comfort, my lass,  
 Except wi' yon childer and thee.”

<sup>1</sup>*One-ly*, lonely.

<sup>2</sup>*Babs*, babies, pictures.

<sup>3</sup>*Whoam* home.

<sup>4</sup>*Gradely*, proper, right.

## THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine ;  
 My ribbins 'll never be reet ;  
 Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,  
 For Jamie 'll be coming to-neet ;  
 He met me i'th lone<sup>1</sup> tother day,—  
 Aw're gooin' for wayter<sup>2</sup> to th' well,—  
 An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May ;—  
 Bi' th mass,<sup>3</sup> iv he'll let me, aw will.

<sup>1</sup>*Lone*, lane.

<sup>2</sup>*Wayter*, water.

<sup>3</sup>*Bi'th Mass*, by the mass ; an expression brought down from Catholic times.

When he took my two honds into his,  
 Good Lord, heaw they trembled between ;  
 An' aw durstn't look up in his face,  
 Becose<sup>1</sup> on him seein' my e'en ;  
 My cheek went as red as a rose ;—  
 There's never a mortal can tell  
 Heaw happy aw felt ; for, thea knows,  
 Aw couldn't ha' axed<sup>2</sup> him mysel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung,—  
 To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,—  
 For aw thought to seem forrud<sup>3</sup> wur wrong,  
 So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet ;  
 But, Mally, thae knows very weel,—  
 Though it isn't a thing one should own,—  
 If aw'd th' pikein'<sup>4</sup> o'th world to mysel',  
 Aw'd oather<sup>5</sup> ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd tho my mind ;  
 What wouldto do iv 'twur thee ?  
 " Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined,  
 An' a farrantly bargain<sup>6</sup> he'd be ;  
 For Jamie's as gradely<sup>7</sup> a lad  
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun ;—  
 So, jump at thy chance, an' get wed,  
 An' do th' best tho con, when it's done ! "

Eh, dear, but it's time to be gwon,—  
 Aw should'nt like Jamie to wait,—  
 Aw connut for shame be too soon,  
 An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late ;  
 Aw'm o' ov a tremble too th' heel,—  
 Dost think at my bonnet 'll do ?  
 " Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel ;—  
 He wants noan o'th bonnet, thae foo ! "

<sup>1</sup>*Becose*, because.

<sup>2</sup>*Axed*, asked.

<sup>3</sup>*Forrud*, forward.

<sup>4</sup>*Pikein'*, picking, choosing.

<sup>5</sup>*Oather*, either.

<sup>6</sup>*A farrantly bargain*, a decent bargain, a good bargain.

<sup>7</sup>*Gradely*, proper, right.

## THE MOORLAND BREEZE.

Of all the blithesome melody  
That wakes the warm heart's thrill,  
Give me the wind that whistles free  
Across the moorland hill ;  
When every blade upon the lea  
Is dancing with delight,  
And every bush and flower and tree  
Is singing in its flight.

When summer comes I'll wear a plume,  
With flowers of shining gold ;  
And it shall be the bonny broom,  
That loves the moorland wold ;  
And it shall wave its petals bright  
Above my cap so free,  
And kiss the wild wind in its flight  
That whistles o'er the lea.

Blithe harper of the moorland hills,  
The desert sings to thee ;  
The lonely heath with music thrills  
Beneath thy touch so free.  
With trembling glee, its wilding strings  
Melodious revels keep,  
As o'er the waste, on viewless wings,  
Thy fairy fingers sweep.

In yonder valley, richly green,  
I see bright rivers run ;  
They wind in beauty through the scene  
And shimmer in the sun ;  
And they may sing and they may shine  
Down to the heaving sea ;  
The bonny moorland hills are mine,  
Where the wild breeze whistles free !

Oh lay me down in moorland ground,  
And make it my last bed,  
With the heathy wilderness around,  
And the silent sky o'erhead.  
Let the fern and ling around me cling,  
And the green moss o'er me creep;  
And the sweet wild mountain breezes sing  
Above my slumbers deep.

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### CHRISTMAS MORNING.

---

Come all you weary wanderers,  
Beneath the wintry sky;  
This day forget your worldly cares,  
And lay your sorrows by;  
Awake, and sing;  
The church bells ring;  
For this is Christmas morning!

With grateful hearts salute the morn,  
And swell the streams of song,  
That laden with great joy are borne,  
The willing air along;  
The tidings thrill  
With right good will;  
For this is Christmas morning!

We'll twine the fresh green holly wreath,  
And make the yule-log glow;  
And gather gaily underneath  
The winking mistletoe;  
All blithe and bright  
By the glad fire-light;  
For this is Christmas morning!

Come, sing the carols old and true,  
That mind us of good cheer,  
And, like a heavenly fall of dew,  
Revive the drooping year ;  
And fill us up  
A wassail-cup ;  
For this is Christmas morning !

To all poor souls we'll strew the feast,  
With kindly heart, and free ;  
One Father owns us, and, at least,  
To-day we'll brothers be ;  
Away with pride,  
This holy tide ;  
For it is Christmas morning !

So now, God bless us one and all  
With hearts and hearthstones warm ;  
And may He prosper great and small,  
And keep us out of harm ;  
And teach us still,  
His sweet good-will,  
This merry Christmas morning !



## Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



It is by force of accident, merely, that Mrs. Browning can be included among the "North Country Poets." Her parents chanced to be temporarily resident in the county of Durham when she was born. There has been much dispute as to the facts. Mr. John H. Ingram contends that Mrs. Browning was born in London; Mrs. Ritchie, another of the biographers of the poetess, says that she was born at Burn Hall, Durham; Mr. Browning, whose word on the subject ought to be final, says that she was born at Carlton Hall, in the county of Durham. Fortunately we are able to throw light on the subject by means of a letter from the brother of the poetess. He says:—"Mrs. Browning was born at Coxheath Hall, county Durham. Mrs. Althane, my second sister, was born in London. The rest of us were born in Herefordshire. I am the sixth, and, as you may suppose, know nothing of Coxheath. I am not even quite sure I am right in the name. I fancy my father was only the tenant. He married when he was eighteen, and Mrs. Browning was the eldest." There is no Coxheath Hall in the county of Durham, but there is a village of Carlton. Mr. Barrett admits that he may be mistaken in the name, but his evidence may be taken as conclusive on the point most in dispute—that it was in the county of Durham, and not in London, that Mrs. Browning was born.

It must be held to be extraordinary, and yet most fitting, that the greatest poetess the world has seen should have been united in marriage to one of the greatest poets of the 19th century. There is in the history of our men and women of letters no other example of a similar union. Very appropriately, too, the acquaintance was brought about by a passage in one of Mrs. Browning's poems. She had made a graceful and most discerning reference to the author of "*Bells and Pomegranates*," in her "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*,"—

"Or, from Browning some Pomegranate, which, when cut deep down the middle,  
Shows within a heart blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."—

and the poet thereupon procured an introduction to her, when he found her great spirit confined in so small and frail a body that she appeared to be connected with mortality only by the very slenderest threads. This was in 1845. Elizabeth Barrett, whose father's name had originally been Moulton, had then published several volumes of verse and one prose work, "*The Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets*." She had written an epic at thirteen years of age, and in her twenty-first year her first proof-sheets came from the printer, an "*Essay upon Mind*," and other poems, being published as a volume in 1827.

Elizabeth Barrett was among the women of sound learning. She had Plato bound up as a romance, in order to deceive her friends as to the

nature of her reading. Italian and Hebrew were among her accomplishments. There seems to have been no moment in her life which was devoted to light employments, and the poetic fire burned within her with so much intenseness that it was for ever threatening to consume her insubstantial frame. Of her poems she wrote :—" They have my heart and life in them ; they are not empty shells.... I have done my work not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain, feeling its short-comings more deeply than any of my readers, but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere."

The poetess was born, says Mr. Browning, in 1806. Other authorities, among them Mr. Ingram, declare that she was not born until 1809. This notice is based on the earlier date. In 1837 she became a confirmed invalid. When Robert Browning met her she had been confined in a darkened room for the long space of five years. Before her illness she was, according to Miss Mitford, "of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face." She had "large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sun-beam," and a look of most extraordinary youthfulness. The marriage of Elizabeth Barrett with Mr. Browning took place in 1846, and during the courtship the poetess wrote her "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the most passionate expression of a great and pure love that is to be found in the literature of any country. The remainder of her life was spent in Italy, where her son was born, where she wrote "Aurora Leigh" and "Casa Guidi Windows," and where, in 1861, she died. Excepting only her love for Mr. Browning, Italy had been her grand passion, and her residence at Pisa was the realisation of a long and settled dream. There, every incident of her life translated itself into poetry, as, for example, a child's song :—

"I heard last night a little child go singing  
'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,  
'O bella libertà, O bella !' stringing  
The same words still on notes he went in search  
So high for, you concluded the upspringing  
Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch  
Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green."

With Mrs. Browning, poetry was passionate thought. Lyric expression—and her expression was always lyrical, even when she wrote in blank verse—was not in her case the utterance of an occasional mood, but a natural and customary language, like the song-notes of a bird. Her verse, with a few later exceptions, is always as hurried and impetuous as a mountain stream, so that sometimes the thought is obscured by the rush of language and rich imagery, and still more frequently there are faults of phrase and rhyme which ought not to have been present in the work of a poet with so exquisite an ear. These, however, are but the occasional flies in amber. Mrs. Browning's poetry is a full and noble expression of the soul of one of the greatest and loftiest-minded women the world has known.

AARON WATSON.



## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years ?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—  
And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows ;  
The young birds are chirping in the nest ;  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows ;  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly !—  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,  
Why their tears are falling so ?—  
The old man may weep for his to-morrow  
Which is lost in Long Ago—  
The old tree is leafless in the forest—  
The old year is ending in the frost—  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—  
The old hope is hardest to be lost :  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers  
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy—  
“ Your old earth,” they say, “ is very dreary ; ”  
“ Our young feet,” they say, “ are very weak ! ”  
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek !

Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,—  
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old ! ”

“ True,” say the young children, “ it may happen  
That we die before our time !  
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen  
Like a snowball, in the rime.  
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—  
Was no room for any work in the close clay ;  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,  
Crying, ‘ Get up, little Alice ! it is day.’  
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never cries !—  
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—  
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in  
The shroud, by the kirk-chime !  
It is good when it happens,” say the children,  
“ That we die before our time ! ”

Alas, the wretched children ! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have !  
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,  
With a cerement from the grave.  
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—  
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—  
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—  
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !  
But they answer, “ Are your cowslips of the meadows  
Like our weeds anear the mine ?  
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,  
From your pleasures fair and fine !

“ For oh,” say the children, “ we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap—

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
    To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—  
    We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
    The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,  
    Through the coal-dark, underground—  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
    In the factories, round and round.

“ For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—  
    Their wind comes in our faces,—  
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,  
    And the walls turn in their places—  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—  
    Turns the long light that droopeth down the wall—  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
    All are turning, all the day, and we with all !—  
And all day, the iron wheels are droning ;  
    And sometimes we could pray,  
‘ O ye wheels ’ (breaking out in a mad moaning),  
    ‘ Stop ! be silent for to-day ! ’ ”

Ay ! be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing  
    For a moment, mouth to mouth—  
Let them touch each other’s hands, in a fresh wreathing  
    Of their tender human youth !  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
    Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—  
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion  
    That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !—  
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
    As if Fate in each were stark ;  
And the children’s souls, which God is calling sunward,  
    Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
That they look to Him and pray—  
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,  
Will bless them another day.  
They answer, " Who is God that He should hear us,  
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred ?  
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word !  
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)  
Strangers speaking at the door ;  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,  
Hears our weeping any more ?

" Two words, indeed, of praying we remember ;  
And at midnight's hour of harm,—  
' Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,  
We say softly for a charm,  
We know no other words, except ' Our Father,'  
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,  
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.  
' Our Father ! ' If He heard us, He would surely  
(For they call Him good and mild)  
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
' Come and rest with me, my child.' "

" But, no ! " say the children, weeping faster,  
" He is speechless as a stone !  
And they tell us, of His image is the master  
Who commands us to work on.  
Go to ! " say the children,— " Up in Heaven,  
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find !  
Do not mock us ; grief has made us unbelieving—  
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."  
Do ye hear the children weeping and disproving,  
O my brothers, what ye preach ?  
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—  
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you ;  
 They are weary ere they run ;  
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
 Which is brighter than the sun :  
 They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom ;  
 They sink in the despair, without the calm—  
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,—  
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—  
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly  
 No dear remembrance keep,—  
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly :  
 Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,  
 And their look is dread to see,  
 For you think you see their angels in their places,  
 With eyes meant for Deity ;—  
 “ How long,” they say, “ how long, O cruel nation,  
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart,  
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
 And tread onward to your throne amid the smart ?  
 Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,  
 And your purple shows your path ;  
 But the child’s sob curseth deeper in the silence  
 Than the strong man in his wrath ! ”

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### THE LADY’S YES.

---

“ Yes ! ” I answered you last night ;  
 “ No ! ” this morning, Sir, I say !  
 Colours seen by candle-light,  
 Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,  
 Lamps above, and laughs below—  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
 Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No* !

Call me false, or call me free—  
Vow, whatever light may shine,  
No man on thy face shall see  
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—  
Time to dance is not to woo—  
Wooer light makes fickle troth—  
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you* !

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high ;  
Bravely, as for life and death—  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies,  
Guard her, by your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true, as wives of yore—  
And her *Yes*, once said to you,  
SHALL be *Yes* for evermore.

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### THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

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Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep" ?

What would we give to our beloved ?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,  
The senate's shout to patriot vows,  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to overweep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake!  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And giveth His beloved, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap!  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

Yea! men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man  
In such a rest his heart to keep;  
But angels say, and through the word  
I think their blessèd smile is *heard*—  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
Who giveth His belovèd, sleep !

And, friends ! dear friends,—When it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, ‘ Not a tear must o’er her fall ’ ;  
“ He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

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### THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

---

With stammering lips and insufficient sound,  
I strive and struggle to deliver right  
That music of my nature, day and night  
With dream and thought and feeling, interwound :  
And inly answering all the senses round  
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,  
Which step out grandly to the infinite  
From the dark edges of the sensual ground !  
This song of soul I struggle to outbear  
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,  
And utter all myself into the air :  
But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll  
Breaks its own cloud,—my flesh would perish there,  
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.





## David Holt.

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THE father of David Holt was a successful cotton-spinner at Holt Town, Manchester, where our poet was born in 1828. Reverses of fortune fell upon the family, and at an early age he entered the gloomy portal of commercial life. He had no remembrance of a time when he did not feel a deep and passionate love for poetry, and, as a boy, scribbled verses. At the age of seventeen, he published "*Poems, Rural and Miscellaneous*," a volume which appears to have contained nothing remarkable; and it was not until five years later that, "*A Lay of Hero Worship, and other Poems*" (London: William Pickering, 1850), introduced David Holt, as a poet, to his native town. His third volume, "*Janus, Lake Sonnets, etc.*" (London: William Pickering), was published in 1853, and embodied most of his best work. From this time he does not seem to have written much, but in 1868, his friend, Mr. Alexander Ireland, induced him to issue a small volume of selections, bearing on its title page, "*Poems by David Holt*" (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Manchester: A. Ireland & Co.), amongst which were several poems of great beauty, not hitherto printed.

The life of David Holt was singularly uneventful. For thirty-four years he was closely engaged in a railway office; and the days were few when he was absent from the city of his birth. In 1853 he married. The union proved a most happy one; and his wife and family of three sons survived him. He died, in 1880, at the age of fifty-one years, and was buried in the beautiful churchyard of Bowdon, Cheshire: fit place for one whose heart had leaned out to the fields, through a life which was spent in the streets.

David Holt has himself written that he believed he lacked entirely the creative, and to a great extent the imaginative faculties; and there is much truth in the confession. I only know of two instances where stories are woven into his poems, and they are both slight. Still he was a sweet singer; earnestness and sincerity are ever present in his writings, and his graceful and melodious rhymes occasionally rise to something nobler.

His most ambitious poems are "*A lay of hero worship*" and "*Janus*;" both contain fine passages, and will well repay perusal. Amongst his best work are "*Lake Sonnets*," "*The woodlands*," "*The mountain dream*," "*Building up*," "*1859 in Italy*," "*'Twas a maiden and her lover*," "*The departed*," and "*A promise*."

By early associations, he was connected with the Society of Friends. He was a man of chivalrous honour, a quiet, modest nature, and surpassing gentleness: these qualities, together with wide knowledge and dry humour, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

JOSEPH PERRIN.

## THE WOODLANDS.

---

O 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet to wander in the greensward-paven alleys,  
With the laden boughs above us, and the moss-clad trunks around ;  
Or to lie and dream with Nature 'mid the fern-clad hills and valleys,  
In a harmony of silence far surpassing sweetest sound.

O the woodlands, O the woodlands, O the sweet and shady places,  
Lone romantic hollows haunted by the wild-bird and the bee ;  
Ye may gaze for hours together on the sweet upturn'd faces  
Of the flowers, whose gentle smiling it is almost heaven to see.

And they smile upon you ever with a pure and holy smiling  
Of their lovely human sisterhood, and ever as you pass,  
Look up to you beseechingly as though they were beguiling  
You to take your seat beside them on the warm and sunny grass.

And think you they will answer if with gentle words ye woo them ?  
O, believe me, they have voices sweet as any singing bird ;  
But they speak to those who love them, and who lean their souls  
unto them,

And by such, and by such only, are their gentle voices heard.

They will tell you tales of fairy-bands, that come and dance around  
them,

And sing them songs of joyance through the livelong summer night,  
Tracing circles in the greensward when the quiet moon hath bound  
them

In the mystery of beauty with a veil of silver light.

And the merry, merry streamlet, as it plays amid the pebbles,  
Chiming in with happy chorus to the wild-bird's sunny song,  
With its softly murmur'd tenor, and its liquid-trilling trebles,  
Makes the woodlands ring with music as its light waves dance along :

Ye may almost dare to fancy that ye will behold the issue  
Of some Naiad from the waters with her eyes of liquid blue,  
With rounded form of beauty, and with lips of vermeil tissue,  
Sent expressly by the Muses to hold converse sweet with you.

Or, if graver mood be on you, from the antique trunks all hoary,  
Ye may list for Dryad-voices, with their sad and solemn strain,  
Bewailing to the passing winds their far and faded glory,  
And lamenting days departed which may never come again.

O, to couch on beds of violet, in a foliage-curtain'd pleasaunce,  
There to feast upon their beauty, and to breathe their sweet perfume,  
Meet to be inhal'd by angels so ethereal is its essence,  
While they are meet for angels' gaze, so holy is their bloom ;

'Twere a joy almost too blissful for a mere mortal to inherit ;  
Yet a simple joy, and Nature hath a thousand such in store  
For all those who woo her beauties with a pure and constant spirit,  
And for every fresh revealing, love those gentle beauties more.

Yes, to live mid leafy shadows, and to note the hours flit by us  
By the sunbeams on the foliage, were a happy life to lead ;  
And a life according sweetly with the pure and natural bias  
Of some hearts devote to Nature, and well skilled her lore to read.

But the world hath claims upon us, and our social duties ever  
Call us forth to crowded cities, there to jostle with the throng ;  
Yet methinks it were much happier to depart from Nature never,  
But to dwell amid the wild-woods and to pass our life in song.

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## BUILDING UP.

---

With infinite patience and toil to develop  
Whate'er may be in us of good and of beauty,  
To build up our nature with labour incessant,  
That our Future may cast into shadow our Present :  
This is our mission in life, and our duty.

But that which is built to endure, is built slowly,  
And all that the world has of great and of noble,  
Hath slowly been wrought out with toil and with trouble ;

And they are the learned who end with discerning  
That men may grow grey, and yet still be but learning.

It taketh brief time, and but little invention,  
To build up a fabric of lath and of plaster,  
But it taketh long years, and the mind of a master,  
To build a cathedral, with arch and with column,  
Meet for God's glory—majestic and solemn.

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### AT THE GRAVE OF WORDSWORTH.

(In Grasmere Churchyard).

---

Oh better far than richly sculptur'd tomb,  
Oh fitter far than monumental pile  
Of storied marble in cathedral aisle,  
Is this low grassy grave, bright with the bloom  
Of nature, and laid open to the smile  
Of the blue heaven—this stone that tells to whom  
The spot is dedicate, who rests beneath  
In this God's acre, this fair field of death ;  
Oh meet it is, great Bard, that in the breast  
Of this sweet vale, and 'neath the guardian hills  
By thee so loved, thy venerated dust  
Should lie in peace ; and it is meet and just  
That evermore around thy place of rest  
Should rise the murmur of the mountain rills.



## Arthur A. D. Bayldon.

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**A**MONGST the rising poets of Yorkshire, Mr. Bayldon promises to obtain a prominent place. He is a native of Leeds, and was born on March 20th, 1865. He was educated at the Leeds Grammar School, and has devoted much study to the productions of our best poets, whilst his mind has been expanded by foreign travel, as he has visited America, India, and other parts of the world. He has been a resident in Hull for some time. Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons, London, published a volume of his poetry in 1887, under the title of "Lays and Lyrics." The pieces are somewhat unequal, but on the whole shew much talent. Several of the leading critical journals pronounced the work as one of great promise, and as a first attempt it may be regarded as a highly satisfactory performance. The following examples of Mr. Bayldon's poetry are drawn from his volume.

W. A.

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### THE TWO WORLDS.

---

Sprung as from mist two rolling worlds I view'd :  
 One was all beauty, whirling swift and bright,  
 Peopled by shapes and visions of delight ;  
 The other swung a shapeless solitude,  
 Haunted by things which evermore must brood  
 In the dim wastes of melancholy Night.  
 A shadowy horror hung about the height  
 Of desolate steeps where footsteps ne'er intrude.  
 And as I gaz'd with wonder, lo ! there came  
 A whisper from my spirit's inmost lair :  
 " Yon glorious world is thine own dream of Fame,  
 Which thine Imagination paints so fair ;  
 And that dense orb, where mighty shadows move,  
 Reflects the dream Reality may prove."

### THE SPHINX.

---

Alone upon the desert wild and bare,  
Still gazing with thy melancholy eyes,  
While ages sweep and empires sink and rise,  
Thy mighty Image stands, whose features wear  
The same fix'd look thy sculptor carvèd there.  
No shadow falls but what thy form supplies—  
Unchangeable as thy familiar skies  
And thine eternal kingdom of despair.  
Like shadows by thine Image come and go  
A host of curious pilgrims from all lands,  
And disappear as ages swiftly flow ;  
And then the broad and ever-burning sands,  
With solitude, and thy still steadfast face,  
Break on our dreams of some forgotten race.

---

### SONG TO THE RAINBOW.

---

Flashing form, so fair and fleeting !  
Arching hill, and vale, and sea,  
To my spirit's ear repeating  
Vows of love from Him to me.  
  
Thou art fraught with heavenly duty  
To the erring human race ;  
Thou art bright with more than beauty,  
Moulded from the sun's embrace.  
  
O thou sweet one ! pure and holy,  
Breathing melody above,  
How I love to watch thee, lowly,  
Till my heart swim's o'er with love.  
  
While I speak thy swift hues tremble,  
Fading, fleeting fast away.  
Now the flying clouds assemble,  
And thy tints, oh ! where are they ?

## George Linnæus Banks.



THOUGH not a Yorkshireman by birth, yet was G. Linnæus Banks one by parentage. His father, John Banks, and William, the father of W. S. Banks, were brothers, born in Wakefield. Of these, William, the elder, was placed at Ackworth School by Sir Joseph Banks, to whom they were collaterally related. Apprenticeship was the good custom of the period, and John was accordingly apprenticed to the Earl of Mexborough's head gardener. Previously to his marriage with Sarah Hill (a descendant of historic Richard Penderell), he had settled in Birmingham as a seedsman and florist, and there, in the Bull-Ring, was his fourth son, George Linnæus, born March 2nd, 1821.

His parents were Wesleyans of a very rigid type. Home rule was of the strictest. From home, "Banks's boys" were known as the incarnation of mischief, banding with others for the perpetration of practical jokes that would not be tolerated in these days; young George with the rest. He was sent to good schools, among them Dr. Guy's, and on one occasion played truant for the whole term, except the first day. *The Methodist Magazine* and "Romaine's Walk of Faith" sample the narrow bookshelf. But at a very early age the embryo poet feasted on "Young's Night Thoughts," and in order to read in quiet, and perhaps to emulate "Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs," betook himself to the planted graveyard of St. Philip's Church evening by evening. He was little more than nine years old when he began to contribute squibs and epigrams to a newly-started satirical paper called *The Argus*. He was not much older when he was threatened with permanent blindness, saw only a glimmer of light for months, and was finally cured by a quack who applied leeches to his feet. His weakness in sight prevented his apprenticeship to an engraver, to whom he went on probation. Then modelling was tried, but affected his health. Finally he bound himself to a cabinet case-maker, *i.e.*, a maker of desks, work-boxes, &c., at that time profusely inlaid with pearl and ebony. Here another talent was displayed. He designed his own scrolls as he cut them out. His master failing, he dropped his tools and became a salesman in different places, all along keeping up his connection with the press. His first volume, "Blossoms of Poesy," dedicated to Prince Albert, and published in 1841, served as an introductory chapter to his marriage in December, 1846, to Isabella, eldest daughter of James and Amelia Varley, of Manchester. In 1848 he commenced his editorial career on *The Harrogate Advertiser*, which he, too late, discovered to be a mere summer paper. Already free of the platform, he filled the winter vacuum with lecturing throughout the north and founding Mechanics' Institutes in Harrogate and elsewhere, eventuating in the

"North-West Sub-Union of Mechanics' Institutes," of which he became first secretary. As a lecturer and public speaker he was most popular. His lecture on "Gossip and Slander" will not be forgotten by those who heard it. Whilst in Harrogate he published a second volume of poems, "Staves for the Human Ladder" (1850). It was there, over the breakfast table, that he wrote his celebrated poem, "What I live for." It went into the *Family Herald* first, then into his next volume, "Peals from the Belfry" (1853), and since has gone the world over. Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Raleigh, and others have tagged sermons and speeches with a stanza from it, The Chevalier de Chatelain published a French translation, and *The Panama Star and Herald* adopted the three concluding lines as its motto. His other volumes—exclusive of pamphlets and unprinted plays and lectures—were "The Life of Blondin" (1862), "Finger-post Guide to London," and "All about Shakespeare" (1864), "Daisies in the Grass" (1865), a volume containing poems by husband and wife coming last. It is not possible here to enumerate even the chief of his lyrics, set to music by well known composers, or the many public movements he inaugurated in his native town and elsewhere. His successive editorships after Harrogate were *The Birmingham Mercury*, *The Dublin Daily Express*, *The Durham Chronicle*, *The Sussex Mercury*, *The Windsor Royal Standard*, and *The Exchange*, a financial paper. The last two were his own property, and involved him in considerable loss. Whilst in Durham he set on foot a celebration of the Burns' Centenary, which left as a result a fine full-length portrait of Robert Burns in the Town Hall: the only English memorial of the event. In recognition of his eloquent oration on this occasion, the Glasgow committee forwarded to Mr. Banks a medallion profile of their honoured bard, with a complimentary inscription at the back. But whether in the North or South he was at work for the masses. In London he inaugurated the Working Men's Shakespeare Tercentenary Movement, which left the Shakespeare Oak on Primrose Hill as a testimony. Several other public movements he set on foot in the metropolis, but his editorial days were over. Towards the close of his life he did not write a great deal, but, nevertheless, he produced some fine poems, perhaps the best being the "Lay of the Captive Lark." Mr. Banks was ill for a considerable time. He succumbed to long concealed cancer on the 4th of May, 1881, and was buried in Abney Park Cemetery.

ISABELLA BANKS.

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## WHAT I LIVE FOR.

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I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true ;  
For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too ;



For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes yet to find me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story  
Who suffered for my sake ;  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake :  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The heroic of all ages,  
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truth from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail that season  
By gifted ones foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold,  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too ;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

LAY OF THE CAPTIVE LARK.

A PLAINTIVE PLEA FOR OUR POOR BIRDS OF SONG.

Deep in the thick of a tuft of clover  
My mate and I  
(And never was lover truer to lover  
Than she and I)  
Had built our nest, and in peace we lay,  
Unrecking of snare—  
Awaiting the first faint blush of day  
To bound to the air,  
And open the service of life with a matin,  
Couched in ornithological Latin,  
When the fowler came, like a thief in the dark,  
And broke up the home of the poor little Lark.

My mate she died of fright,  
So did our nestlings twain ;  
I was carried away by might  
Out of the fields and out of sight  
Of the hedgerows in the lane,  
Into the strange abodes of men—  
Never to look on the downs again.  
There I was sold for a top and a marble  
By a gutter Arab, nine years old ;  
I, of the minstrel tribe, who could warble  
Melodies precious as liquid gold—  
Sold as a very loon,  
Devoid of soul or tune—  
Or as a knave, or slave,  
And all for life  
To a cobbler's wife.

Then they put me in a cage,  
With sloping roof and bars—  
Me who could soar with the sage,  
And talk to the silvern stars

In the face of the morn  
When the day is born,  
And the babe buds sing  
To the great Sun-king,  
Riding forth on his car of cars.

And here I am in my cage,  
With sloping roof and bars,  
Immured for life  
By a cobbler's wife,  
In the pestilent air  
Of a tumble-down square  
That recoils from the light of the stars ;  
Yet I'm wiser than the sage,  
And happier than the sage,  
With the Pleiades, and Mars,  
And all the heavenly train  
Talking to him in vain.

Out of all that he sees and hears  
He cannot fashion one song ;  
Nor set to music the tears,  
Or the frowns of the human throng :  
He can only tickle the brain  
With facts, or with fancies, vain,  
Showing how little he knows,  
How very little he knows,  
While no song flows  
From him the whole day long,  
To gladden the moiling throng.

Now, 'tis my delight to sing—  
For song is worship, and peace, and love,  
Both on earth beneath, and in Heaven above ;  
It is my delight to sing,  
Because of the joy it will bring  
To the sorrowing,  
And the suffering ;

And because of the balm 'twill impart  
To many a sad and weary heart,  
And many an urchin trodden down  
In the reeking slums of this cruel town.

'Twere pleasanter far to be  
Out in the flowery lea,  
Nestling low in the grass,  
Where the fairy-mummers pass,  
Or mounting up to Heaven  
With the pinions my Maker has given ;  
But better it is that I  
Should be pent up here alone,  
Without space to soar or to fly,  
Leading the life of a drone,  
Than the dwellers in courts and alleys dim  
Should lack the grace of a daily hymn.

There never was monk in a church,  
Had such congregations as I,  
When throned on my slender pulpit perch  
I preach to the passers-by,  
Telling of all the beautiful things  
Which can only be known to the spirit with wings.

There never was choir in a church,  
Led off by the organ's note,  
That could rival me on my choral perch  
When I pour from my simple throat  
The anthems composed in that prelude of time  
When the Earth was rung in with a starry chime.

I often recur to the hours  
When I borrowed the breath of the flowers  
To perfume our nest in the purple clover ;  
For, though I am but a bird,  
I have feelings that will be stirred  
By a thought of the old time now and then coming over ;

And I'd like one day in the week  
The haunts of my youth to seek,  
To see if the elms and limes are standing still :  
But if I were called away  
For only an hour in the day,  
Who is there my place in this human desert to fill ?

Whose cheery voice would chase  
From the pallid and sunken face,  
The beetling scowl and the look of blank despair ?  
Whose tuneful, loving tone,  
With the fervour of mine own,  
Uplift the soul in alternate praise and prayer ?  
Whose timely voice arouse  
The sons of toil to their labour vows,  
And soothe their hearts at the set of sun,  
When the task for the daily bread was done ?

Ah, no ! ah, no !  
My duty here below  
Is with the sad, the weary, the distressed :  
I am a missionary bird,  
Bearing God's holy Word  
To mind distraught and heavy-laden breast ;  
So I will keep my post and fill  
These rookeries with my trill,  
Till my brave heart break, or fleeting strength decay ;  
Then I'll fold my wings in peace,  
And await Death's kind release,  
To rejoin my mate and nestlings far away !

DAY IS BREAKING.

A SONG OF PROGRESS.

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Day is breaking  
On the mountain-tops of Time,  
As they stand head-bared and hoary,  
Watching from their heights sublime  
The new Morning upward climb  
In its creative glory

Day is breaking,  
Like a firmament of light  
Flushing far the heaving ocean ;  
And the darkness of the Night  
Melts before its gathering might  
As a spectral thing in motion !

Day is breaking !  
In the valleys, on the hills,  
The earth is as an infant swathed in brightness ;  
And the rivers and the rills  
With a sparkling joy it fills,  
As to lyric measure turns their rippling lightness !

Day is breaking !  
And the matin of each bird—  
A ray of morn distilled in music—ringing  
Through the welkin far, is heard  
Echoing, like the parting word  
Of a lover to his earthly idol clinging !

Day is breaking,  
Like a host of angels sent  
With some new revelation,  
And the mourning nations bent,  
Tiptoe wait the grand event—  
The mind's emancipation.

Day is breaking !  
And from the grave of other years  
In new birth Life awaking,  
Above the dust of Death uprears  
Its face, no longer wet with tears,  
For mankind's Day is breaking.

Day is breaking !  
And as the story of its advent flies,  
In the mart, on 'Change,  
Sagacious men, far-seeing, questioning, wise,  
Tarry to fathom in each other's eyes  
The import deep and strange.

Day is breaking !  
A crimson rust feeds on the sword—  
Devoured by blood of its own shedding ;  
And where the cannon thundering roared,  
To nobler peace and self restored,  
Man by the Light of God is treading.



## Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.



AMONGST modern poets Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., gained an important place, and made some lasting contributions to English poetry. Several of his poems are familiar to readers in the North of England, having special local interest. His best known productions are "The Private of the Buffs," "The Loss of the Birkenhead," and "The Spanish Mother." He wrote some clever lines on the St. Leger. Some verses in honour of Alice Ayres, the nurse who perished in rescuing her mistress's children from the flames, have been very widely quoted and warmly praised. He was born August 22nd, 1810, at Nun Appleton, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, being the son of the first baronet, Major-General Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. He was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford, and had a distinguished university career. At the Easter Term in 1832 he took his degree, passing First Class in Classics. From 1836 to 1844 he was a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and resigned on his marriage to Sidney, daughter of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (she died in 1867). He was called to the Bar shortly after leaving Oxford. In 1846 he obtained the post of Receiver-General of Customs, and in 1870 was advanced to Commissioner of Customs. From 1867 to 1877 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and on his quitting the chair he had conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Three of his Lectures on Poetry were issued in book form; one is an able vindication of Provincial poetry, dealing at some length with the writings of the Rev. William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet. In 1886 he published his "Reminiscences and Opinions," and at different times issued volumes of verse. He died June 8th, 1888. The following examples of his poetry are drawn from his volume entitled "The Return of the Guards, and other Poems" (London; Macmillan & Co., 1883), and we beg to thank the publishers for their courtesy in permitting their reproduction in these pages.

W. A.

### THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

Supposed to be told by a soldier who survived.

Right on our flank the sun was dropping down ;  
 The deep sea heaved around in bright repose ;  
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,  
 A cry of women rose.



The stout ship " Birkenhead " lay hard and fast,  
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;  
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed  
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks  
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,  
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks  
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,  
That low down in its blue translucent glass  
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,  
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !  
The sea turned one clear smile ! Like things asleep  
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,  
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,  
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,  
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck  
Form'd us in line to die.

To die !—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd,  
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers :—  
*All to the boats !* cried one—he was, thank God,  
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir :  
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not :  
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,  
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought  
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;  
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought  
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,  
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;  
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,  
Still, under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,  
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,  
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide  
As others under turf.

They sleep as well ! and, roused from their wild grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,  
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save  
His weak ones, not in vain.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark ;  
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press,  
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower or Park,  
This feel we none the less :

That those whom God's high grace there saved from ill,  
Those also left His martyrs in the bay,  
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still  
Full well had earned their pay.

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### THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

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"Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *kotou*. The Seiks obeyed ; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill."—*See China Correspondent of the "Times."*

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*Last night*, among his fellow roughs,  
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never looked before.  
*To-day*, beneath the foeman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,

Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
Bewildered, and alone,  
A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.  
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame :  
He only knows, that not through *him*  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish<sup>1</sup> hop-fields round him seem'd,  
Like dreams to come and go ;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,  
One sheet of living snow ;  
The smoke, above his father's door,  
In gray soft eddyings hung :  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—With strength like steel  
He put the vision by.  
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;  
An English lad must die.  
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;  
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;  
Unless proud England keep untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons.  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

<sup>1</sup>The Buffs, or East Kent Regiment.

*Joseph Skipsey.*

JOSEPH Skipsey, the author of "Carols from the Coal Fields," and a native of Northumberland, who has passed the greater part of his life underground, was born in the year 1832. When only an infant in arms, he lost his father, who was a miner; and, as his widowed mother was left with seven other children, Joseph was sent to work in the pits, when but a child, where he had to toil long hours, generally in the dark, and so it came that during the dreary winter months he only saw the blessed sunlight upon Sundays. Brave and determined to acquire knowledge, the child became his own schoolmaster, and taught himself to read, write, and cipher, whenever he could get a candle-end to enable himself to see printed bills, or written notices, from which to copy the letters, and a bit of chalk with which to write on the wooden doors of the pit.

His work, then, was to open and shut a trap-door for coal-trucks to pass through; and, till recent years, he was a pitman of Percy Main, near North Shields. For over forty years, Mr. Skipsey wrought in the pits. Then, in 1859, he became sub-storekeeper for a time at the Gateshead Iron Works; and that year published a volume of poems. In the autumn of 1863 he was appointed Sub-Librarian to the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This latter office, although congenial to his tastes, had to be given up on account of the inadequacy of the remuneration to meet his domestic needs; and Mr. Skipsey returned to his former occupation in the coal-mines. In 1871 he published another volume of "Poems;" and in 1878 appeared "A Book of Miscellaneous Lyrics," with a portrait of the author. Both these volumes were very favourably received by the press and by men of literary standing; and, thus encouraged to prosecute his studies, in 1881, he issued "A Book of Lyrics, including Songs, Ballads, and Chants."

Mr. Skipsey is now a caretaker of a Board School in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Having devoted his leisure hours to the careful study of general literature, and more specially of English literature from the Elizabethan period downwards, he was asked by Walter Scott to edit his series of the *Canterbury Poets*. This he did till lately, writing introductory notices, biographical and critical, for a number of the volumes—"Coleridge," "Shelley," "Poe," and "Burns' Songs." These introductions exhibit discriminating taste, much originality, and fine critical acumen. The many duties of his school-board appointment, however, left him so little leisure for literary work that, overworked, he resigned the editorship of the poets, and was succeeded in it by Mr. William Sharp.

In 1886 Mr. Skipsey published "Carols from the Coal Fields, and other

Songs and Ballads." His poetry, particularly that relating to his own special experiences, is strikingly pithy and direct. The scenes are reproduced to the life, and we see what he describes. These poems, full of pathos and power, are of no ordinary kind. What the poet's eye has seen, and his heart has felt, is tersely and musically expressed. "Bereaved" is the wail of a poor woman who has lost her two darlings and her husband, and who, almost bereft of her senses, wishes to be laid in peace beside them; "The Hartley Calamity" is another poem which pictures the appalling calamities to which a mining population is liable. From their speciality, the general public will probably be most struck by these and such-like poems relating to pit-life; but there are also many others, on general subjects, of a high and thoughtful order. "Thistle and Nettle" is a charming rustic idyll, archly told with simplicity and humour; "The Violet and the Rose" has the quaintness and symbolic condensation of Heine; "The Mystic Lyre" deals with life, space, progress, and the great harmonies of the universe; "A Cry for Poland" ends with "how long?"; "The Angel Mother" is touchingly sweet, natural and beautiful; "The Reign of Gold" is an indignant protest against the sordid spirit of the age, and has a fine true manly ring about it; "The Seaton Terrace Lass" is a ballad in which the "old story" is well told in a light airy natural way. Along with it, we name the rose-cheeked "Rosa Rea." "Slighted" is a poem full of pathos.

In a note at the end of "Carols from the Coal Fields," we are told by Dr. R. Spence Watson, who has been an intimate friend of Mr. Skipsey's for more than twenty years:—"I must say a word or two more about Joseph Skipsey himself, for we have in him a man of mark, a man who has made himself, and has done it well. His life-long devotion to literary pursuits has never been allowed to interfere with the proper discharge of his daily duties. Whilst still a working pitman, he was master of his craft, and it took an exceptionally good man to match him as a hewer of coal. When after many long years of patient toil, he won his way to an official position, he gained the respect of those above him in authority whilst retaining the confidence and affection of the men. Simple, straight, and upright, he has held his own wherever he has been placed. The life of the miner is one of peril; he lives with his own and the lives of those dear to him constantly in his hand; and Joseph Skipsey has had bitter and painful experience of the cruel sorrows to which he is exposed. He is personally known to not a few of the men whom, in letters and art, England delights to honour, and I think I may truly say he is honoured of them all. Perhaps, if we could see things as they really are, Joseph Skipsey is the best product of the north-country coal-fields, since George Stephenson held his safety lamp in the blower at Killingworth pit." Mr. Skipsey having been introduced to me by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, some eighteen years ago, having corresponded with me at intervals ever since, and having recently visited me, I need only add that I quite agree with Dr. Watson's high estimate of one who is truly a remarkable man.

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON.

### MOTHER WEPT.

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Mother wept, and father sighed ;  
With delight a-glow  
Cried the lad, "To-morrow," cried,  
"To the pit I go."

Up and down the place he sped,—  
Greeted old and young,  
Far and wide the tidings spread,—  
Clapt his hands and sung.

Came his cronies, some to gaze  
Wrapt in wonder ; some  
Free with counsel ; some with praise ;  
Some with envy dumb.

"May he," many a gossip cried,  
"Be from peril kept ;"  
Father hid his face and sighed,  
Mother turned and wept.

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### THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

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The Violet invited my kiss,—  
I kiss'd it and called it my bride ;  
"Was ever one slighted like this?"  
Sighed the Rose as it stood by my side.  
My heart ever open to grief,  
To comfort the fair one I turned ;  
"Of fickle ones thou art the chief!"  
Frown'd the Violet, and pouted and mourned.

Then to end all disputes, I entwined  
The love-stricken blossoms in one ;  
But that instant their beauty declined,  
And I wept for the deed I had done !

## THE REIGN OF GOLD.

---

It sounded in castle and palace,  
It sounded in cottage and shed,  
It sped over mountains and valleys,  
And withered the earth as it sped ;  
Like a blast in its fell consummation  
Of all that we holy should hold,  
Thrilled, thrilled thro' the nerves of the nation,  
A cry for the reign of King Gold.

Upstarted the chiefs of the city,  
And sending it back with a ring,  
To the air of a popular ditty,  
Erected a throne to the king :  
'Twas based upon fiendish persuasions,  
Cemented by crimes manifold :  
Embellished by specious ovations,  
That dazzled the foes of King Gold.

The prey of unruly emotion,  
The miner and diver go forth,  
And the depths of the earth and the ocean  
Are shorn of their lustre and worth ;  
The mountain is riven asunder,  
The days of the valley are told ;  
And sinew, and glory, and grandeur,  
Are sapped for a smile of King Gold.

Beguiled of their native demeanour,  
The high rush with heirlooms and bays ;  
The poor with what gold cannot weigh, nor  
The skill of the pedant appraise ;  
The soldier he spurs with his duty,  
And lo ! by the frenzy made bold,  
The damsel she glides with her beauty,  
To garnish the brow of King Gold.

Accustomed to traffic forbidden  
By honour—by heaven—each hour,  
The purest, by conscience unhidden,  
Laugh, laugh at the noble and pure;  
And Chastity, rein'd in a halter,  
Is led to the temple and sold,—  
Devotion herself, at the altar,  
Yields homage alone to King Gold.

Affection, on whose honey blossom,  
The child of affliction still fed—  
Affection is plucked from the bosom,  
And malice implanted instead;  
And dark grow the brows of the tender,  
And colder the hearts of the cold:—  
Love, pity, and justice surrender  
Their charge to the hounds of King Gold.

See, see, from the sear'd earth ascending,  
A cloud o'er the welkin expands;  
See, see 'mid the dense vapour bending,  
Pale women with uplifted hands;  
Smokes thus to the bridegroom of Circe,  
The dear blood of hundreds untold;  
Invokes thus the angel of mercy  
A curse on the reign of King Gold.

It sounded in castle and palace,  
It sounded in cottage and shed,  
It sped over mountains and valleys,  
And withered the earth as it sped;  
Like a blast in its fell consummation  
Of all that we holy should hold,  
Thrilled, thrilled thro' the nerves of the nation;  
“Cling! clang! for the reign of King Gold.”





## John Duncan Richardson.



JOHN Duncan Richardson is a poet of the people, and amidst the trials of a life of toil has with gratifying success cultivated a taste for literature. He has produced a large number of poems, which have been appreciated in temperance circles and amongst his fellow-working men. A volume of his verse, issued in 1886, under the title of "Reveries in Rhyme," was well received. He has written much poetry and prose for a number of London and provincial magazines and newspapers, and for eight years he acted as the editor of *The Hull and East Riding Good Templar*. Mr. Richardson is a native of South Shields, and was born in 1848. At an early age he removed to Hull.

W. A.

### ENGLAND.

Isle of the fair and the brave,  
 Shrine of each Briton's devotion,  
 Proudly thy banner doth wave,  
 World-wide and free as the ocean.  
 Strangers and exiles who roam,  
 Fleeing the yoke of oppression,  
 Find, in thy sea-girdled home,  
 Liberty's priceless possession.

Lasting as truth be thy fame,  
 First in the van of the Nations ;  
 Sweetest of music thy name,  
 Theme of thy sons' aspirations.  
 May the Rose and the Thistle combined,  
 Long bloom together in beauty,  
 And yield, with the Shamrock entwined,  
 Blossoms of love and of duty.

England, majestic and great,  
 Treasured in song and in story,

Honour and Truth at thy gate,  
Point to a future of glory.  
Nation of Nations ! thy might—  
Shall it desert thee ? No never !  
Faithful to God and the Right,  
Nothing thy kingdom shall sever.

---

BROKEN TOYS ; OR THE MOTHER'S  
SOLILOQUY.

---

'Tis eventide, and twilight adds  
Its charms to soothe me, here, alone ;  
My princes—Heaven bless the lads !—  
Lie sleeping on their nightly throne.  
Wide-scatter'd on the floor, I see  
The playthings of my careless boys,  
And, musing on their merry glee,  
I gather up the broken toys.

Methought,—“ It is not only here,  
In this—my realm, where I am Queen,  
That toys are broken thus, I fear,  
For *human* wrecks are daily seen ;  
Fond hearts that too-confiding yield,  
When smiling villainy decoys,  
Losing the gem of beauty's shield,  
Are cast aside as broken toys.

“ We loud lament the woes of war,  
The heroes martyr'd in the strife,  
But, oh, the slaughter's greater far,  
Upon the battlefield of life !  
The young by splendid sin betray'd,  
Find out too late that vice destroys,  
When, reckless made, and scorning aid,  
They die—the false world's broken toys.”

And all that through the forward year,  
Prophetic, flit like phantoms by.

But, in the cheerless silence, hark,  
Some throstle's vesper ! loud and clear,  
Beside his mate I hear him sing ;

And, sudden at my feet I mark  
A daffodil that lights the dark—  
Joy, joy, 'tis here, the Spring ! the Spring !

---

### GREY TOWER OF DALMENY.

---

The lovers are whispering under thy shade,  
Grey tower of Dalmeny ;  
I leave them, and wander alone in the glade  
Beneath thee, Dalmeny ;  
Their thoughts are of all the bright years coming on,  
But mine are of days and of dreams that are gone ;  
They see the fair flowers Spring has thrown on the grass,  
And the clouds in the blue light their eyes as they pass ;  
But my feet are deep down in a drift of dead leaves,  
And I hear what they hear not, a lone bird that grieves—  
But what matter, the end is not far for us all,  
And Spring, through the Summer, to Winter must fall,  
And the lovers' light hearts e'en as mine will be laid  
At last and for ever low under thy shade,  
Grey tower of Dalmeny.

---

### TOO SOON.

---

Too soon, too soon !  
For but last month was lusty June,  
With life at swinging flood of tide ;  
Nor seems it long since May went by

With Love and Hope at either side ;  
And now 'tis only late July,  
And yet, alas, methinks I hear—  
    Too soon, too soon !—  
Death whisper in the fading trees ;  
And when the sun's red light is gone,  
And Night unfolds her mysteries,  
With failing heart almost I fear  
In garden plots remote and lone  
To find the dreadful Shadow near—  
    Too soon, too soon !

---

### POST CARDS.

---

Take cedar, take the creamy card,  
    With regal head at angle dight ;  
And though to snatch the time be hard,  
    To all our loves at home we'll write.  
  
Strange group ! in Bowness' street we stand,  
    Nine swains enamoured of our wives,  
Each quaintly writing on his hand,  
    In haste, as 'twere to save our lives.  
  
O wondrous messenger, to fly  
    All through the night from post to post !  
Thou bearest home a kiss, a sigh—  
    And not an obolus the cost !  
  
To-morrow, when they crack their eggs,  
    They'll say, beside each matin urn—  
"These men are still upon their legs :  
    Heaven bless 'em—may they soon return."



## Joseph Wilson.



JOSEPH WILSON, one of the most successful of modern Tyneside song-writers, was born in Newcastle on the 29th November, 1841; and, according to his own graphic statement, "just twenty minits efter he had myed his forst ippeerince, te the stonishment o' the neybons, his bruther Tom showed his fyce to dispute we 'im whe shud be the pet o' the family." The father of these rival twins was a joiner and cabinet-maker, and their mother a straw-bonnet maker. The former died when thirty years of age, leaving the latter with four fatherless children to provide for and bring up. At fourteen, to quote his own words again, Joe went to be a printer. "Sang-writing," says he, "had lang been me hobby, an' at sivinteen me forst beuk wes published. Since that time it's been me aim te hev a place i' the hearts o' Tyneside people, wi' writin bits o' hyemly sangs aw think they'll sing." These songs he printed as well as sang himself, and having an excellent voice, and an extraordinary power of representing local character in most of its peculiar phases, he was induced to take numerous engagements at music halls and concerts, where he immediately became a prime favourite. He was married in 1869, and, two years later, he became landlord of the Adelaide Hotel, New Bridge Street, Newcastle, where, ever and anon, he used to delight his numerous old admirers, while winning for himself additional friends, by writing, singing, and publishing one or other new song illustrative of the manners and customs of "Canny Newcassel," and its neighbourhood. He died on Sunday, the 14th February, 1875, at his residence in Railway Street, Newcastle, at the early age of thirty-three. For some time before, he had been suffering from that lingering and wasting disease, pulmonary consumption, the germs of which he had inherited from his father; and by his untimely but not unexpected removal, a widow and three children, the youngest of whom was only seven months old, were left in reduced circumstances, caused in a great measure by their genial bread-winner having been so long ill. Having been much and deservedly respected by a large circle of friends, especially amongst the working classes, and having been himself ever ready to give his services as a vocalist, to help a brother in distress or benefit any good institution, a subscription was at once raised for his bereaved wife and family, and a considerable sum was realised by it. His mortal remains lie in the Old Cemetery at Jesmond. Joseph Wilson's modest, unassuming, and amiable personal qualities found a marked expression in all that he wrote and sang, as well as in his whole physiognomy and general deportment; and the deep moral tone that pervades and actuates his lyrics makes them stand out in shining contrast with the bulk of the frothy, unmeaning, and ephemeral trash termed comic songs. His "Deeth o' Renforth," "Aw wish yor muther wad cum," "The time that me fethur wes bad," "Be kind te me dowter," "Dinnet clash the door,"

"The row upon the stairs," and many others of his productions, will bear comparison with the best things of the kind that ever were written; and many of them will certainly live as long as the language, the tincture of dialectism that pervades them only adding a charm to their homeliness, as it does to the productions of Robert Burns, James Hogg, Henry Scott Riddell, William Barnes, and James Russell Lowell. A complete edition of "Joe Wilson's Tyneside Songs, Ballads, and Drolleries," was published some years ago by Mr. Thomas Allan, of Dean Street, Newcastle.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

## AW WISH YOR MUTHER WAD CUM ;

OR, WOR GEORDY'S NOTIONS ABOUT MEN NURSIN BAIRNS.

Cum, Geordy, had the bairn,  
 Aw's sure aw'll not stop lang,  
 Aw'd tyek the jewl mesel,  
 But really aw's not strang;  
 Thor's floer and coals te get,  
 The hoose-turns thor not deun,  
 So had the bairn, for fairs,  
 Ye've often deund for fun !

Then Geordy held the bairn,  
 But sair agyen his will,  
 The poor bit thing wes gud,  
 But Geordy had ne skill,  
 He haddint its muther's ways,  
 He sat both stiff an' num,—  
 Before five minutes wes past,  
 He wished its muther wad cum !

His wife had scarcely gyen,  
 The bairn begun te squall,  
 Wi' hikin't up an' doon,  
 He'd let the poor thing fall,  
 It wadden't had its tung,  
 Tho' sum aud teun he'd hum,—  
 "Jack an' Jill went up a hill,"  
 Aw wish yor muther wad cum !

What weary toil, says he,  
This nursin bairns mun be,  
A bit ont's weel eneuf,  
Aye, quite eneuf for me,  
Te keep a crying bairn,  
It may be grand te sum,—  
A day's wark's not as bad,  
Aw wish yor muther wad cum !

Men seldum give a thowt  
To what thor wives indure,  
Aw thowt she'd nowt te de,  
But clean the hoose, aw's sure,  
Or myek me dinner an' tea :—  
It's startin te chow its thumb,  
The poor thing wants its tit,  
Aw wish yor muther wad cum !

What a selfish world this is,  
Thor's nowt mair se than man,  
He laffs at wummin's toil,  
And winnet nurse his awn ;—  
It's startin te cry agyen,  
Aw see tuts throo its gum,  
Maw little bit pet dinnet fret,—  
Aw wish yor muther wad cum !

But kindness dis a vast,  
It's ne use gettin vext,  
It winnet please the bairn,  
Or ease a mind perplext ;  
At last,—it's gyen te sleep,  
Me wife 'ill not say aw's num,  
She'll think aw's a real gud nurse,—  
Aw wish yor muther wad cum

## DINNET CLASH THE DOOR !

Oh, dinnet clash the door !  
 Aw've tell'd ye that before,  
 Can ye not let yor muther hev a rest ?  
 Ye knaw she's turnin aud,  
 An' for eers she's been se bad,  
 That she cannot bear such noises i' the least.

### KORUS :

Then oh, lass, dinnet clash the door se,  
 Yor yung an' yor as thowtless as can be.  
 But yor muther's turnin aud,  
 An' ye knaw she's vary bad,  
 An' she dissent like te hear ye clash the door.

Just see yor muther there,  
 Sittin feeble i' the chair,  
 It's *quiet* that she wants to myek her weel ;  
 She's been yor nurse throo life,  
 Been yor guide i' peace an' strife,  
 An' her cumfort ye shud study an' shud feel.

She once wes yung an' strang,  
 But bad health 'ill put foaks rang,  
 An' she cannot bear the noise that once she cud,  
 She's narvis as can be,  
 An' whativor else ye de,  
 Ye shud study what ye think 'ill de her gud !

So dinnet clash the door,  
 Or myek ony idle stir,  
 For the stir 'ill only cause yor muther pain,  
 As quiet as can be  
 De yor wark, an' let her see  
 That ye'll nivor give her causes te complain.



## THE DEETH O' RENFORTH.

THE CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.

Ye cruel Atlantic Cable,  
What's myed ye bring such fearful news?  
When Tyneside's hardly yeble  
Such sudden grief te bide.

Hoo me heart it beats—iv'rybody greets,  
As the whisper runs throo dowley streets,  
“ We've lost poor Jimmy Renforth,  
The Champein o' Tyneside ! ”

Hoo sad, hoo unexpected,  
What diff'rent news we thowt te hear,  
Till dismay'd an' affected,  
Heart-broken mourners cried,  
“ Jimmy Renforth's gyen, wor greet Champein's gyen,  
Iv a country strange,—away frae hyem,  
We've lost poor Jimmy Renforth,  
The Champein o' Tyneside ? ”

“ Oh, Jim, what myed ye leave us ?  
What myed ye leave the canny toon ?  
A journey myed to grieve us,  
Ye've gyen wi' the last tide,  
An' the oar that fell, the last oar that fell  
Frae yor helpless hand, just seem'd te tell  
That Deeth wes the greet victor  
I' races far an' wide ! ”

Life lost withoot a warnin',  
An' stopt yor short but grand koreer,  
Then left us stricken, mournin',  
Deprived o' wor greet pride ;  
Hoo me heart it beats,—iv'rybody greets,  
As the whisper runs throo dowley streets,  
“ We've lost poor Jimmy Renforth,  
The Champein o' Tyneside ! ”

## James Clephan.



OWN to the time when the repeal of taxes on knowledge rendered it possible for the provinces to enjoy the luxury of a daily newspaper, there flourished in the two uppermost counties of England an editor who occupied a unique position in journalism. He was poet and humourist, as well as journalist and man of letters, and his paper, although issued from a small town, and overshadowed by the venerable and stately press of a great commercial metropolis, had a far-reaching and wide-spreading influence, was scissored and quoted by every other editor in the kingdom, and was known by name to the majority of English-speaking people everywhere. The newspaper was *The Gateshead Observer*; the editor James Clephan.

James Clephan was born at Monkwearmouth Shore, on the 17th of March, 1804, the second son of Robert Clephan, of Stockton, baker. He was educated at Stockton, and began the serious business of life there as an apprentice to Mr. Eales, printer. When his indentures expired he migrated to the Modern Athens, and found employment in the offices of Messrs. Ballantine, who were then printing the Waverley novels. Three years spent in that occupation qualified him for something better. The sub-editorship of *The Leicester Chronicle* became vacant; it was conferred upon him, and he entered into active journalism.

Soon after the accession of the Queen, *The Gateshead Observer*, a comparatively young and unknown paper, lost its editor. It was an organ of the Whig party in North Durham, and Mr. Clephan was a Liberal. He came, saw, and conquered, and thereupon begun that remarkable career which is indicated in the opening paragraph of this brief memoir. For two and twenty years, wit and wisdom, politics and poetry, local lore and ancient story flowed, commingling, from his pen—terse, crisp, sharp and clear. When the end of his brilliant editorship arrived, in 1860, representatives of every class in the flourishing communities between Tweed and Tees combined to do him honour.

Mr. Clephan did not, however, abandon his profession altogether when he left *The Gateshead Observer*. After a short interval of repose, he became a free lance on those famous newspapers of Mr. Joseph Cowen, *The Newcastle Daily* and *Weekly Chronicle*—writing as the humour seized him, and upon subjects congenial to his tastes. For a number of years he conducted, in the pages of *The Weekly Chronicle*, a special column devoted to the past life of the Northern counties, wrote papers for the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, contributed to the press sketches of departed worthies, and “helped the living to immortalise the dead.” So he continued till the ripe age of fourscore years, when the infirmities of age compelled him to retreat within the protection of his chamber. There his high spirits and genial

temperament enabled him to prolong life beyond the allotted span. With calm and unclouded mind he surveyed his lot; with undimmed eye and unfailing memory he awaited the end. His bedside for many months was the Mecca of literary pilgrimage in the North of England, and he was able to sustain the burden and enjoy the visits of his friends until the last fortnight of his life. On the morning of the 25th February, 1888, he passed away, and a few days later, with mayors and magistrates, editors and professors, clergymen and councillors, standing around, he was buried among his kindred in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle.

RICHARD WELFORD.

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## ANNETTE

---

Annette with her sister Tib,  
 By the cottage fireside sits ;  
 Robin smokes his evening pipe ;  
 Susan, near him, knits and knits.  
 " Hist "—" 'Tis nothing ! "—why then flash  
 Nan's dark eyes with brighter glow ?  
 Why that blush upon her cheek ?—  
 Tib is at no loss to know.

Ha ! Nanette !

" Knit, knit, knit," the needles go—  
 " Tick, tack, tick," the clock replies ;  
 Through his smoke-wreaths, " Where's Nanette ? "  
 Robin to his good dame cries ;  
 Mother knows not, nor will Tib,  
 Cunning little damsel, own,  
 Though she heard the tap, before  
 Sister Nan was softly flown.

Where's Nanette ?

Annette, in the garden-walk,  
 Shaded by the woodbine, stands :  
 Not alone ! a whispered tale,  
 Old as Eve, her ear commands ;  
 Hal is gazing in her face—  
 Never was there face so fair—

Glistening in the starbeam pale,  
Veil'd in woven twilight there.  
Sweet Annette !

“ Good night ! ”—“ Good night ! ”—and gently Nan  
Lifts up the latch, and to her seat  
Demurely glides, her little heart  
Almost too full of bliss to beat !—  
Ah ! young romance !—that shall in Nan  
And Harry, as in Rob and Sue,  
Be sober'd down—till calmly they  
Shall smoke and knit together, too.  
Yes, Nanette !

---

### THE MEMORIAL FLOWER.

---

Cocken Woods are green and fair,  
Year to year the wild flowers blow ;  
Spring succeeds to Winter's snow,  
Summer follows Christmas bare.

Song-birds from their slumber wake,  
Fill with sound the ravish'd ear,  
Swell the music of the Wear,  
Build their nests in bush and brake.

Where the waters gush and glide,  
Leaf and flower of every tinge  
Shady footpaths sweetly fringe,  
Winding by the river side.

From the cliffs and from the grass,  
Nosegays wild the children glean,  
Red and blue, and white and green,  
Jocund as they gleesome pass.

Finchale Abbey old and grey,  
Ruin'd, roofless, wintry, hoar,

Knows its summer pride no more,  
Moulders, moulders, to decay.

Prior Uhtred's shade may haunt  
Cloisters once his cherish'd home,  
Gliding soft by Godric's tomb,  
Listening for the choral chant.

Looking for his letter'd lore—  
Jerome, Bede, Eusebius, all  
Ready at his beck and call—  
Ready once, but now no more.

. . . . .  
Never more the dying hours  
Finchale's horologe shall knell,  
Echoing the mother-bell,  
Sounding from fair Durham's towers.

But these ruins linger still,  
Mutely murmuring "Never more,"  
And, where planted down of yore,  
Blooms the yellow daffodil.

Blooms, and marks the garden site,  
Where the monks grew fruit and flower,  
Root and herb of healing power—  
Cool retreat for calm delight.

Faithful flower ! to moth and rust  
Finchale's monks thou wilt not give :  
Thou wilt have their memory live,  
Fair and fragrant in the dust.

Thus may we, who fain would fill  
Some small space in human eye  
When entomb'd in earth we lie,  
Plant on earth some Daffodil.

## GOOD NIGHT !

---

Downward sinks the setting sun,  
Soft the evening shadows fall :  
Light is flying,  
Day is dying,  
Darkness stealeth over all.  
Good night !

Autumn garners in her stores,  
Foison of the fading year :  
Leaves are dying,  
Winds are sighing,  
Whispering of the winter near.  
Good night !

Youth is vanish'd—manhood wanes—  
Age its forward shadows throws :  
Day is dying,  
Years are flying,  
Life runs onward to its close.  
Good night !



## Ben Brierley.

---



EN Brierley is best known as a prose writer, but although his fame depends chiefly upon his skill as a story-teller, and as a delineator of Lancashire life and character, he has written verse of excellent quality. Probably his reputation as poet would be greater if his reputation as novelist and humourist were less.

Mr. Benjamin Brierley was born at the Rocks, a cottage on the Rochdale Canal at Failsworth, 26th June, 1825. His father, who had been a gunner in the Artillery, was a handloom weaver. Mr. Brierley has in his "Home Memories" given a graphic and interesting account of the struggles and hardships of his early days. He received the rudiments of education chiefly in the night school and Sunday school, and after a brief experience of the factory, became a velvet-weaver. He was present at the "plug drawings" in the Great Strike of 1842. Afterwards he was employed in a Manchester silk-warehouse, and having utilised his opportunities for self-improvement, was encouraged by Elijah Ridings to send some of his verses to the *Oddfellows' Magazine*, which was then edited by another Manchester author, John Bolton Rogerson. His increasing interest in literature led him to write "A Day Out," in which he describes a walk from Manchester to Daisy Nook, and sketches the quaint characters to be found gathered in the rooms of "Red Bill's" village hostelry. This little book was an instantaneous success. How well does the present writer remember the delight with which he read it in the first week of its appearance! It was evident that a new writer had arisen capable of interpreting the homely joys and sorrows, the stoical endurance, and the love of fun of the Lancashire lads and lasses. The promise of this early performance was fully maintained by "The Chronicles of Waverlow," "Marlocks of Merriton," "The Cotters of Mossburn" and "Irkdale." If these do not all show the freshness of his first work, they evidence the ripening and mellowness that come from wider contact with the world.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* has been issued since 1869, and has helped to make the editor's name the household word it now is in Lancashire and the North of England.

Of his poems, the "Epistle to Ned Waugh," "Monody on the Death of Charles Swain," and the brief "In Memoriam" of his own daughter, are excellent; "The Wayver of Welbrook" is a bit of characteristic Lancashire philosophy; and the "Waverlow Bells" has a homely pathos that goes direct to the heart.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANNIE,

Only child of Ben and Esther Brierley ; Born November 7th, 1866 ;  
Died June 13th, 1875.

---

We thought she was our own for yet awhile ;  
That we had earned her, by our love of Heav'n,  
To be a life's comfort, not a season's smile,  
Then tears for ever. " 'Tis to be forgiven,"  
We deemed her mortal—not an angel sent  
From out a mission host, on mercy bent.

We were beguiled by her sweet ways of love—  
The growth of her affections round two stems—  
As if they were of her, and from above.  
We did not note that from her heart the gems  
Of her devotion were bestrewn in showers  
Where'er she went, and gathered like spring flowers.

And her last words (coherent)—" I have lived,  
And have not lived,"—were full of earthly tone  
And utterance. They, too, our hearts deceived ;  
Nor were we mindful till, when left alone,  
We heard the flutter of a dove-like wing,  
And a sweet strain, such as the seraphs sing.

Then knew we she had come in mortal guise,  
To teach us love, and charity, and grace ;  
With sungold in her hair, heaven in her eyes,  
And all that's holy in her preaching face.  
The scales had fallen, and our vision then  
Saw that an angel graced the homes of men.



## THE WAYVER OF WELBROOK.

---

Yo gentlemen o wi' yor heawnds and yor parks,  
 Yo may gamble an' sport till yo dee ;  
 But a quiet heause-nook,—a good wife an' a book,  
 Are more to the likins o' mee-ee,—

Wi' mi pickers and pins,  
 An' my wellers to th' shins,  
 My linderins, shuttle, an' yealdhook ;  
 My treddles an' sticks,  
 My weight-ropes an' bricks,—  
 What a life !—said the wayver o' Welbrook.

I care no' for titles, nor heauses, nor lond,—  
 “Owd Jone's ” a name fittin' for me :  
 An' gi' me a thatch, wi' a wooden dur latch,  
 An' six feet o' greaund when I dee-ee,—  
Wi' my pickers, &c. .

Some folks liken t' stuff ther owd wallets wi' mayte  
 Till they're as reaund an' as brawsen as frogs ;  
 But for me I'm content, when I've paid deawn my rent,  
 Wi' enough t' keep me up i' my clogs-ogs,—  
Wi' my pickers, &c.

An' some are too idle to use their own feet,  
 But mun keawer an' gallop i'th' lone ;  
 But when I'm wheelt or carried, it'll be to get buried,  
 An' then—Dicky-up wi' owd Jone-one,—  
Wi' my pickers, &c.

Yo may turn up yor noses at me an' th' owd dame,  
 An' thrutch us like dogs again th' wo' ;  
 But as lung's I con nagur, I'll ne'er be a beggar,—  
 So I care no' a rap for yo' o-o,—  
Wi' my pickers, &c.

Neaw, Margit, turn reawn that owd hum-a-drum wheel,  
An' my shuttle shall fly like a brid ;  
An' when I no lenger con use hont or finger,  
They'll say when I *could* do I *did-id*,—  
Wi' my pickers, &c.

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### WAVERLOW BELLS.

---

Old Jammie and Ailse went adown the brook side  
Arm-in-arm, as when young, before Ailse was a bride ;  
And what made them pause near the Hollybank Wells ?  
'Twas to list to the chimes of the Waverlow bells.

"How sweet," said old Jammie, "how sweet on the ear,  
Comes the ding-donging sound of yon curfew, my dear !"  
But old Ailse ne'er replies, for her bosom now swells—  
Oh, she'd loved in her childhood those Waverlow bells.

"Thou remember'st," said Jammie, "the night we first met,  
Near the Abbey field gate—the old gate is there yet—  
When we roamed in the moonlight o'er fields and through dells,  
And our hearts beat along with those Waverlow bells.

"And then that wakes morning so early at church,  
When I led thee a bride through the old ivy porch,  
And our new home we made where the curate now dwells,  
And we danced to the music of Waverlow bells.

And when that wakes morning came round the next year,  
How we bore a sweet child to the christ'ning font there ;  
But our joy peals soon changed to the saddest of knells,  
And we mourned at the sound of the Waverlow bells."

Then in silence a moment the old couple stood,  
Their hearts in the churchyard, their eyes on the flood ;  
And the tear as it starts a sad memory tells—  
Oh ! they heard a loved voice in those Waverlow bells.

"Our Ann," said old Ailse, "was the fairest of girls ;  
She had heaven in her face, and the sun in her curls ;  
Now she sleeps in a bed where the worm makes its cells,  
And her lullaby's sung by the Waverlow bells."

"But her soul," Jammie said, "she'd a soul in her eyes,  
And their brightness is gone to its home in the skies ;  
We may meet her there yet where the good spirit dwells,  
When we'll hear them no more—those old Waverlow bells."

Once again—only once—the old couple were seen  
Stepping out in the gloaming across the old green,  
And to wander adown by the Hollybank Wells,  
Just to list to the chimes of the Waverlow bells.

Now the good folks are sleeping beneath the cold sod,  
But their souls are in bliss with their daughter and God ;  
And each maid in the village now mournfully tells  
How old Jammie and Ailse loved the Waverlow bells.



## James Ashcroft Noble.



NE of our most genial men of letters, a writer whose pen is equally graceful in prose and verse, and who has enriched with many choice contributions the periodical literature of the day, is Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, now of Southport, author of "The Pelican Papers," "Morality in Fiction," "Verses of a Prose Writer," and literary editor of the *Manchester Examiner*. Mr. Noble was born in Liverpool in the year 1844. His father was the son of a Westmoreland yeoman, or "statesman," and for forty years held a responsible position under the Pilotage Committee of the port of Liverpool; his mother was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant. James Ashcroft, the eldest of five children, received part of his education at the Liverpool College, and part at a private school conducted by Mr. Alfred Parkin, some time a master at the College. To this preceptor young Noble was warmly attached, and he seems to have fired the lad's love of literature and led him to aspire to the literary life. It was intended that after leaving school Ashcroft Noble should enter Trinity College, Dublin, but being in delicate health the design had to be abandoned. He was placed in a solicitor's office with a view to being articled, but in a few months time this also had to be relinquished owing to ill-health. Thereafter for some years young Noble was obliged to forego the earning of his own livelihood, and to pass much time at various health-resorts, his parents' means fortunately enabling this to be done. But he was not idle during this period; he not only read voraciously, but contributed prose and verse to various periodicals. Taking a lively interest in the theological controversies of the day, then concerned with the memorable "Essays and Reviews," the first productions of his pen which were honoured with print were a series of brief articles on "The Present Crisis in the Church," which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*. From that beginning as a writer he contributed various articles and poems to *All the Year Round*, *Chambers's Journal*, *The Victoria Magazine*, and other periodicals. When *The Liverpool Albion* was turned into a daily paper he was offered his first regular literary work on its staff, in the capacity of principal reviewer. While he filled that position Mr. Noble also published his first work, "The Pelican Papers," now out of print. This volume, which appeared at the end of 1872, was a series of sketches, verse, philosophical, and literary essays, purporting to be "the reminiscences and remains of a dweller in the Wilderness." One of its sketches gives Mr. Noble's experiences of hydropathic establishments, and bore the title "Society under Water." The *Albion* was short-lived as a morning daily. Mr. Noble's next literary appointment was the editorship of the *Liverpool Argus*, a weekly critical, political, and social journal, which was started about 1875. It was as a contributor to this journal that the writer of this sketch first

made Mr. Noble's acquaintance, and he can bear testimony to the kindness and consideration Mr. Noble always showed to the members of his literary staff. The *Argus* had some noted contributors while it remained under Mr. Noble's editorship. Among them were Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Professor Dowden, the late Professor Graham, Mr. T. H. Hall Caine, the popular novelist (author of "The Deemster," "A Son of Hagar," &c.), some of whose earliest literary efforts saw light in its columns, Mr. Wm. Watson, a poet of considerable power, Mr. W. S. Caine, now M.P. for Barrow, and others who have become public men. The *Argus* was too high class a publication for Philistine Liverpool, and was not a success pecuniarily. Mr. Noble resigned the editorship after carrying it on for about eighteen months, though its publication was continued in a rather different form for two or three years longer. In 1878 Mr. Noble became a regular writer for the *Spectator*. In the same year an article of his on "The Sonnet in England," which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, gained him a name as an authority on that particular form of poetic composition, in which much of his own verse is cast. In 1880 he removed to London, and became contributor to several important weekly and leading monthly magazines. In 1884 Mr. Noble was prostrated by a severe attack of paralysis. Professor Ferrier, considered the first authority of the day on brain affections, was called in and at once pronounced the case to be a hopeless one, and recovery impossible. Remembering how, during previous illnesses, Mr. Noble had benefitted by the air of Southport, however, his friends, notwithstanding this grave verdict, had him removed thither, with the gratifying result that Mr. Noble slowly began to recover. Though he did not entirely regain his former vigour, he was able by degrees to resume his literary labours. He was appointed reviewer or literary editor to the *Manchester Examiner*, and with that work, and writing for the *Spectator* and *Academy*, has chiefly occupied himself since his recovery. Mr. Noble occasionally lectures on literary topics. One series of his lectures on "The Current of Morality in English Fiction," was published in 1886 in book form. In 1887 he collected from various quarters where they had appeared a number of his poems, and issued them, with additional unpublished pieces, in a volume entitled "Verses of a Prose Writer" (Edinburgh: David Douglas, publisher). The author's intention in selecting this title, was to indicate that he made no pretensions to be considered a poet. Nevertheless many of his verses show true poetic feeling. They are graceful and musical, and although many of them are pitched in the minor key, probably owing to the severe afflictions the writer has suffered, they breathe high hopes and present elevated views of life, as well as idealising the joys of the domestic circle. Mr. Noble married in 1873 the lady to whom he had previously dedicated his "Pelican Papers." One of the greatest sorrows of his life was the loss of his first-born son, Philip, to whom he was passionately attached. A section of his volume of poetry—"In Memoriam—Philip"—is devoted to the memory of this beloved child. One of our specimens of verse is from this section, and it also makes a touching reference to his own affliction.

JESSE QUAIL.

**THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR.****A MODERN BALLAD.**

Among the hills of India  
Dwelt warriors fierce and bold,  
The sons of robber chieftains  
Who, in the days of old  
Fought for their mountain freedom,  
And, if by Fate laid low,  
Fell ever crowned with honour—  
Their faces to the foe.

Now 'twas an ancient custom  
Among those hillsmen brave,  
When thus they found their kinsman,  
To dig for him no grave ;  
But the torn blood-stained garments  
They stripped from off the dead,  
And then his wrist they circled  
With green or crimson thread.

Many the green-decked warriors,  
But only for a few  
Was kept that highest honour,  
The thread of sanguine hue ;  
For 'twas alone the bravest  
Of those who nobly shed  
Their life-blood in the battle  
Whose wrists were bound with red.

And when they thus had graced them  
Who fell before the foe,  
They hurled their lifeless bodies  
Into the plain below.  
The earth did ne'er imprison  
Those hillsmen brave and free,  
The sky alone should cover  
The warriors of Trukkee.

There came a time of conflict,  
And a great armed throng  
Of England's bravest soldiers,—  
Avengers of the wrong,—  
Marched through the gloomy gorges,  
Forded the mountain rills,  
Vowing that they would vanquish  
Those robbers of the hills.

The road was strange and dubious ;  
Easy it was to stray ;  
And of those English soldiers  
Eleven lost their way.  
Led by a trusty leader,  
They reached a fearful glen,  
And saw a mountain stronghold  
Guarded by forty men.

Guarded by forty veterans  
Of that fierce robber band ;  
In every face defiance,  
Weapons in every hand.  
“ Back ! ” cried the trusty leader ;  
The soldiers would not hear,  
But up the foe-crowned mountain  
Charged with their English cheer.

With loud huzzas they stormed it,  
Nor thought to turn from death,  
But for old England's honour  
Yielded their latest breath.  
Short was the fight but deadly,  
For when our last man fell,  
But sixteen of the forty  
Were left the tale to tell.

But those sixteen were noble—  
They loved a brave deed done ;  
They knew a worthy foeman,  
And treated him as one.  
And when the English soldiers  
Sought for their comrades slain,  
They found their stiff stark corpses  
Prostrate upon the plain ;  
They lay with blood-stained faces,  
Fixed eyes, and firm-clenched fists,  
But the Red Thread of Honour,  
Was twined around their wrists.

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## FATHER AND CHILD.

---

The wife of Peter Wright, one of the men who perished in the Southport life-boat, 10th December, 1886, was prematurely confined on the day following the disaster ; and the baby, which was still-born, was placed on its father's arm as he lay in his coffin, and buried with him.

---

Father and child together lie at rest,  
The storm-worn man, the babe all undefiled ;  
God's voice has blessed them and they shall be blest—  
Father and Child.

When by fierce wind black wave on wave was piled,  
And Death came hurrying on the billow's crest,  
One passed to peace amid the tempest wild ;  
Storm-spared, the other finds a tranquil nest :  
And now to both Death's face seems sweet and mild ;  
Calmly they sleep, man's breast to baby's breast—  
Father and Child.



## AUTUMN, 1885.

[From "In Memoriam—Philip."]

---

Yes, Autumn comes again and finds me here ;  
Last year I thought I should be elsewhere,  
Than 'mid these fading falling leaves ; for there,  
Beneath life's tree whose leaves are never sere  
But green throughout the great eternal year,  
I thought to lie, and breathe the tranquil air,  
And see my boy who, being for earth too fair,  
Is fairer still in that celestial sphere.  
Perchance for me his little heart did yearn ;  
Haply to meet me at the golden gate  
He oft would wander, stand awhile, and turn  
Away to cry, " My father lingers late."  
Content thee, little one ; my heart doth burn  
For thee as thine for me, but God says " Wait ! "

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## GEORGE ELIOT.

Christmas Eve, 1880.

---

Thy prayer is granted ; thou hast joined the Choir  
Invisible ; the Choir whose music makes  
Life's discords grow to harmonies, and takes  
Us unawares with sounds that are as fire  
And light and melody in one. We tire  
Of weary noon and night, of dawn that breaks  
Only to bring again the cares, the aches,  
The meannesses that drag us to the mire :  
When lo ! amid life's din we catch thy clear  
Large utterance from the lucid upper air,  
Bidding us wipe away the miry stain,  
And scale the stainless stars, and have no fear  
Save the one dread of forfeiting our share  
In the deep joy that follows noble pain.

## Samuel Waddington.



AMUEL Waddington was born at Boston Spa, Yorkshire, in the year 1844. His ancestors, at the time of the Commonwealth, lived at East Rigton, a little hamlet adjoining Bardsey where the poet Congreve is said to have been born, and from this village they removed to a house known as Oglethorpe Hall, and afterwards to Boston Spa. He was educated at St. John's School, Huntingdon, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1865. While at Oxford, Mr. Waddington sat for a while at the feet of Dr. Pusey, attending the lectures on divinity which that illustrious founder of the High Church school delivered in his own private room at Christ Church. He does not, however, appear to have been greatly influenced by Pusey's teaching, for when, after leaving the University, he began to prepare for ordination, he found that his views would not permit him to subscribe to the Articles of the Church of England, and he consequently relinquished his original intention of being ordained, and having obtained a nomination from the Duke of Richmond for a vacancy at the Board of Trade, he entered that department, in which he has now worked for many years.

During his leisure hours he has adopted literature as his *laborum dulce lenimen*, and more especially the literature connected with the history and composition of the "Sonnet." A few years ago, at the suggestion of a friend (Mr. Austin Dobson), he determined on publishing a selection of "English Sonnets by Living Writers" (Geo. Bell & Sons, London, 1881); and to this selection he appended an essay on the "Sonnet" and its history. Of this volume a second edition, enlarged, was published in 1884, in which year Mr. Waddington also published a volume of his own poems entitled, "Sonnets and Other Verse," and respecting these the best equipped of our sonnet critics observed in the *Academy* that they prove that the author is "not merely a tasteful collector of these cameos of verse, but a cunning and delicate carver, whose carefully cut gems future collectors will not despise."

In addition to the above he has also published a selection of "English Sonnets by Poets of the Past" (Bell and Sons, 1882); and a volume of translated sonnets entitled, "Sonnets of Europe" (Walter Scott, 1886), of which a second edition has just been issued; as well as a selection of religious verse, entitled, "Sacred Song."

Mr. Waddington is further known as the biographer of the poet Arthur Hugh Clough, to whose writings his own compositions appear to bear considerable affinity as regards thought and subject matter; but it is as a sonnet writer and sonnet critic that he is especially distinguished.

Contributions from his pen will be found in Mr. Davenport Adams' "Latter-Day Lyrics," Mr. Andrew Lang's "Ballads of Books," Mr. William Sharp's "Sonnets of this Century," and Mr. Gleeson White's "Ballades and Rondeaux."

R. J. LISTER.

## MORNING.

*"And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire."*—GRAY.

Now o'er the topmost pine,  
 The distant pine-clad peak,  
 There dawns a golden streak  
 Of light, an orient line :—  
 Phœbus, the light is thine,  
 Thine is the glory,—seek  
 Each dale and dewy creek,  
 And in full splendour shine !  
 Thy steeds now chafe and fret  
 To scour the dusky plain :  
 Speed forth with flashing rein,  
 Speed o'er the land, and yet,  
 Pray, linger in this lane,  
 Kissing each violet.

## DORT.

So quiet, yet so quaint ! Shall curfew toll  
 The knell of days departed ? Nay, draw near,—  
 The sovran balm of peace and rest is here !  
 From street to street lethargic waters roll,  
 And like the symbols of an ancient scroll  
 The houses breathe an old-world atmosphere :  
 Grim Gomarists are gone, nor will we fear  
 Lest wiser Zwinglians they again control.  
 Yet hush ! High in the trees, around the church,  
 The rooks are holding synod,—can the dead  
 Unrestful rise, and wrangle over-head ?  
 Then for the Gomarists we need not search !  
 But Dort,—Dort doffs their robe of 'graceless' gloom,  
 And wears her tall magnolias in full bloom.

*Dort, 1884.*

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**MORS ET VITA.**

---

We know not yet what life shall be,  
What shore beyond earth's shore be set ;  
What grief awaits us, or what glee,  
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,  
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea  
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget  
Those days of yore, those years when we  
Were loved and true,—but will death let  
Our eyes the longed-for vision see ?  
We know not yet.

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**THE INN OF CARE.**

---

At Nebra, by the Unstrut,—  
So travellers declare,—  
There stands an ancient tavern,  
It is the ' Inn of Care ' :—  
To all the world 'tis open ;  
It sets a goodly fare ;  
And every soul is welcome  
That deigns to sojourn there.

The landlord with his helpers,  
(He is a stalwart host),  
To please his guest still labours  
With ' bouilli ' and with ' roast ' ; —  
And ho ! he laughs so roundly,  
He laughs, and loves to boast  
That he, who bears the beaker  
May live to share the ' toast.'

*Lucus a non lucendo—*

Thus named might seem the inn,  
So careless is its laughter,  
So loud its merry din ;  
Yet ere to doubt its title  
You do, in sooth, begin,  
Go, watch the pallid faces,  
Approach and pass within.

To Nebra, by the Unstrut,  
May all the world repair  
And meet a hearty welcome,  
And share a goodly fare ;  
The world ! 'tis worn and weary—  
'Tis tired of guilt and glare !  
The inn ! 'tis named full wisely,  
It is the ' Inn of Care ! '

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### THE NEOPHYTE.

---

His spirit is in apogee ! To-night  
Far from our earth he speeds ;—he heeds no more  
The long waves breaking on life's echoing shore :  
Lo, Truth, his aureole, as heaven grows bright ;  
And Faith, his carcanet, as chrysolite  
'Mid soul-wrought gems gleams thro' the opening door  
Of purest Innocence ;—on wings that soar  
Thro' cloud-girt vistas to the Infinite,  
Upward he journeys, and what limitless scope,  
What boundless prospects to his vision rise—  
What thrones, how fair ! and oh, how full of hope  
The heavenly mansions and the star-built skies !  
—Yet love, dear love ! behold, the day shall be,  
Earthward he will return, and kneel to thee.

## John Richardson.



THE Cumberland dialect abounds in valuable illustrations of the life and manners of an interesting people. Many men and women have made it the vehicle of noble thought and high aspiration, and among these almost unknown writers John Richardson takes a high place.

He was born at Piper House, Naddle, near Keswick, on the 20th August, 1817, and he died at Bridge House, St. John's-in-the-Vale, on the 30th April, 1886. He received a somewhat limited education at the schoolhouse in "the narrow valley" celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in his "Bridal of Triermain," afterwards taking upon himself his father's trade, that of a mason, of which, we are assured he made himself a proficient master. Early in life he began to take building contracts on his own account, and many houses and farm buildings in his own neighbourhood, and also in the town of Keswick, testify to the efficient and substantial character of his work. His operations included the church, the parsonage, and the school-house in St. John's Vale; Derwent place in Keswick, and other houses in the town and district. I make special mention of these trade achievements in order to point out the singular solidity and thoroughness of the poet's dual character.

In this calling he continued about a quarter of a century, and then exchanged it for the more congenial, though perhaps, no less arduous toil of teaching his neighbours' children in the new school which he had built. He held the office of school-master for about 27 years, and relinquished it 11 months prior to his death.

He married at 23, and had a large family, the rearing of which was doubtless a matter of frequent solicitude to him: nevertheless, Mr. Richardson found leisure to mirror the spiritual side of his nature in the vigorous and expressive folk-speech of his native county. Some few of his productions appeared at scattered intervals in the Cumberland newspapers, or were printed on leaflets for private circulation amongst his friends. It was not until 1871, when he had traversed the half-century, and four years beyond it, that his first book was issued to the public. This was "Cummerland Talk," which consists of short tales and poems in the dialect of his district. A second series of this work followed in 1876. The volumes were published by George Coward, of Carlisle, and met with genuine and well deserved success on their own inherent merits.

The book was highly praised by the late Dr. Gibson, who is admitted to have been the most skilful writer in the county vernacular; and a true test of its popularity may be found in the fact that nearly every dalesman or "statesman" in the country-side possesses a copy. All educated fellows can quote from it at will, and it is a household treasure which shares with the universally popular poems of Burns the unqualified

admiration of the people. Within a somewhat narrower district, John Richardson's book is to the Cumberland "statesmen" what Edwin Waugh's poems are to the Lancashire people: both poets have the magnetism of nature very strongly developed in all their works, with its irresistible and indescribable appeal.

In addition to this book, Mr. Richardson has contributed several useful and interesting papers to the local literary and scientific societies, some of which have been published in the "Transactions" of the County Association. In the records of the Keswick Society, seven papers are catalogued as having been read by him at meetings of the society on the dates undermentioned:—Nov. 29th, 1875—"The Cumberland Dialect and the Bards who have written in it"; Nov. 6th, 1876—"Old Customs and Usages of the District"; Nov. 5th, 1877—"The Superstitions once common in the Lake District"; Dec. 2nd, 1878—"Sports and Pastimes in the Lake Country"; Feb. 21st, 1881—"Cumberland before the Union with Scotland"; Dec. 5th, 1881—"Scottish Life and Character"; Feb. 18th, 1884—"The Dialects of the Lake Country." This list of works is an interesting one, and the papers contain much matter that is elsewhere unobtainable. In 1879 or 1880, Mr. Richardson contributed to the columns of the *West Cumberland Times*, under the appropriate title of "Stwories 'at Ganny uset to tell," a series of sketches and anecdotes illustrative of life in the Cumberland dales in the time of the grandfathers of the present generation. These scenes and incidents were of actual occurrence, and they are graphically portrayed in the language used by the original narrator, the poet's mother.

Some of his poems, such as "John Crozier's Tally-ho" and "Laal Isaac"—both stirring ballads of the chase—are still to be recognized as constant favourites at festive gatherings of hunters. "It's Nobbut Me," which is here given as an example of his simple, yet strong and touching, descriptive power, is the most popular of his writings, and it is generally believed that a personal experience is narrated in the lyric. "Git Ower Me 'at Can," "Auld Scheul Frinds" and "Auld Jwohnnny' Hoose" are also very graphic and remarkable for their roughness, truth, and fulness of nature. I select three poems, however, which are very popular, and which I hope may prove interesting to the public.

Personally, Mr. Richardson was a quiet, estimable man, slow to speak, but to the purpose when he did speak, and always working either with his hands or his head. He was a general favourite, and I have all the more pleasure in laying this little memorial before a wide circle of readers, when I recollect that I have had the privilege of attending his school for some little time, and am therefore entitled to add my own personal testimony as to his kindness, generosity, and truthfulness. He was essentially a poet of the people, and his verses have a great charm to all those who understand the dialect in which they are written.

JOHN WALKER.

## T'AUULD FARMER'S MIDNEET SOLILOQUY.

---

Is't thee 'at's cum heàmm sa leàtt, Zarah ?  
I been i' bed three 'oors or mair ;  
I thowt thoo was langer nor common,  
An' lissen't an' twin't mesel sair.

What ! hes t'er been owts iv a deù than ?  
War owts o' them Gursmer fwok theer ?  
When I use to gang menmy year sen,  
Fwok than use to com far an' near.

I think thoo hes somebody wi the' ;  
I hard summet talken I's seür,  
If 't sud be that ill Charlie Tirner,  
Send 'im oot gaily sharp, an' bar t' dooer.

What ses t'e—? O ! if it's Tom Sokelt,  
Thoo'll give 'im some pie an' some yal ;  
Thoo'll finnd t' kay i' my brutches pocket,  
An' tell 'im to mak a good meàll.

His fadder's a gay yabble steàtsman ;  
An' hes brass at Wakefield's an'aw ;  
An' theer nobbut Tom an' anudder,  
Thoo'll nivver deù better, I know.

If thoo can git Tom Sokelt, Zarah,  
I'll gi' the' five hundred or mair :  
Bit if thoo taks that tudder waistrel,  
Thoo's nut hev a plack, I declare.

I've mair nor fower thoosand at Wakefields' ;  
I dreem't yesterneet 'at t' bank brack ;  
If t' dream sud co' trew, I'll be beggart ;  
I may just tak a pwok o' me back.



I keep talken on, bit I hear nowt ;  
 What, mappen oor Zarah's asleep :  
 I've a hundred or two i' t'kist corner,  
 An' than I've a good stock o' sheep.

Theer three clips o' woo up it' woo-loft ;  
 Them Kendal chaps bad me elebben ;  
 I thowt I sud hev twelve an' sixpence,  
 An' noo', dang't, it's come 't doon to sebben.

Sec prices ur fair beggaration ;  
 I'll niver tak sebben, I's seür ;  
 But whoar mun we put it neist clippin ;  
 For t' woo-loft's mew't up to t' dooer.

I's rayder sleepy, bit mappen  
 I'll dream that ill dream ageàn :  
 Bit, what, hang them Wakefields, they'll brek nin  
 If I nobbut let them aleànn.

---

### WHAT USE TO BE LANG SEN.

---

I's grou'en feckless, auld, an' leàmm,  
 Me legs an' arms ur far fra t' seàmm,  
 As what they use to be :  
 Me back oft warks, an's seldom reet ;  
 I've sceàrse a teùth to chow me meat,  
 An' I can hardly see.

Bit yance I cud ha' plew't or sown,  
 Or shorn me rigg, or thick gurse mown,  
 Wi' enny man alive :  
 An' yance, when in t' Crowpark we ran,  
 (An' theer war some 'at cud run than)  
 I com in t' furst o' five.

At russelin', if I say 't mesel,  
 Theer wassent menny cud me fell,  
 An' theer war gooduns than :

I've russel't oft wi' Gwordie Urn,  
An' still cud fell 'im in me turn,  
An' he was neah bad man.

An' who wi' me cud follow t' hoonds?  
I've travel't Skiddaw roond an' roond;  
An' theer war hunters than:  
Bit I was gayly oft wi' t' furst,  
An' went whoar nobbut odduns durst,  
An' nin noo leeven can.

An' than at fair or merry-neet,  
Nin like me cud ha' us't their feet;  
An' theer war dancers than:  
What, noo they fidge an' run aboot,  
Theer nowder jig, three reel, nor nowt,  
An' steps they hevvent yan.

When I was young, lads us't to larn  
To darce, an' run, an' russel, barn,  
'Twas few 'at larn't to read:  
Fwok thowt their barns war sharp an' reet,  
If they cud use their hands an' feet;  
'Twas laal they car't for t' heid.

Fwok use' to drink good heamm brew't yal,  
It steud on t' teable ivvery meall,  
An' ye mud swig ye're fill:  
Bit noo theer nowt bit swashy tea,  
Na wonder fwok sud warsent be,  
Fair snaffins they'll be still.

This warld an' me are beath alike,  
We're beath on t' shady side o' t' dyke,  
An' tumlen fast doon t' broo:  
Theer nowt 'at iver yan can see,  
'At's hofe like what it use' to be;  
Aw things ur feckless noo!

## IT'S NOBBUT ME.

Ya winter neet, I mind it weel,  
Oor lads 'ed been at t' fell,  
An' bein tir't, went seun to bed,  
An' I sat be mesel.  
I hard a jike on t' window pane,  
An' deftly went to see ;  
Bit when I ax't, " Who's jiken theer ? "  
Says t' chap, " It's nobbut me ! "  
" Who's *me* " ? says I, " What want ye here ?  
Oor fwok ur aw i' bed ; "  
" I dunnet want your fwok at aw,  
It's *thee* I want," he sed.  
" What cant 'e want wi' me," says I ;  
" An' who, the deuce, can't be ?  
Just tell me who it is, an' than "—  
Says he, " Its nobbut me."  
" I want a sweetheart, an' I thowt  
Thoo mebbly wad an' aw ;  
I'd been a bit down t' deål to-neet,  
An' thowt 'at I wad caw ;  
What, cant 'e like me dus t'e think ?  
I think I wad like thee"—  
" I dunnet know who 't is," says I ;  
Says he, " It's nobbut me."  
We pestit on a canny while,  
I thowt his voice I kent ;  
An' than I steàll quite whisht away,  
An' oot at t' dooer I went :  
I creàpp, an' gat 'im be t' cwoat laps,  
'Twas dark, he cuddent see ;  
He startit roond, an' said " Who's that ? "  
Says I, " It's nobbut me."

An' menny a time he com ageànn,  
An' menny a time I went,  
An' sed, " Who's that 'at's jiken theer ? "  
When gaily weel I kent :  
An' mainly what t' seàmm answer com  
Fra back o' t' laylick tree ;  
He sed, " I think thoo knows who 't is ;  
Thoo knows it's nobbut me."

It's twenty year an' mair sen than,  
An' ups an' doons we've hed ;  
An' six fine barns hev blest us beàth,  
Sen Jim an' me war wed.  
An' menny a time I've known 'im steal,  
When I'd yan on me knee,  
To mak me start, an' than wad laugh—  
Ha! Ha! " It's nobbut me."



## Patty Honeywood.



POETRY has no sex, and shining through the warp and woof of posy's web there is, as a rule, little to indicate whether the mind which has reflected a thought or image in verse is that of man or woman. Perhaps, indeed, so much of the tender and sympathetic is essential to the poetic temperament that, to judge in a large way, most good verse has something of the feminine. Therefore it is that the poetry of a lady may be naturally in accordance with what—to put it indefinitely—we expect in poetry, with the bestowal of less art-consciousness than in the productions of the sterner sex; and hence, other things being equal, excellence in a poetess should not surprise us. In the early life of Patty Honeywood, we see how the germ of poetry—which surely lies undeveloped in many a breast, or who would read poems—may be early called into life. Quickened by her mother's voice repeating verses which seemed to the child's memory in after years to leave dim traces of ineffable sadness, she shewed, 'ere the period of infancy was passed, her strong predilection for poetry. Books of poems, often difficult for the young aspirant to read, and for long far above a child's comprehension, were yet amongst her earliest and dearest treasures. The sunshine of poetic example, and the rain of youthful sympathy's tears, at least made the germ break its prison-house. A little rhyme shot forth, and henceforth Ann Olivia Jackson was reputed a poetess. She scribbled books of girlish rhymes, and upon all juvenile festivals was expected by her school friends to provide poems suited to the occasion. She was born at Leeds in 1856, and in 1875 her poetry first appeared in the *Leeds Weekly Express*, and not long elapsed before the readers of all the larger Yorkshire papers became familiar with her *nom de plume*, "Patty Honeywood." In those papers her verses still appear, as well as in literature other than local. She has also written some excellent prose stories for the annuals and magazines. In 1883, that interesting epoch in the life of a poet—the publication of the first volume of verses—came to Patty Honeywood. The book went forward to its welcome, and every possessor hopes for its successor.

Sweeping phrases are apt to err, yet if the qualities of Patty Honeywood's poetry had to be summed up in two words, it must be pronounced sad and sweet. To extend our consideration a little further, it gains much of its power by skilful antitheses, by parallels and comparisons of thought continued so far and then broken off into abrupt divergencies or melting away into half tints of suggestion. There are evidences of deep thought in this, but the tuneful and poetic is never usurped by the heavy and speculative; you read but to be charmed.

T. TINDALL WILDRIDGE.

---

CITY NOTES.

---

I mind me of a garden quaint, with flaunting iris flowers,  
And sloping chasm river-ward,  
And green embankment city-ward,  
Where loomed the stately towers.

The kiss of June was on my lips, dark pansies on my breast,  
And ever flowing ocean-ward,  
With purple hazes upland-ward,  
The river sought its rest.

I mind me when the night came down, and lights gleamed .  
one by one,  
The toilers wending cottage-ward,  
The wealthy passing mansion-ward,  
Each with his labour done.

And last of all I heard the chimes sound like a voice from God,  
A hymn to draw us other-ward,  
A prayer to draw us heaven-ward,  
Beyond the dark grave's sod.

---

PAST.

---

Let the dead past bury its dead.  
Would you have it return in part,  
Enwrapped in grave clothes to haunt  
The innermost room of your heart ?

Embalm it with tears if you will,  
Adorn it with memory's wreaths ;  
But what is the cold clay to you—  
It neither hears nor breathes ?

Oh fold its hands in peace,  
 Hands once held out to you ;  
 No need to murmur its name,  
 It will not know if you do.

Oh God ! is the past with Thee ?  
 Shall I never see it more,  
 When I turn pale and chill,  
 When the battle and strife are o'er ?

Will some other voice with sobs  
 Cry out in its agony,  
 And shall I sleep, calm and still,  
 In the sleep that hath to be ?

---

### THE HOLY ROOD.

---

A prophet's vision vague and crude,  
 Hosts wandering to and fro ;  
 A Christ upon a Holy Rood,  
 The shadows come and go.

A mighty abbey's wailing crowd,  
 The anthem's rise and fall ;  
 The moon's cold radiance, like a shroud,  
 Upon a ruined wall.

A sepulchre with open door,  
 A weeping woman's moan,  
 A shriven soul on Heaven's floor,  
 A God upon His throne.

\* \* \* \* \*

The prophet's vision is fulfilled,  
 The wanderings are o'er ;  
 The Christ upon the Holy Rood  
 Is worshipped more and more.

## Florence Jackson.



FLORENCE Jackson, the younger sister of the preceding poet, is widely known as the author of a number of clever stories, and she has also written some charming poems. Miss Jackson never writes poetry unless she is in the mood, and the result is that her verses are always of considerable merit. Like Emerson, she believes that "a poet must wait many days to glorify one." The same remark may be applied to her prose writing. Miss Jackson never reproduces facts, or persons she knows, but allows the impressions conveyed by them to influence her work. Her *nom de plume* is "Flo Jackson;" but her name is Trothy Florence Brown Jackson. Miss Jackson was born at Leeds.

W. A.

### WE SIX.

There were Tracy and me, and Rolly Dick  
 (O the sea rolled wild and free);  
 There were Lucy and Rose, and Marjory Daw—  
 Was the sea more wild than we?

There were golden sands and brown-sailed boats  
 (O the white-washed cots, all three);  
 There were tall sunflowers and hollyhocks  
 Higher than Tracy and me.

But the summers went, and the summers came,  
 (Rolly Dick's hair turned brown),  
 And the children out of the white-washed cots,  
 Have stretched their wings and flown.

There were Tracy and me, and Rolly Dick  
 (Tracy on Ceylon's strand),  
 There were Susy and Rose, and Marjory Daw,  
 Who used to be barefoot and tanned.



The sunflowers grow by the cottage walls  
(Rose sleeps cold and still),  
She is the child of all the six,  
The others have lives to fill.

Susy and me we tread the streets  
(Great town your smoke hangs low),  
Always together to smile or weep,  
Away from the ebb and the flow.

Marjory Daw and Rolly Dick,  
(Madge with the sun-touched hair),  
They two ride over the wide sea's rim—  
The sands stretch lone and bare.

---

### THE VOICE OF CHANGE.

---

The brown rocks lie on the land, just as they did of old,  
The boats go one by one, red sails gleaming gold ;  
At the foot of the giant cliff, the waves sing ever and aye,  
A dreamy song in the warm June air to the white gulls out at play.

Then where is the change that lurks, like a hidden and secret thing  
(As green is the old cliff side, where the red-tipped daisies cling,  
And gold the buttercups shine, as ever they shone before) ?  
But the voice of the sea calls low, " The past shall return no more."

The hand of eternal Change is over my soul and thine,  
The past is a half-closed door, the future is thine nor mine ;  
Then come in the warm June air, lie still on the green cliff side,  
Let the world spin on to her goal, the past and the future have died.



## James Armstrong.



AMES Armstrong, the poet of the moorlands that border on the North Tyne and the Rede, was born at Bardon Mill on the 19th November, 1823. He claims to be a lineal descendant of the famous moss-trooper, Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie. His life, for the most part, has been spent near the wild and picturesque Wanny Crag. Not much more than a century ago this district was inhabited by lawless and turbulent clans, who were either raiding across the Border or fighting among themselves. Such an evil reputation had they that the Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle passed, in 1564, a bye-law (unrepealed till 1771) enacting that no apprentices should be taken "proceeding from such lewde and wicked progenitors." The character of the people has materially improved since the troublous times, but the features of the country are pretty much the same. The landscapes presented to the eye are either wild heathery uplands, broken here and there by an outcrop of crag, or quiet pastoral dales with their peat-coloured burns and bright strips of green haugh-land. The sounds that are borne on the ear are the bleating of the mountain sheep and the plaintive cry of the curlew. Uninteresting as these moorlands may seem to the stranger, they exercise a singular fascination over the hearts of the dalesmen. Armstrong was for some time in North America, but this absence from his native moors only made them more dear to him. Lake Ontario was a poor substitute for Sweetthope Lough, and the Beaver River for the North Tyne. Armstrong is now resident at Ridsdale, near Bellingham, and is well-known as an angler, otter-hunter, and breeder of Dandie Dinmont terriers. The few songs he has written are contained in a small volume entitled, "Wanny Blossoms," which has already passed through two editions. Interspersed with the poems are descriptions in prose of otter and fox hunts, together with a treatise on fishing with the fly, worm, minnow, and roe. Armstrong's muse is essentially a local muse, and the key-note to his songs is love for his "muirland hame." The subjects which inspire him are not numerous. A few lyrics in praise of his native hills and streams; a few fishing and hunting songs; some humorous sketches of local character—"Pencil Jack," "Peer Oald Joe," "Johnnie the Caller," etc.; three or four ditties on rustic maidens, and one or two poems on other topics, form Armstrong's contribution to Northumbrian verse. His poems have a healthy, open-air charm about them, and the descriptive touches they contain of the sights and sounds of the moorlands are usually very happy. He sketches in the details of the picture with loving familiarity. Here we have the wide moors with their knowes and flowes (their knolls and peat-mosses); their cairns and scaurs; their wimpling burns; the bonnie heather-bells; the scarlet noops, or cloudberryes; the creeping cranberryes; the sweet-scented wild thyme; the lambs lying in clusters on the sunny

brae; the stell, or enclosure for sheep on the hill-side; the red comb of the muir-cock peeping above the heather; the whirring gorcock; the falcon in the sky there with flashing wings; the shy curlew; the ravens hovering around the grey cliff; the "lanesome" plover; the mountain-bee tooting his wee horn; and the wily fox breaking away from cover while the music of the pack resounds through the dell. The most popular of Armstrong's songs is the "Wild Hills O'Wannys," but "My Muirland Hame," and "Aid Crag," have certain qualities about them which entitle them to rank higher as poems.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

### MY MUIRLAND HAME.

(Written when the author was on the banks of the Beaver River,  
North America).

My bonnie, bonnie muirland hame,  
I rue that I left thee,  
An' a' Northumbria's hills and dales,  
To cross the Atlantic Sea.  
O! gie me back my knowes<sup>1</sup> an' flowes<sup>2</sup>,  
And tak yer wealth and fame,  
Yer boundless woods and prairies wide,  
Gie me my muirland hame.

My heart is yet in Borderland,  
By streams an' sunny braes<sup>3</sup>,  
Where wildly wave the heather-bells,  
In the bright morning rays;  
Where a' my dauntless clansmen true,  
That bear Gilnockie's name,  
Still proudly tell o' days of yore,  
Around my muirland hame.

Could I but see my Wannys wild,  
An' hear the lavrocks sing;  
Could I but see yon heathery dell,  
Where the blae-berries hing;

<sup>1</sup> A knoll.

<sup>2</sup> A peat-moss.

<sup>3</sup> A steep bank as the broken ground by a river side.

The muir-cock's beck<sup>4</sup> could I but hear,  
And see his bonnie kame,  
Or hear the heather-bleater<sup>5</sup> hie  
Around my muirland hame.

Nae sparkling streams, nae yellow trouts,  
Nae heather-bells are here,  
Nor lammies loupin' on the braes,  
My longing soul to cheer.  
O bear me back ! thou gallant ship,  
Across the briny faem ;  
That I may see my mountains free,  
My bonnie muirland hame.

<sup>4</sup> To nod and cluck as a strutting cock does.

<sup>5</sup> The snipe.

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### AID CRAG.

---

High o'er wild Wanny's lofty crest,  
Where the raven cleaves the cloud,  
An' gorcocks<sup>1</sup> beck<sup>2</sup> around Aid Crag  
Sae crousel<sup>3</sup>y and sae proud,  
Gurlin<sup>4</sup> thro' the glens o' Rede,  
Wi' a weird and eerie strum.<sup>5</sup>  
When round yon auld cot  
The winter winds they'd come.

When Otter-caps an' Hepple Heugh,  
Hartside and Cheviots' height,  
When Peaden's peak and Darna brows  
Ance mair were clad in white,  
The fox an' otter in the snaw,  
We track'd to their den,  
An' when we cam to the auld cot  
We were kindly welcom'd ben<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The noor-cock, or red grouse.

<sup>2</sup> To nod and cluck as a strutting cock does

<sup>3</sup> Briskly.

<sup>4</sup> Hurling, with moaning sound.

<sup>5</sup> A low musical note, like the tap of a drum.

<sup>6</sup> In ; inside.

An' aye we tauld the fairy tales,  
And sang the rebel sangs,  
Of dauntless Derwentwater's doom,  
An' the exil'd Stuart's wrangs ;  
We tauld of " Barty o' the Kame,"  
" Red Cap," and " Bowrie " too,  
An' sang of " Rob o' Risinghame,"  
Until the grey cock crew.

<sup>7</sup> Footless stockings drawn over the legs during snowy weather.      <sup>8</sup> A large draught.  
<sup>9</sup> A colt.

## The Rev. E. G. Charlesworth.



THE Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, Vicar of Acklam, Middlesbro', is the son of the late Edward Charlesworth, of the firm of Bywater, Charlesworth, & Co., Bankers, Leeds, afterwards formed into "The Leeds Commercial Banking Co.," a prosperous establishment until after the death of his father. It was wound up in the year 1847, paying all its creditors in full. Mr. Charlesworth, who was a large shareholder in the bank, held a subordinate office in it for some time. He was educated at Bramham Vicarage, Leeds, and the Grammar School, and after four years of business life, was prepared for ordination by the Rev. T. Myers, of Sheriff Hutton Vicarage, and St. Bees College, Cumberland. His mother was a lineal descendant of "the Claphams of Beamsley," referred to in "The White Doe of Rylstone" by the poet Wordsworth.

Mr. Charlesworth is the author of "The Chronicles of the Coniston Family," a novel (dedicated by permission to J. Ruskin, M.A., of Brantwood, Coniston), a new edition of which has just been published. A critic in the *Morning Post* wrote of it as follows:—"It is graphically written, and the reader's interest is not allowed to flag. Mixed up with the tale are other characters of more or less importance. The vicar and curate of Coniston are among these, and are skilfully introduced into the plot." "The writer's style is lively," says the same reviewer, "his descriptions are vivid, and his sense of humour is not wanting." Mr. Charlesworth's poems have appeared from time to time in current periodicals, including *Once a Week*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Sunday at Home*, *Chambers's*, *The Quiver*, *London Society*, *Sunday Talk*, and others.

Of his longest poem, "Ecce Christus," in acknowledgement of a copy sent him, he received from the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Dr. Shairp, the following comments:—"The poem which you have sent to me seems, as far as I can judge, interesting in thought, and the presentation of it by no means common-place. Indeed the thought contained in the first eighteen lines of page two strikes me as original, and well put, and there are others like it. On the whole, your poem interested me much. It has a quaint peculiarity of its own, which is stimulative to thought: how far it would be popular, I cannot venture to say."

ALFRED E. THISELTON, B.A.

## THE SKYLARK.

Higher and higher to heavens rising  
In circuits narrowing with ascent,  
And growing self-abandonment  
That lulls the trembling of his wing,  
He poureth from his lofty stairs  
Song-floods my fancy names "his prayers."

Higher and higher,—now clouds among,  
Falls to my ear a distant song  
That tells of joy and rapture grown,  
Of prayer made } praise at foot of throne  
Of worship, and of inward sun  
Of "Gloria in Excelsis" won.

## FAITH'S TRANSFIGURATION !

"Life is serious, a journey to another end. This journey becomes, easier,  
the more the number of those we love increases in heaven."—*From a  
letter of the Princess Alice.*

The still air moved not stem or leaf  
Whilst shadow on a grave-let lay  
Crossed by a golden sunset ray ;  
Image, I thought, of mingled grief  
Of one knelt there with blest insight  
And light on her heart-shadows cast,  
Half sorrow's night to morning passed  
Through Faith transfigured on its height :  
    God's answer to her closed eyes  
        This summer's night  
        As the day dies.

TO J. B. C.—IN MEMORIAM.

---

His grave is by a shore he loved :  
When east winds swelled a flowing tide,  
His deepest spirit in him moved :  
Sad, made his creeds the heart of one  
Who judged him lost until he died ;  
Her love then narrow thoughts outrun ;  
And, looking back, said, " He was saved."  
Broad Christ, Thy sympathy I see  
With all this better latter rain ;  
I feel it lightening her and me :  
    " Mere error of too confident brain  
    A speck, a nothing, is to Thee."

---

TO MEMORY.

---

Oh Memory, thou hast one bright page,  
A sister's love ; thy saddest one  
Is it which tells me " she is gone ;"  
And, that a once ne'er setting sun—  
(Until through Death it seemed to set)  
Shall soften not with kindly light  
Fore-sighted griefs of coming night  
Recorded not in thy book yet.

Yet while I read this darkened page,  
Hope adds to it—" Her love shines on  
My heart in some new form of light ;  
Its fruit may be a thought's insight—  
A thought-gift, when in sudden need  
Of judgment whither two ways lead,  
Changing a wrong first choice of will,  
That I reap good and miss some ill."



---

TO LOVE.

---

A streak of reddening light on fallen leaves,  
The parting word from a descending sun,  
Seems, motion in my heart to have begun  
Of some long dead forgotten thing which grieves :  
Some long lost early hope which prematurely died :  
I bid a swift increasing tear depart  
As if it were stolen from a woman's heart,  
Half wishful too from sight the past to hide.  
Soon, twilight's growth slow blends all shapes in one.  
Trees, \*Abbey, river, daylight, disappear ;  
That dead thing sinks which in me seemed to move ;  
Love, thou art changed, yet still thy name is Love ;  
Shines nearer heaven now thy latter sun,  
The lost looks in its light scarce worth a tear.

\* Bolton

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TO A SNOWDROP ON A GRAVE.

---

Sweet flower, first of Spring—Spring nursed,  
Bending white-robed to churchyard earth ,  
I know the grief which made thy birth.  
This grave through winter also thine  
Hath by it no memorial line ;  
Yet mak'st thou rich its poverty,  
For, one who hither carried thee  
Meant thy lone voice to say above,  
“ Dead one, thou art not dead to love. ”



## William Tirebuck.



WILLIAM Tirebuck was born in Liverpool in 1854. His early surroundings and education were those of average English boys. An unquenchable desire for the educating influences of active life led him into a merchant's office, on the Liverpool Exchange, at an unusually early age, and at office work he remained until he became correspondent and cashier.

During these early years the pursuit of literature presented its attractions, and the commercial correspondent contributed fugitively to the Liverpool newspapers, until, finally, his inability to serve two masters being realised, he threw commerce over altogether, and enlisted in the service of one of the weeklies, and ultimately joined the *Liverpool Mail*. It was in the *Mail* that his first verses appeared, and it was the then editor of that journal who said, "Go on with verse—let us have some more—it's your line," a sort of encouragement which is rare enough in the careers of embryo poets. Subsequently, Mr. Tirebuck was connected as sub-editor, literary and art critic with the *Yorkshire Post* for six years, during which period the plans of his life were more firmly laid down, his habits of reading and study became fixed, and the products of his labours began to find places in the *Art Journal*, *Magazine of Art*, *The Graphic*, *Times*, *The Theatre*, and other popular magazines. These efforts indicated earnestness of purpose, high aims, and the poetic faculty in a marked measure. They were manifestly the utterances of a man who scorned trifling, and who essayed a solution of the serious problems of life. In style, they were nervous, terse, and graceful withal. Just as he had freed himself from the thrall of commerce, and drifted into journalism, so, with gathering power, he renounced journalism and commenced author craft. He determined to become a writer of books, and with that object he has lived for the last three years a secluded life in a quiet cottage by the sea on the bold East coast of Scotland.

As an author, William Tirebuck promises to be somewhat prolific. Apart from such irregular work as lecturing on "Blank Walls," "How the Blind see," &c., and the occasional editing of the "Camelot Classics" or the "Canterbury Poets," he has already published "William Daniels: Artist," "Dante Gabriel Rossetti: his works and influence," "Great Minds in Art," several songs set to music, a Dramatic Cantata for female voices, entitled "The Discontented Maidens," an Operetta, and many short poems. To these will be added in due course several works now in hand, including a novel at present in the press, and to be published by Messrs. W. P. Nimmo, Hay, and Mitchell, Edinburgh, entitled "St. Margaret," of which great predictions may be made; and another novel on the desk. He has also in view several comedies and comediettas, a collection of short stories, a book of essays, and a volume of "Lays and Roundelays."

It is impossible to enter into a critical examination of Mr. Tirebuck's claims to recognition as a poet within the space of this page. The following selections, however, are some guarantee of their genuineness. His works hitherto (whether in prose or verse) have been saturated with poetic fervour and expression. He realises Bailey's great conception of a poet, in that "*he feels great truths and tells them.*" He feels strongly, and writes strongly, as though the matter of his thoughts and feelings must not be neglected, or dealt with indifferently. He seems to be qualifying for a high place in literature. Already he touches the lyre with confident fingers, though but in the Springtide of his manhood, scattering sweet music about him—and his zenith is not yet. What that zenith may prove it is not difficult to predict if any faith may still be placed in the true toil and unfaltering trust which have carried others to the front rank of earnest writers.

J. SYDNEY CURTIS.

### THE TAUNT.

What agony is ours when anger drives  
 In a loved one's heart our taunting point—  
 E'en while it stabs, Contrition strives  
 The wounded spirit to anoint.

What wild remorse rebels, when words decline  
 To burst the barrier of the breast,  
 Where words of kindness, buried, whine,  
 And gnaw us with the unexpressed.

And oh, the pang, when hellish, dogged whim  
 Enslaves, though heav'nly conscience pricks ;  
 When words die dumb ; when, damned and grim,  
 The soul is on Love's crucifix ;

When silence fills the list'ning time and space ;  
 When love its own advance awaits ;  
 When choking speech declines to chase  
 Away the silence that it hates !

And when, from out our hell of sin and shame,  
 We, guilty, look across the room,  
 How her freed tears but flow to blame,  
 And drive us to an inward doom ;

But oh, the joy, the joy ! when she again  
Looks up ; when both, through tears, behold  
Fresh tears that give the lie to pain,  
And make our grateful weeping bold !

Then, then, our sep'rate silences unite ;  
Then, then, love fills the hated blank.—  
And yet that height of love's delight  
Reminds the heart how deep it sank.

---

### THE WOOING OF THE POPPY.

---

A bee was seen  
Upon the bean,  
But now is like a singing sheen  
Within the panting poppy.  
Lo, ev'ry bean  
Doth panting lean—  
Each flow'ring eye hath heard and seen  
His music in the poppy.

How vain her head !  
Her face, how red !  
The wooing bee has surely said  
Some sweetness to the poppy.

Behold the thrill  
Of both, until  
They swoon within each other's will—  
The buzzing bee and poppy !

He's silent ; still ;  
He sips his fill,  
Although the jealous breezes chill  
His wings within the poppy.

He's dizzy ; dead !  
He wooed and wed,  
And died through love, the zephyrs said,  
Of that impassioned poppy.

## TO MARGARET.

Rare Margaret ! your influence thrills  
My being with impassioned pain  
Of ecstasy, that overfills  
My deeper depths of joy again :  
I look at you—and all the world  
From thought is by your beauty hurled.

Your eyes and lips are smile-allied,  
Bright dimples smile allied between ;  
But when your pearls are part espied,  
Why, all the smiles as one are seen,  
And shadowy hair, with laughter spread,  
Then gleams like smiles around your head.

'Tis strange ; at times I wish you less  
Enthralling with imperial sway ;  
Your beauty more an humbleness,  
Or I less ready to obey :  
Yet, if you glance, the wish has gone,  
And I'm the willing humbled one.

I wish your eyes less brightly dark,  
Or mine less prone their light to see—  
And yet, to strike the visual spark  
Which flames my lurking ecstasy,  
I look at you, and dread, yet dare,  
And dare, yet dread, the lightning there !

Yea, Margaret, your influence thrills  
My being with impassioned pain  
Of ecstasy, that overfills  
My deepened depths of joy again :  
I look at you, and all the world  
From thought is by your beauty hurled.

## THE BLESSING.

---

"Oh, bless her ! bless her ! bless the child !"

A mother cried with love's excess ;

"God bless my little darling Bess !"

And then, with rapture running wild,

The more she kissed the more to bless.

And soon, when Bess ran off to play

The mother to a doll of wood,

She said, as on her knee it stood,

"Oh, bless you, darling, night and day !

I love you, just as mother would !"

"Oh, bless you, bless you—do you hear ?

Oh, bless you, darling—bless you—see !

I love you—look !—now you love me,

And kiss me, little dolly dear—

Yes, that is as it ought to be !"

\* \* \* \*

Ah, not in vain that child's embrace ;

That ardent kiss, that loving look !—

A worn old traveller on his crook

Stood list'ning at the holy place,

And with him Bessie's blessing took.



## Arthur Hugh Clough.



HERE have been few poets whose lives have been more strikingly deficient in the ordinary materials of biography than was the life of Arthur Hugh Clough. His record is one, not of external event, but of internal experience; and even the history of his mind is entirely devoid of dramatic surprises: it is a history, not of convulsion or revolution, but of orderly growth and development. We know that during his life at Oxford, there occurred an important change in many of his convictions, but it seemed to affect the accidents rather than the essentials of his being; and his poems, which are a specially faithful reflection of his mind, leave behind them such a wonderfully homogeneous impression, that even a trained critic, left without the guidance of printed dates, might easily fail to distinguish between the work of his youth and of his maturity. Mr. William Watson, in one of his exquisitely carved epigrams, writes:

'Tis human fortune's happiest height, to be  
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole:  
Second in order of felicity,  
I hold it, to have walk'd with such a soul.

Clough was such a spirit, and as we walk with him by the way such felicity is ours.

Arthur Hugh Clough was born in Liverpool on the first day of the year 1819. When he was four years of age, his father migrated to the United States, and the early years of his boyhood were spent in Charleston, Virginia. In the autumn of 1828, the Cloughs returned to England, and Arthur was sent to a school in Chester, whence he proceeded to Rugby in the summer of 1829. Here, he came under the marvellous influence of the greatest of English schoolmasters; and in Clough, Dr. Arnold found a pupil after his own heart,—a youth largely dowered by nature with that intellectual and ethical strenuousness which it was Arnold's chief aim to inspire and develop. His school career was a brilliant one. At fifteen, he was the head of the fifth form; he edited for some time the *Rugby Magazine*, to which he contributed his earliest verse; he took an active part in some of the school games, his name appearing in William Arnold's "Rules of Football" as that of the best goal-keeper on record; and when, in October, 1837, he passed on to Oxford, having won the Balliol scholarship in the preceding year, he had gained every honour which Rugby had to bestow. Oxford was then the centre of the memorable Tractarian movement, and a mind so sensitive as Clough's, so full of fine ardours and high enthusiasms, could not fail to be affected by the ferment of new thought in which he found himself. For some little time his intellectual activities were turned into an unfamiliar channel, and the earliest evidence that a disturbing element had come into his life was furnished by his failure to take a first-class, and his unsuccessful competition for a

fellowship at Balliol. But, though Clough's mind was sensitive, it was stable; and he was not long in recovering his equilibrium. In the spring of 1842, he was elected Fellow of Oriel, and by this time he had worked his way through the storm and stress in which, to use his own words, he had been "like a straw," and had regained possession of himself. Still, such a conflict seldom leaves a man where it found him, and in struggling to make a stand against what he felt to be alien influences, Clough's intellectual attitude had insensibly changed. An aggressive doubter he could never have been, but he had become an eager questioner; and the final result of his questioning was the resignation, in 1848, of his Oriel Fellowship, and also of the tutorship to which he had been subsequently appointed. Then came a month in Paris among the sights of the Revolution; a visit to Liverpool, during which he wrote "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich;" his appointment as Head of University Hall, London; and a visit to Rome, one result of which was his second long poem, "Amours de Voyage," his earliest volume of verse, "Ambervalia," having been published during his residence at Oxford. In 1852, he resigned his headship and went to America, settling at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he engaged himself in literary work, and where he might have remained permanently, had he not been tempted home by the offer of an examinership in the Education Office, which would secure him a small, but regular and permanent income, now of some importance to him, as he was looking forward to an immediate marriage. This event took place in 1854, and for the next seven years, during which three children were born to him, he lived quietly at home. It was a time of happy content, but also of unwearying labour of many kinds, and at last the strain began to tell. In 1860, he was compelled to take what was believed to be only a temporary leave of absence from his duties. Malvern, the Isle of Wight, and the Continent, were successfully visited, and in September, 1861, on the Italian Lakes, he caught a chill, which by the time of his arrival in Florence, during the following month, had developed into a malarial fever. The fever wore itself out, but its victim was worn out also. Paralysis, which had been threatening, struck him down, and on the 13th of November, 1861, Arthur Hugh Clough passed away. His body lies in the little Protestant cemetery, just outside the walls of Florence, upon which the beautiful Tuscan hills look down.

Any attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity upon Clough's contribution to English poetry would be foolish and futile. To the more serious and thoughtful of his contemporaries it must have a peculiar interest, for it utters—and utters with singular clearness and adequacy—their own aspirations, their own doubts, and not less, their own certainties. For Clough, though in one sense a poet of doubt, was in a deeper sense a poet of faith—faith in the Heart of Goodness at the Heart of the Universe, which will make its warmth felt, and its beatings heard by Him who, in the darkness, is "Not disobedient to the heavenly vision." What he wrote in his early years he would have written to the last:—

The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above;  
Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do:  
Among the things allowed thee live and love;  
Some day thou shalt it view.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.



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“THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.”

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What we, when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, does not yet appear ;  
Ah ! did he tell what we are here ?

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for loves to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules ;  
Wise men are bad—and good are fools ;  
Facts evil—wishes vain appear,  
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To pace the sad confusion through,  
And say :—It doth not yet appear,  
What we shall be, what we are here.

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are, together, here.

## QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! And O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze ! O rushing seas !  
At last, at last, unite them there !

## QUI LABORAT ORAT.

O only Source of all our life and light,  
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,  
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife  
Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,  
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;  
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,  
My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind  
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;  
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind  
Can see Thee as Thou art ?

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold  
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,  
It dare not dare the dread communion hold  
In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,  
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;  
And if in work its life it seem to live,  
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,  
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,  
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes  
In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear  
The beatific supersensual sight,  
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer  
Approach Thee morn and night.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT  
AVAILETH.

---

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.



## James Burnley.



THE mighty Modern Babylon, which has lured from the shire of many acres hundreds of its ablest offspring, grievously robbed Yorkshire in 1885, when she gave to James Burnley a permanent call, all too-tempting for refusal, to take up a position of honour and literary trust in the capital of the world of letters. Chiefly, too, is the lament here in place, that Yorkshire poesy has lost the strains of a sweet and gifted son of song, by Mr. Burnley's transference southwards, for amid the engrossing work of an important London editorial appointment, and with much literary labour of a solid and serious sort constantly pressing for his attention, he has of late been reluctantly compelled to sadly neglect the Muses. Mr. Burnley's many admirers hope that ere long he will have ampler opportunities for the production of many more of those graceful rhymes and fanciful poetic pictures—true and tender, many of them, others strong and deep, some again whimsical and subtly fantastic—of the old Yorkshire life, which in time past have flowed so freely from his pen. His vigour is at its zenith now, and to all seeming many more years of useful and active literary productiveness lie before him. His first volume of verse, "Idonia, and other Poems," issued from "the Sign of 'The Ship'" in 1869, gave promise of a bright and successful future for its author in the sphere of song, a promise which has had full fruition, for Mr. Burnley's verses, in many of the magazines, and elsewhere, have always evoked the admiration of the reader and the commendation of the critic. He is a master-hurler of the pointed shaft of righteous satire, a sympathy-compelling interpreter of the loftiest sentiment, and an apt and always heart-whole portrayer of human passion. These high qualities are plentifully *en evidence* in Mr. Burnley's poetry, and added thereto, one has such ample demonstration of the singer's wealth of imagery that one can but regret he sings so seldom. Outside his poesy, his participation in journalism, and his purely editorial work, Mr. Burnley has firmly founded a reputation in a peculiar line of literature. He is *facile princeps* as a writer on the lighter side of trade-history and commercial lore. No man knows more than he of the often strange stories of men and their movements which go to make up the tale of our nation's wealth; and on subjects pertaining to these themes he is a large contributor to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the "Dictionary of National Biography." He wrote a good deal in Cassell's "Great Industries of Great Britain," on Yorkshire and other topics; and among his published volumes, in this direction, may be mentioned "The Romance of Invention" (Cassell); and "The Romance of Life Preservation" (W. H. Allen & Co.). Mr. Burnley is now busied in writing for Sampson Low & Co. "A History of Wool and Wool Combing;"

while he is also at work on "The Romance of Modern Industry" (W. H. Allen & Co.).

Before he settled in London, Mr. Burnley, who is a native of Shipley, and was born in 1842, held an important literary appointment on the staff of the *Bradford Observer*, and did much worthy penwork in the columns of that journal, the *Leeds Mercury*, and other Yorkshire newspapers. His "Phases of Bradford Life," reprinted in 1872, from the *Bradford Observer*, was highly praised for its accuracy of description and capital character drawing by some of the most censorious of the reviewers. Others of Mr. Burnley's productions, all of which have been well received, are "Looking for the Dawn : a Yorkshire Story ;" "Fetters ;" West-Riding Sketches ;" and "Two Sides of the Atlantic." He for a long time conducted the *Yorkshireman* with conspicuous ability, and wrote much himself in poetry and in prose for its pages. His *Saunterer's Satchel*, an annual, drawing its title from Mr. Burnley's familiar *Bradford Observer* pen-nomen, was also a capital local publication.

At various times Mr. Burnley has written much and acceptably, in verse or otherwise, for *Once a Week*, *All the Year Round*, *London Society*, *Belgravia*, *Temple Bar*, and others of the magazines; and in journals as dissimilar as the *World*, *Fun*, *Globe*, *Funny Folks*, and some of the publications emanating from La Belle Sauvage Yard. As a dramatic critic and London correspondent for several provincial newspapers of standing, he has done much good work; and Yorkshiremen do not require telling of his abilities as a skilful dialect writer. He is a dramatist of no mean power, too, and does not by any means rank among the "great unacted," for his play, "The Shadow of the Mill," ran twice with such success through the provinces, a year or two ago, that he has been much pressed for the production of other dramatic work.

Mr. Burnley has travelled extensively, and seen much of men and manners in Europe and America, as some of his writings abundantly shew. A few specimens of his poesy follow this brief allusion to the salient points of Mr. Burnley's busy literary life.

T. BROADBENT TROWSDALE.

## T'YORKSHIREMAN I' LONDON.

I' this city o' millions to-neet  
 I knaw I can nobbut cahnt one,  
 An' to t'crahds 'at pass by me i' t'street  
 I'm noabdy an' nowt when I've done ;  
 An' I hearken to t'murmur o' wheels,  
 To voices 'at speyk nut to me,  
 For my heart is i' exile, an' feels  
 A lengin' owd Yorkshire to see.

I miss the firm grasp o' the hand,  
An' I miss the owd friends' cheery tones ;  
I see bud I don't understand  
These miles upo' miles o' mute stones !  
An' faces may pass up an' dahn,  
No matter hah sunny they be,  
They all thraw a shadda an' frahn,  
'Cos they show nowt o' Yorkshire to me.

Here t'heighest an' t'lowest of all  
Rub shoolders i' t'scram'le for gain,  
An' t'gurt hez ta huddle wi' t'small,  
An' joy hez ta lig beside pain ;  
Thear seems sich a muddle an' maze,  
So mitch yet so little to see,  
So monny queer, left-handed ways,  
So mitch 'at is doleful an' dree.

If I could but swop mitch 'at's here  
For what I hev nah left behinnt,  
My way'd be more breet an' more cleer  
O' plezzar I'd hev fuller stint ;  
Ay, then some o' t'clahds 'ud disperse,  
No longer i' sorra I'd moan,  
I'd need noan to sob here i' verse,  
I needn't to feel so alone.

I'd bring here a Yorkshire green field,  
I' t'place of an acre o' brick ;  
A miln chimley, tew, they sud beeld,  
To give us some reyt Yorkshire rick ;  
I'd hev some gurt rocks, an' some hills,  
A bit o' brahn moorland as weel,  
Some snug little dells, an' some rills,  
An' then I sud Yorkshire still feel.

Asteead o' this finnikin' tweng,  
These Londoners din i' my ear,  
I'd rayther all t'grammar went wreng,  
Wi' t'tongue of a Yorkshireman near ;  
For Yorkshire is' t'langwidge o' t'heart,  
It's rough, bud it's true i' it's ring,  
A Yorkshireman's whisper's a shahrt,  
A Londoner's shahrt but a ting.

Yes, Yorkshire I am, an' sal keep,  
I' t'spite o' these millions so mixed,  
My lengin's noan likely to sleep,  
I' Yorkshire my heart is firm fixed ;  
Let fortun' dew just what it will,  
Pass by me, or yield its control,  
I' t'upshot ye'll finnd 'at I'm still  
A Yorkshireman body an' soul.

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### AT SCARBOROUGH.

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The castle crag, with ruin crowned,  
O'erlooks the lashing ocean ;  
The rocks below, by sea-weed browned,  
Are bathed in wild commotion ;  
And as the fading sunlight blends  
With summer mists and sadness,  
Along the shore, which dips and bends,  
There gleams a glow of gladness.

The sands their gold half-circlet spread,  
The pier points seaward finger ;  
O'er Oliver's high inland head  
The cloud of night doth linger ;  
The Spa, with zig-zag paths above,  
That climb from shore to crescent,  
Yields music, laughter, folly, love,  
In combination pleasant.



Here fashion finds a welcome fair  
For all its airs and graces ;  
Here town-bred fops may strut and stare  
Through lines of pretty faces ;  
Here rustic maids and city dames,  
And lord, and duke, and duchess,  
May mingle free for pleasure's aims,  
Defiant of Time's touches.

Sophia sits with Swinburne's verse,  
And loves its lucid jingle,  
While Edwin, thinking of her purse,  
Pretends his thoughts to mingle ;  
Irene rides her chestnut steed,  
Her squire the fact'ry master,  
And whether love or lucre lead,  
'Tis Fate will gallop faster.

The ancient beau, with chuckle dry,  
And ghastly cheek and hollow,  
In mask of youth comes here to try  
An art he cannot follow ;  
And aged beauties, propped and primed  
By artificial aidings,  
All out of tune, and all mistimed,  
Throw in the duller shadings.

Here yeomen bluff, of heavy hand,  
Of manner rough but cheery,  
Impart the flavour of the land,  
And call up visions beery ;  
Here kings of commerce flaunt their cash,  
And bid with it for beauty ;  
Here sin and folly rudely clash,  
The last thing thought of, duty.

And music dances in the air,  
With dulcet ebb and flowing,  
And robes sweep by with rustlings rare,  
And rich in colours glowing ;  
And care and want dare not invade  
This summer heav'n of fashion ;  
For wealth the paradise was made—  
For wealth, and joy, and passion.

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### WAITING FOR THE SWALLOWS.

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When the swallows fled to the sultry south,  
And the leaves pined away and died ;  
When my heart gave words to my quivering mouth  
My tongue could not utter for pride ;  
'Twas then, O then ! that he wandered away,  
And he never can hear what my heart would say  
Until he comes back with the swallows !

Though the snow has gone, the branches are bare,  
Though each day brings a joy for some :  
Yet branches must bud, and look green in the air  
Ere the day of my joy will come ;  
But then, O then ! though 'tis weary to wait,  
And Time seems a laggard, he's never too late,  
But comes when he's due with the swallows !

When the Spring peeps in at our cottage door,  
And the common birds try to sing,  
I shall watch for the cloud whose fleecy core  
Will be specked with many a wing ;  
And then, O then ! I shall know there is rest,  
For my soul will have done its earthly behest,  
And he will be here with the swallows.

Though both wind and wave rage wild on the sea,  
When they glimpse his ship's steady sail,  
And they see the birds flying round it in glee,  
Their breath will drop to a soothing gale ;  
And then, mother, then ! you need watch me no more,  
For Death's gaunt shadow but waits at the door  
Until he has come with the swallows !

Then he'll need no words to tell how I love,  
We shall kiss, and our souls will embrace,  
And the angels will come and bear me above  
With the bloom of his lips on my face ;  
And then, O then ! I shall sleep time away  
Till he comes with fresh kiss to wake me and say  
He's ta'en his farewell of the swallows !



## Charles Frederick Forshaw.



R. Forshaw was born at Bilston, South Staffordshire, January, 1863, but has resided in Bradford since his childhood. At an age when most young men are commencing the work of marking out a career, we find him established as a senior partner in an extensive and well-known firm of dentists, a lecturer of some note, a writer of scientific articles and pamphlets, the author of two volumes of poetry, and a liberal contributor of verse to many of the leading newspapers in the north of England. He obtained his diploma of Doctor of Dental Surgery by examination in June, 1885, is Fellow of several learned societies, and the Honorary Representative of the Society of Science, Letters and Art, of London. He is the President of the West Riding Literary Club. Dr. Forshaw is an enthusiastic collector of rare books, and his library of Yorkshire poetry, embracing the works of Yorkshire authors from Cædman to the production of the latest amateur, and gathered from all conceivable sources, is as unique as it is extensive. Amidst all the claims of a busy professional life, and numerous lecturing and other engagements, Dr. Forshaw finds time to send forth to the world a large number of poems on widely different topics; these circulate over a large area, and thus it is that his name is familiar to newspaper and magazine readers all over the north of England. His poetry is remarkable for its sweetness and simplicity. It appeals to the affections, and its truthfulness and naturalness, combined with a simple diction, render it very popular amongst those readers for whom it is mainly intended. Dr. Forshaw has an eye for the beautiful, and a facility for painting his pictures in homely phraseology which make them true to nature. His verses breathe of home and happiness: they speak of affection, of sympathy, of love; they tell us of hope, and they lead to an appreciation of all that is good, and beautiful and holy.

Dr. Forshaw is at present editing a popular monthly publication, entitled "Yorkshire Poets, Past and Present," a work which is meeting with considerable success, and which will form a welcome addition to "The Poets of Yorkshire," commenced by William Cartwright Newsam, and completed by John Holland (Sheffield, 1845), "The Poets and Poetry of Yorkshire," by William Grainge (Wakefield, 1868), "A Garland of Yorkshire Poetry," selected by Abraham Holroyd (Saltaire, 1873), and "Modern Yorkshire Poets," by William Andrews, F.R.H.S. (Hull, 1885.) Dr. Forshaw has compiled the "Yorkshire Poets Birthday Book," and has ready for publication a third volume of his poetry.

J. GAUNT.

## CHURCH BELLS.

How sweetly sound the joyous bells,  
With all their freshness ringing ;  
How soul-thrilling their music swells,  
Like angels' voices singing ;  
How gaily do they clang and clash  
With melody and gladness,  
And now with merry peal and dash,  
As tho' in very madness.

Now, softly, on the cool, crisp air  
Anon the sound comes stealing,  
Dispelling all our gloom and care  
With their harmonious pealing.  
The cadence of those silv'ry chimes,  
So wildly, softly blending,  
Brings to each mind the olden times,  
Sweet recollection sending.

And as we listen to the sound  
That each one loves so dearly,  
Our throbbing hearts for ever bound,  
Deep-felt, true, strong, sincerely ;  
And when from them we turn away,  
O'erflowing with emotion,  
It seems to me a gladsome ray  
Of Heaven's own devotion.

It seems as though our many pains  
Are gone, past re-appearing,  
When these divine and mellow strains  
Delight and glad our hearing.  
To me, I think these dear old bells  
We love to hear vibrating,  
To each the sweet, sweet story tells  
That Christ our Lord is waiting.

## CHILDHOOD.

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Of all the happy, joyous days, oh, childhood's days are best,  
Days when the eve aye brought to us still, calm, refreshing rest,  
Days when our paths ran smoothly, and our way was strewn with  
    flow'rs,

When all was merry, light, and gay in those Elysian hours.

'Tis pleasant to recall the time when hearts with mirth ran free,  
When every sight which met our eyes was brimming o'er with glee,  
When nought of this world's vanity had stained our souls with sin,  
When recked we not of misery amongst our kith and kin.

How beautiful when, in our dreams, we live those days again,  
And, careless of the coming years, we think they hold no pain ;  
We blend our childish voices in shrill re-echoing song,  
As on some pleasant country lane we take our path along.

The flowers shed their fragrance, oh ! far more sweetly then,  
And brighter seemed each coppice and wood and field and glen ;  
The birds upon the hawthorn tree far merrier seemed to sing,  
For bounteous nature lent her charm and crowned each one a king.

Oh ! childhood's days are far the best that earthly life shall know,  
For they were free from vice and care, from sorrow, shame, and woe.  
Could but those days return to us, how happy we should be—  
How full of tender love and hope, and blitheful harmony !

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## A VILLAGE SCENE.

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A ruined wall, 'neath sweetly blooming trees,  
A rough hewn log, where one can take his ease,  
And sitting on't, a weary man and old,  
O'er whose shrunk form some eighty years had rolled ;  
The sky all round, clear with an azure light,  
The hedges, gay with blossoms pure and white ;

The ancient church, with ivy overgrown,  
Its yard, nigh filled with many a cross and stone ;  
The dear old vicar, with his book in hand ;  
Three farmers, talking of the price of land ;  
The little school, where infants learn to sum ;  
The teacher's voice, the children's busy hum ;  
The gay green fields, the many pleasant stiles,  
The landscape, stretching far away for miles,  
The little brook, gay murm'ring on its way,  
A cart, heaped up with richly perfumed hay.  
Above, the trill of the melodious lark,  
Beyond, the sound of watchdog's honest bark,  
The cackle, from the scraping, scratching hens,  
The grunt, proceeding from the brood pigs' pens,  
The quack, quack, quack, from out the dirty pool,  
Where ducks and geese alternately hold rule,  
The cow's soft low, the flowers of many a hue ;  
The scattered houses, only built for two,  
Their roofs of thatch, now overspread with moss,  
And narrow windows, each thick-barred across ;  
The postman with his letters—four a day,  
The stumbling doctor, bent and worn and grey,  
The pump, where housewives meet to talk the news,  
The quaint old chapel, with its high-backed pews,  
And last of all, the tavern, whitewashed o'er,  
With spotless tables, neatly sanded floor,  
The portly landlord and his stately wife.  
How sweet 't must be to lead a village life !



## John Rowell Waller.



JOHN ROWELL WALLER was born in April, 1854, at Cragg Head, a remote fastness of the West Durham Moors. In the course of time he was apprenticed to a joiner at Houghton-le-Spring, where at the age of thirteen the poesy-spirit came to him, "a ragged lad wi' tangled hair," and a local paper printed his first rough verse. He kept on scribbling from that time forward, though not until he was sixteen did he send anything more to the press; since that age, however, scarce a week has passed without publication of his work in one form or another. In 1875 he made a connection with the *Yorkshire Chronicle*, working at his trade in the day time at Upsall Castle, near Thirsk. The next year found him at Bishop Auckland. In 1877 he removed to Forcett, and wrote a series of humorous articles for *Cosmos*, and another series of prose sketches of his appeared in the *Chronicle*, and in 1878 his first volume of poems, "Unstrung Links," was issued. In 1881 his second volume appeared, "Wayside Flowers," while he was in business as an ironmonger at Houghton-le-Spring. His strong convictions and too open speech at this period threw him out of favour with a section of the community to an injurious extent, and at the time of that book's publication, he was "upon the road," selling his tools to buy a breakfast. Newspaper work for the *Middlesbro' News*, and later on, a situation with an engineering firm at Sunderland, were evidences of his energy and commercial value. The pen was never laid down; in 1883 he published his "Woodland and Shingle," a third volume of poems. By this time he had been living at Wallsend-on-Tyne, his house the house of call for the *literati* of the north, sometimes his gatherings numbering twelve or fifteen. In a discussion upon one of these occasions he was led to adopt a line of thought far different from that in which he had before become notorious. In 1886 he issued his fourth volume, "Rambles and Musings." He is now with a large engineering firm on the Tyne, in an official capacity.

His versification is excellent. He is the poet-praiser of beautiful nature, and the recorder of human reflections, rather than the narrator of action and episode. This must limit his fame in the present state of public taste, which continuously asks for compositions equalling in intensity and diversity every wickedness and folly belonging to human life. A purer school, however, is by no means wanting, and Mr. Waller has reason to be satisfied with the growing renown of his work. He is a man who has made himself what he is by his own exertions, founded on the having of a deep, conscientious, perceptive, and ardent nature.

T. TINDALL WILDRIDGE.



## THE LITTLE GRAVE UNDER THE SNOW.

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There's a neat little grave in our snug churchyard,  
Concealed 'neath a mantle of snow,  
Close down by the side of the rustic porch,  
Where in summer the daisies grow ;  
In the waning light of an afternoon,  
A Sabbath not long ago,  
We buried her deep in the cold, cold earth,  
In that little grave under the snow.

Escaping the cares of the after-life,  
The struggles, and sorrows, and tears,  
The rumble and din of contending strife,  
And the buffets of after years ;  
Free from all these in the sheltering earth,  
Till the trumpet of summons shall blow,  
Free from the trials that follow our birth,  
In the little grave under the snow.

True ! there's a father on earth, whose love  
Its object and centre will miss ;  
But there is a Father who watches above  
To guide her through realms of bliss ;  
The spirit is with its compassionate God,  
And the angelic face is aglow—  
As a heaven-missioned being sits guard o'er the sod,  
O'er that little grave under the snow.

Ah ! doubtless she looks from the land of blue,  
And watches her mother in tears,  
And the playmates whose hearts to her own beat true—  
Will she watch through the rolling years ?  
Hovering over the home of the dead,  
In the toiling world below,  
Where the leaves from the churchyard trees are spread  
O'er that little grave under the snow.

And the Spring will come with its primrose tints,  
And the Summer with its violets sweet,  
And the Autumn arrayed in her mellowing light,  
Will follow with gold-clad feet ;  
Then Winter again with its ghostly throng  
O'er the sleeper will rudely blow,  
And the robin will twitter his sweet old song,  
Near the little grave under the snow.

And the father will sit by the lonely hearth,  
And think of his dear dead dove,  
Whose soul from the body is parted and gone  
To sit 'mong the angels above ;  
And the children at times as they wander to church,  
A look of mute sorrow will throw  
On that mound of earth near the rustic porch—  
The little grave under the snow.

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### THE ORGANIST.

---

A hush of other realms it seemed  
Reigned down the tessellated aisle,  
And through one mullioned window beamed  
A shaft of light, that, like a smile,  
The grey wall kissed, and softly gleamed  
Along the organ-pipes the while ;  
And on the key-board's face it kissed  
The white hand of the organist.

She sat within the church alone ;  
Her holy face, so calm, so fair,  
As lit by sweet communion, shone,  
Contrasting with her midnight hair,  
Low was her voice and soft its tone,  
For hopes and dreams of Heaven were there :  
The playful sunbeam moved, and kissed  
The fair arm of the organist.

And trembling came each mournful note,  
As o'er the keys her fingers went ;  
Far down the nave they seemed to float,  
Till sadness seemed with gladness blent,  
And pathos from the fair white throat  
Pealed out, and by the font was spent :  
The sunbeam quivered while it kissed  
The bosom of the organist.

Deep prayers on mournful notes were flung,  
And swept away on trustful wings,  
And through the chancel's rest they rung  
Sweet pleadings for diviner things,  
And from the shrine of heart and tongue  
Well'd up to God the secret springs ;  
And, rising still, the sunbeam kissed  
The pure lips of the organist.

And yet, with cadence deep and low,  
The mingled prayer and praise went forth ;  
And heaving breast, and face aglow,  
And touch inspired, bespoke their worth,  
While thought and yearning seemed to flow  
Away from scenes and forms of earth ;  
And God's love, through the sunbeam, kissed  
The moist eyes of the organist.

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### NORTHUMBRIAN LANES.

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Oh ! green lanes of Northumberland ;  
What Springs have come, all cowslip-drest,  
To strew their gems on earth's green breast ;  
What diamonds of the early dew,  
In settings of the purest blue,  
Have hung upon sweet violet tips,  
And tried to kiss her luscious lips ;

And e'en the pale anemone  
Her sister violet might not see,  
For, lo ! she hung her head close by—  
The moisture brimmed her lovely eye,  
Till Sol shot down an amorous ray,  
And sucked the glittering tear away,  
Oh ! green lanes of Northumberland.

Oh ! green lanes of Northumberland,  
What Summer winds have paused to play  
Through white festoons of hawthorn spray,  
And woo'd till all her sweets were given  
In scents that *must* have come from heaven ;  
But, best to me of all your charms,  
The dog-rose in the woodbine's arms,  
Won ere the west wind's love was sung,  
Her cheek-hued petals freely flung  
Down on the slope where speedwells gleamed  
And odorous clover dozed and dreamed ;  
Prone in the grass the darnel lay  
Too languid to salute the day,  
Oh ! green lanes of Northumberland.

Oh ! brown lanes of Northumberland,  
What Autumn nights have touched the flow'rs,  
And shut them in the sunset hours ;  
Have touched the hedgerows green and fair,  
And hung the hawthorn berries there ;  
The leaves in every shade of brown,  
'Ere rude winds brought them swirling down,  
Had robbed the trees in richest dress  
Of chrome and sepia loveliness ;  
November chills came down the breeze,  
And frosted on the weirdly trees ;—  
Lo ! dankling in deep gutters lay  
The umber flecks of yesterday,  
Oh ! brown lanes of Northumberland.

Oh ! white lanes of Northumberland,  
What Winter winds have brought the snows  
To drift and fill the long hedgerows ;  
The lonely moon's half-ghostly light  
Gleamed o'er the slopes of spotless white,  
Some nightshade berries, burning red,  
Glared on the soft and flaky bed—  
Half startling with their crimson stain  
Like blood-tracks on the Polar plain.  
Lo ! deeper beauties, teeming still,  
Are born of God's almighty will,  
That all my life's rude lines along  
Have taught me this sweet art of song,  
Oh ! white lanes of Northumberland.



## Dora Greenwell.



O Thomas and Dorothy Greenwell, of Greenwell Ford, near the old Roman station of Lanchester, Durham, was born, Dec. 6th, 1821, an only daughter, to whom was given the mother's name, affectionately softened into Dora. Her home was a commodious ancestral mansion. Her father, a man of wealth and position, was active and popular as a magistrate, and Deputy Lieutenant of the county, he and his little girl numbering the historian Surtees amongst their many friends. Nine miles from a town, postal service weekly, it may be imagined that Dora had few playmates but her brothers. She, however, made a companion of a "brawling brook," the Brownny, that leaped and ran through the estate, and she was given to wander alone by this, following its picturesque course by path, or no path, resting on out-cropping grey rocks, learning the secrets of nature, and filling her young mind with poetic images before the power of expression came to her. By the time that was hers she was a delicate girl, with but a frail hold on life, needing all care and tendance. Yet song came to her early. It was not, however, until her father's easy-going confiding nature, and a lawsuit, brought ruin on his family, that she gave the out-pouring of her genius to the world. Song is born of suffering, and when, in 1848, the family had to surrender the luxurious estate their ancestors had held from the days of Henry VIII., the wrench at the unexpected parting affected Dora exceedingly. It was a blow from which she never wholly recovered, as her correspondence even twenty years later could testify. She had grown up from shy and gentle childhood to imaginative soul-searching womanhood, in those "pleasant places" where she and her family thought they "were as safely planted as the trees." Sad was the reverse when only the interest of Mrs. Greenwell's own fortune remained to them. As Dora expressed it, "Money troubles do away with the pleasant glossy part of life," and her opinion that "Making both ends meet is such a miserable idea of perfection, I should like them to tie in a handsome bow," was the playful expression of her own painful experience.

On the sale of his house and lands, Mr. Greenwell, his wife, and daughter, went to live for a time at Ovingham Rectory, Northumberland, with the eldest son William, now Canon Greenwell, of Durham, the noted antiquary and geologist. It was during her brief residence here, in 1848, that Miss Greenwell sent her first volume of poems to the press. Pickering was the publisher. Later we find her with her brother Allan, at Golbourne Rectory, in Lancashire; but in 1854, when she was thirty-two, she settled down with her mother in the quiet ecclesiastical precincts known as "The Bailey," Durham, where Mrs. Greenwell's early years had been spent. In the meantime a change had come over the quaint cathedral city, warming

it into life. That behind-the-time, narrow-minded, exclusive section of its society, which had pitied "Poor dear Dora" for her poetic gift and the publication of her first "Poems," had bowed to the dictum of those higher intelligences who had stamped them as the work of genius; and her second volume had a very different reception. The eighteen years spent by Miss Greenwell under the shadow of the old cathedral, must be named as the period of highest intellectual development, though pain and exhaustion prostrated the frail body. That the mind rises above and is independent of physical weakness is an experience by no means peculiar to Dora Greenwell, though hers soared to altitudes out of ordinary reach. Yet how much she suffered of bitter memory, of absolute pain, and how her religious soul fought against surrender, and imbued earthly things with spiritual meanings, is evident in all she has written, whether in her learned prose or her symbolic poetry. She was too mystical for popularity with the multitude, though she struck her harp with a masterly hand, as the few poems we have space to quote can but faintly indicate.

She threw herself heart and soul into various philanthropic movements, writing poems, essays, and booklets, too many for enumeration here, as moved by the Irish Famine, the sufferings of Gang Children, the Cotton Famine, and Vivisection, and she especially interested herself for a Home for Imbecile Children. Her friendships were many and lasting, notably with the Constable family of Edinburgh, and Professor Knight, with whom she had a philosophic correspondence. Her conversation was full of point and originality; learned or piquant as the case might be.

When "*Carmina Crucis*" was published in 1869, Miss Greenwell's newly adopted symbol appeared upon the title-page, a hand grasping a cross, accompanied by the motto "*Et Teneo, et Teneor*," and so on all her successive works. Of these, "*The Two Friends*," and "*Colloquice Crucis*," a sequel published in 1871, are in prose—the arguments of two imaginary friends on Christianity. "*The Soul's Legend*," from which we extract "*The Red-breast*," appeared in 1873; "*Camera Obscura*," in 1876, gives us "*The Blade of Grass*." In this small book are also two prose-poems, "*The Broken Cither*," and "*My Little Companions*," in which whosoever runs may read reminiscences of her lost home at Greenwell Ford. Besides these appeared from time to time her great prose work "*Lacordaire*"; two volumes of essays, one bearing the title "*Liber Humanitatis*"; "*The Covenant of Life and Peace*"; "*The Patience of Hope*" (first published in America, with an introduction by Whittier); an enlarged edition of her Poems, and "*The Songs of Salvation*."

On the death of her mother, Miss Greenwell quitted Durham for Clifton and her brother Allan, her health completely broken by long watching by the invalid. From Clifton she retired to Great College Street, Westminster, and after one or two other removes met with an accident and died at Clifton, March 29th, 1881, mourned by many besides her proverbial "loose fringe" of dependents.

ISABELLA BANKS.

## THE BLADE OF GRASS.

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"A sword shall go through thine own heart."—*Prophecy of ZACHARIAS.*

Oh ! little blade of grass,  
A little sword thou art,  
That in thy haste to pass  
Hast pierced thy mother's heart !

Oh ! little blade of grass,  
A little tongue thou art  
Of cleaving flame,—alas !  
Thou hast cleft thy mother's heart.

Oh ! little blade, upcurled  
Leaf, sword, or fiery dart,  
To win thy Father's world  
Thou must break thy mother's heart !

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## DESDICHADO.

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Weep not for them who weep  
For friend or lover taken hence, for child  
That falls 'mid early flowers and grass asleep,  
Untempted, undefiled.

Mourn not for them that mourn  
For sin's keen arrow with its rankling smart,  
God's hand will bind again what He hath torn,  
He heals the broken heart.

But weep for him whose eye  
Sees in the midnight skies a starry dome  
Thick sown with worlds that whirl and hurry by,  
And give the heart no home ;



Who hears amid the dense  
 Loud trampling crash and outcry of this wild  
 Thick jungle world of drear magnificence,  
 No voice which says, *my child* ;

Who marks through earth and space  
 A strange dumb pageant pass before a vacant shrine,  
 And feels within his inmost soul a place  
 Unfill'd by the Divine ;

Weep, weep, for him, above  
 That looks for God, and sees un pitying Fate,  
 That finds within his heart, in place of love,  
 A dull, unsleeping hate.

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### THE RED-BREAST.

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"Far, far away, is a land of woe and darkness, spirits of evil and fire. Day after day a little bird flies there, bearing in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame. So near to the burning stream does he fly that his feathers are scorched by it, and hence he is named 'Bron-rhuddyn' (breast-burned)." — *A Carmarthenshire Legend of the Robin.*

The souls in bliss to souls in woe  
 Would fain a message send :  
 It is not love, above, below,  
 That loves not to the end ;  
 This know I, though I little yet  
 Love's secret apprehend.

But how shall love with love prevail  
 Its message sweet to take,  
 What wing that will not droop and fail,  
 What spirit but will quake,  
 To bear it through the gloomy vale,  
 Across the fiery lake ?

In heaven was silence ! sweet to hear  
The songs that angels sing,  
Yet sweeter then had been the clear  
Quick rustle of a wing.  
On earth was silence ! to the sun  
The eagle soared ; apart  
The dove, in grief or love for one  
Sate, brooding o'er her heart ;  
Wings, wings ! a heaven and earth of wings,  
Outspread, unstirred, and free ;  
I only heard one little bird  
Make answer then, " Send me."

A little bird, \*unseen. unheard,  
When summer woods are gay,  
That flits across a darkening path  
And haunts a leafless spray ;  
Its song is broken, sweet, and wild,  
Its eye is bright and clear ;  
It singeth best when to the West  
The sinking sun draws near :  
A bird beloved by man and child,  
And to its Maker dear.

It trills not with the nightingale,  
It moans not with the dove,  
It hath no fond heart-piercing wail  
Of passion nor of love ;  
It mounts not with the lark on wings  
Of rapture and desire,  
It hath a heart that does not quail,  
A wing that does not tire.

" I do not fear the valley drear,  
Nor yet beyond the gate  
What lies, though it indeed be vast,  
And dim, and desolate.

\*In spring the red-breast retires to woods and thickets. During summer it is rarely to be seen.—*Bewick's British Birds.*

My breast is scorched with fire, so near  
The burning wind I fly ; to fear  
Would now for me be late.

“ For me the little children spread  
Their crumbs upon the snow,  
I stay with them, and I am fed  
When the swallows flit and go ;  
I have eaten of man’s daily bread  
Too long to shun his woe ;  
I have met earth’s sleety blast,  
I have felt its driving rain :  
The time of fear is overpast  
For one, the mate of pain ;

“ Yea, more ! upon the bitter cross  
I saw One hang, who bore  
Of all Creation’s wrong and loss,  
The weight and burden sore ;  
And then from out a brow divine,  
With anguish pierced and torn,  
I strove, with this small beak of mine,  
To wrest a single thorn.

“ Too slender was my little bill ;  
I strove and strove in vain ;  
But then, in guerdon of my will,  
My bosom met a stain,  
Broad, ruddy, deep, that shields from ill,  
And marks it unto pain.”

Oh, little bird ! these words of thine  
Methinks are true and wise !  
For he who looks on man who lives,  
Who looks on God that dies,

Baptized within the cloud, the sea,  
Baptized within the fire, like thee,  
May pass along the valley drear,  
And through the gateway dim, nor fear  
For aught beyond that lies.\*

November, 15th, 1870.

\*1 Cor. x 2.

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## HOME.

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Two birds within one nest ;  
Two hearts within one breast ;  
Two spirits in one fair  
Firm league of love and prayer,  
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch  
A hand upon the latch ;  
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win :  
A world of care without,  
A world of strife shut out,  
A world of love shut in.



## William Weaver Tomlinson.



OET, journalist, and general littérateur; archæologist, linguist, botanist; an omnivorous reader, a hard student, and an indefatigable worker, Mr. W. W. Tomlinson, notwithstanding the multiplicity and diversity of the interests that have engaged him, has always, with a steady method and purpose, devoted himself to one thing at a time, and thus obtained a sound proficiency in many departments. He was born on the 5th October, 1858, at Driffild, in Yorkshire; his early days were spent in the outskirts of Beverley, the quaint sleepy old minster-town lying in gardens and trees in the richest agricultural district of Holderness. He was educated under Mr. Dyson, of Beverley, and on the removal of his family, in 1872, to Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was sent for a short time to the Royal Grammar School there. At present he serves in the accountant's office of the North Eastern Railway Company, in Newcastle, and resides at Whitley-by-the Sea. Who does not conquer before thirty will never conquer—I think Schiller said something to this effect. Mr. Tomlinson is now in his thirtieth year, and a much abridged catalogue of his various achievements would, I think, give sufficient evidence of the fact that he need not be abashed by the maxim. His numerous journalistic articles have always a distinct literary value and finish, which, combined with the wide knowledge and keen practicality he brings to bear, constitute him a contributor to the press of no mean importance. At the period of the Crofter disturbance he was sent by the *Newcastle Chronicle*, one of the most influential provincial papers, as special correspondent to Tiree, and his report was as copious as it was interesting. Of his archæological attainments and descriptive powers he gave ample evidence in 1887 in his "Guide to Newcastle-on-Tyne," a work both concise and exhaustive. Since then he has compiled an elaborate "Guide to Northumberland," just published by Mr. Walter Scott, and by this his reputation as an historian and archæologist will be firmly established. Amongst the best-remembered lectures which for some years past Mr. Tomlinson has been in the habit of giving in the Hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle, are those on "The Poets of Newcastle," "The Humorous Poets of the Nineteenth Century," and "De Lamartine." Though Mr. Tomlinson has printed much verse, the only collection of his poems in book form is contained in a small volume entitled "First Fruits," published in 1881. It is distinguished by the mastery it exhibits of poetic technique, which is one of Mr. Tomlinson's strong points; he is, in fact, intimately acquainted with that most occult of mysteries, the technique of French verse, and he has written on this as well as on the history of French poetry. As a translator of Clement Marot, of François Coppée, of Leconte de Lisle, and

of other foreign poets, his renderings, close in their adherence to the original, have at the same time a charm of their own. I have allowed myself but little space for exposition or criticism of Mr. Tomlinson as a poet, thinking that the quotation given below may well speak for him in this respect; and that a brief account of the man, as one of the generation of men of letters likely to make a considerable mark in the near future, would be more valuable.

WILL H. DIRCKS.

## THE BALLAD OF THE FRIDSTOL.

In Hexham Abbey Church there is preserved a curious stone seat called "The Fridstol," an interesting relic of pre-Reformation times, when the monks had the privilege of affording sanctuary to those who had shed human blood or committed some heinous crime. Four boundary-stones marked the *Leuga*, or circuit of the sanctuary, which extended for one mile round the church. The sites of two are known from the names—Maiden Cross on the west, and White Cross Fields on the east. Near Beverley a sanctuary-cross is standing *in situ* in a field by the side of the York Road. The "Monk's Stone," near Tynemouth, is also believed to have marked the limit of the leuga round the Priory. Anyone apprehending a fugitive within the circuit rendered himself liable to a penalty, varying according to the distance from the centre of the sanctuary. If the avenger of blood dared to take a fugitive when seated within the Fridstol the offence was unredeemable by any fine. There probably hung upon the door of the church, as at Durham, a grotesque iron mask by way of knocker, with candles kept burning at night-time behind its eyes and mouth, to direct the fugitive approaching through the darkness. On being admitted, the man-slayer, or malefactor, was obliged to make a full confession of his crime, and take an oath to be "true and faithful" to the authorities of the church, and to refrain from violating the king's peace in any way. Also, he was to be ready to assist in the defence of the town if needs be. When he had kissed the book and paid the requisite fees, he was admitted as a *grithman* and domiciliated in the town.

"Why luik ye sae, my ain true love?  
What ill sight hae ye seen?"

"A slayne man, wha has cast on me  
The glamour o' his een.

"An' gin I flee not far away,  
A deid man I shall be.  
Swift is the sword!—My bonnie bairn,  
What gars ye rin frae me?

" Am I a ghaist (as he is ane),  
Wha bodeth thee nae gude? "  
" O feyther, dinna touch me noo,  
Yer hands are rede wi' blude."

" Sweet wife o' mine, fare-weel ! This day  
May end in dule for thee ;  
The bird that sings the sunset's dirge  
May sing a dirge for me ! "

He kissed her wan lips, and was gone  
Or ere a tear could start ;  
His limbs were light, and strong, but oh !  
They bore a heavy heart.

By muir and moss he took his way,  
The dew yet on his feet ;  
The larks were lilting as he sped  
Adown the Clennell Street.\*

From Coquet came an eerie sound—  
A sound of spates† set free—  
The while the water-kelpies sang,  
And laughed with elfin glee.

Down came the moorland waters, clear  
As amber in the sun ;—  
Not lightly would the dalesmen dare  
The ford of Alwinton.

No way but one was left to him,  
And that was through the ford ;  
For lo ! behind, the morning sun  
Flashed on a naked sword.

\* Clennell Street—a path through Kidland to Clennell. "Street" here is used in its original Anglo-Saxon signification of a "way spread out or paved."

† Spates—rapid floods that come down a river after a great fall of rain among the hills.

His feet were on the other bank,  
When hark ! a sudden scream !  
And oh ! it was a little child  
Had fallen in the stream.

He paused a moment, yea, but one,  
To crush a base thought dead,  
Then plunged to where a gleam of gold  
Played round a golden head.

“ Whatever ill betide to me,  
This chance I may not rue,  
Whereby I save, to smile again,  
Those tender eyes of blue.”

He laid her on the sunny bank,  
Among the gowans there ;  
Then fled again before the sword  
That shimmered through the air.

A shadow from the olden times  
Fell on him as he saw  
The Draag-stone,\* that had still the power  
To chill men's hearts with awe.

Beneath the hold of Harbottèll,  
And through the little town,  
He took his way across the moors  
Where Yardhope hill looks down.

The curlews, rising warily,  
Wheeled round him as he ran,  
Then downward swooped ;—too wily they  
To fear a hunted man.

\* Draag-Stone—a huge mass of rock, thirty feet high, perched on Harbottle Crag. It is believed to have had some connection with Druidical worship. A custom which prevailed till the beginning of the century, of passing sick children over the Draag-Stone to promote their recovery, is no doubt a remnant of the old superstition.



A rude stone cross stood by the way,  
And there, on bended knee,  
A pilgrim to our Lady's Well\*  
Did tell his rosary.

He halted for a little space,  
And made the holy sign ;  
Then turned to where cold Elsdon lay  
Beneath a tuft of pine.

And by its mote-hills,† where of old  
The tribes in council met ;  
And by its frowning pele he strode  
Still on, with teeth hard-set.

Sweet far-off murmurs did the wind  
Bring softly to his ear ;  
But oh ! it brought the sound of feet  
That followed and drew near.

Oh ! vain seemed all his effort now  
To flee the vengeful hand :  
The sky spun round his dizzy brain,  
Bright as a whirling brand.

He might not rest, though every thew  
Was like an iron cord ;  
For lo ! behind, the mid-day sun  
Flashed on a naked sword.

By Otterburn, where Douglas fell,  
Yet won the glorious fight ;  
By Corsenside and Risingham,  
He took his onward fight.

\* Our Lady's Well—a spring near Holystone, where Paulinus is said to have baptised many of his Northumbrian converts.

† Mote Hills—remarkable diluvial mounds, levelled at the top, and fortified with earthen ramparts by the ancient Britons, who are supposed to have held their tribal councils here.

He saw above pale Sweethope Lough  
The Wannys, old and grey,  
Like spell-bound wizards doomed to scan  
Some crystal orb for aye.

Still on he sped by Gunnerton,  
And on by Swinburn Tower,  
By Bewclay to the mighty wall  
Up-raised by Roman power.

The dew fell on the drowsy leaf,  
And on the flower a-swoon ;  
It lay upon his weary limbs,  
That blessed the gentle boon.

Beneath was Corbridge, like an isle  
Begirt with waves of wheat.  
He travelled on with blood-shot eyes  
And steps no longer fleet.

"What ho !" they cried ; "a Kidland wight  
More swift of hand than foot !  
God-speed ! to Hexham town," was heard  
From pele and wattled hut.

From Dilston's highest tower, that caught  
The last rich light of day,  
The warder blew a merry note  
To cheer him on his way.

The goal was nearly won—yet Fear  
Still ruled his heart as lord ;  
For lo ! behind, the setting sun  
Flashed on a naked sword.

He staggered on two miles or more,  
Then, with a sudden moan,  
Sank by the Maiden-cross, beneath  
Its sheltering shaft of stone.

He rose and trailed his weary limbs  
Towards Wilfrid's holy pile,  
To claim the right of sanctuary—  
Its peace within its mile.

The massy door ! Yet one step more !  
He breathed the Virgin's name,  
Then seized the grim carved head that hung  
With eyes and mouth of flame.

The monks drew nigh ; between his lips  
They poured the blood-red wine—  
“ O, heaven, the sword ! ”—“ Nay, 'tis the light  
Upon the silver shrine.”

They led him to the Stool of Peace  
Within the chancel dim,  
While children through the twilight sang  
The holy vesper-hymn.

The windows lost their jewel-tints,  
Dim grew each saint and seer ;  
And lo ! the night stole down and stilled  
The new-made grithman's fear.



## William E. A. Axon.



O insignificant number of the Englishmen and women who have achieved a deserved literary reputation have drawn their first breath in the grimy air of Manchester. Among these Mr. Axon is to be numbered, but, unlike very many of them, he has not turned his back upon his native city for either broader or fairer fields. Such as Manchester was and is, he has clung to her with an affection intensified by the moral aspects which the struggle of humanity presents in such a place. He was born in 1846, and is "self-educated in the best sense." At fifteen he became assistant librarian at the Manchester Free Library, under the late Dr. Crestadoro, a position he held until he was twenty-eight, when he made a brief trial of a commercial life, and found it little to his taste. Since that short incursion into uncongenial fields, he has devoted himself to literary pursuits and journalism with an ardour and intensity of devotion which are not to be measured even by the mass of his published work, great as that is. Mr. George Milner, on a recent occasion, thus referred to that work, in terms which do not overrate either its extent or its versatility:—"What he has done it would be impossible for me to say. . . . Nothing seems to come amiss to him. The most gigantic pyramid of figures, the most abstruse statistical problem, never proves too much for his literary digestion, and at the same time he is ready to soar on the wing of the lightest fancy. . . . In short, he is steeped to the lips in literature, and a sworn knight of the pen—sworn till death." His researches have lain in many fields—historical, archæological, statistical, and bibliographical. He has contributed to the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, the Statistical Societies of Manchester and London, the British Association, the Library Association, the Manchester Literary Club, Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Field Naturalists' Society, Cryptogamic Society, and many others, as well as to numerous weekly, monthly, and annual publications. He is also an active, honorary, or corresponding member of several learned societies, both home and foreign. A complete bibliography of his published work would occupy several of these pages; and still, it must be remembered, Mr. Axon is a young man. Among his more important volumes are the "Handbook of the Public Libraries of Manchester and Salford," "Annals of Manchester," "Cheshire Gleanings," "Lancashire Gleanings," and "Stray Chapters in Literature and Folk-lore." He is understood to be now engaged upon the preparation of a work on the history and folk-tales of the Gypsies. Mr. Axon's poetical work does not occupy a very large space in the imposing bulk of his literary labours, but what he has done in this direction shows facility in versification, an intuitive feeling for thoroughly good literary work, and a warm

sympathy with many-hearted Nature. In his translations, where he shows, perhaps, at his best as a poet, he is equally happy in themes grave and gay, and in many of his sonnets occur touches of poetic fancy which are both graceful and true. His translations cover a wide linguistic range, and embrace the poets of Italy, ancient and modern, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and China.

Any sketch of Mr. Axon's life, however brief, would be most incomplete, which failed to take note of his great interest in the poorer classes, and his ceaseless activity in promoting every worthy plan to brighten the dullness of their daily lives. He is, too, an indefatigable, but never offensively obtrusive, propagandist for purer and healthier living among all classes. He is a teetotaler and vegetarian from confirmed principle, but whatever line of conduct he advocates it is always pressed in the broadest and most catholic spirit. He loves humanity too much to belittle it by any show of *ex cathedra* omniscience.

The following selections embrace one of his shorter idylls from the *Manchester Quarterly*, a sonnet which first appeared in the *Academy*, and two brief translations.

J. OSCAR PARKER.

## THE ANCOATS SKYLARK.

[Perhaps it was difficult for people to understand the extraordinary ignorance of town children in such districts as he was referring to respecting the commonest natural objects. The other day he was inspecting a School in Ancoats, and the boys in the first class were repeating some poetry they had learnt about a skylark. He enquired whether anyone had ever seen a lark; there was a silence, but a boy presently held out his hand to signify he wished to speak, and on his saying, "Well, where did you see a lark?" he answered, "In the public-house at the corner of the street, in a cage." He (Mr. Oakeley) thought, "Poor caged lark, and poor caged little lad."—*Speech of Mr. H. E. OAKELEY, H.M. Senior Inspector of Schools, at the opening of the Manchester School Board Central Higher Grade School, July, 1884.*]

The day was hot, the summer sun  
Pierced through the city gloom;  
It touched the teacher's anxious face,  
It brightened all the room.

Around him children of the poor,  
Ill fed, with clothing scant,  
The flotsam of the social wreck,  
The heirs of work and want.

The sunlight glorified their rags,  
As he essayed to tell  
The wonders of the country side,  
Of clough, and burn, and fell.

For, as he spoke, the schoolroom walls  
Kept fading from his sight.  
He stood upon his native hills ;  
All bathed in golden light.

Once more he heard the skylark sing,  
Sing right at heaven's door,  
And fill the span of earth beneath  
With music from its store.

A summer cloud sailed o'er the sky,  
The sunlight passed away,  
The teacher saw his puny boys  
With city grime all grey.

" And which of you has heard a lark,  
Or seen its fluttering wings  
As o'er the hills of Lancashire  
It rises and it sings ?

Ah, no, the hills are far away  
From Ancoats' toil and stress.  
'The skylark, have you heard its song,  
Or seen its homely dress ? "

A silence fell upon the class,  
On all the listening ring ;  
Then one said, " Sir, I've seen a lark,  
And heard him loudly sing."

" And where, my little Ancoats lad,  
Did you the layrock see ? "  
" 'Twas in a wooden cage that hung  
Outside the ' Cotton Tree.' "

Alas, poor bird ! chained thus amidst  
The city's smoke and gloom,  
No more for thee the sunny sky,  
The wild flower's sweet perfume.

Alas, poor caged Ancoats boy !  
That freedom's song ne'er heard  
Trilled o'er the fells of Lancashire  
By this bright poet-bird.

Alas, the teacher, who of hills  
The dear delight has known,  
And, now amidst the city slums,  
Is bound by walls of stone !

And yet the teacher finds it joy  
To help the laddish throng ;  
The boy is blythe and strong of heart,  
The bird ne'er fails in song.

So may the teacher's magic art,  
The bird's melodious ditty,  
The sunshine of the boyish heart,  
Ne'er fade from out the city.

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## ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF MANUEL M. FERNANDEZ).

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Donosto to the public gave  
Old stories, very badly told,  
Well printed in a portly tome,  
And bound in cloth and gold.

And those who read his limping lines  
No trouble had in finding  
The only gold about the book,  
For it was on the binding.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "IMITATIO CHRISTI."

(On receiving "*L'Imitazioni ta Cristu minn Tommaso da Kempis.*" Malta, 1886.)

---

A solitary monk within his cell,  
Whose walls did make an island of his life,  
Surrounded by the waves of war and strife,  
His hours obedient to the convent bell  
Until the grave had closed upon his corse.  
A life secluded from the haunts of men ;  
A soul that found an utterance, by the pen,  
For hope and sorrow, joy and sad remorse ;  
A soul that longed for purity, that taught  
Man's duty was to beat down pride and sin,  
To conquer passion, keep all white within,  
And shun a world with dark and evil fraught.  
Ages have passed, yet still, amid the strife,  
Is heard the music of that far-off life.

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EPIGRAM.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF J. B. ROUSSEAU).

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So full of graces is thy wife,  
So void of envy, void of strife,  
That had it pleased the gods to give  
To me three such, with whom to live,  
To Lucifer the two I'd pay,  
That he might fetch the third away.





## Thomas Parkinson Dotchson.



**T**HOMAS Parkinson Dotchson was the son of Mr. Thomas Dotchson, solicitor, Whitby. He was born October 23rd, 1865, and died October 20th, 1884. It is said that to be crowned with a wreath of song, is to be crowned with sadness, and this applies to the subject of this short notice. His was a short life, full of rich promise, but the mysterious "reaper with sickle keen," cut down the flower just as it was bursting into bloom. Like all true poets, the green pages of nature were his favourite study; while the song of the birds, the murmuring of the waving grasses, and the sobbing of the restless sea, sounded to his listening ear like the undertone of earth's passion—music.

Most of his literary productions were in prose, but a few sweet poems were left behind, that speak to us in prophetic tones of "what might have been."

A collection of his work has been published in a "Memoriam Volume," edited by Robert Tate Gaskin, of Whitby. We give two of his poems.

PATTY HONEYWOOD.

### WHEN I AM DEAD.

The world will speed  
With busy feet  
Upon its way;  
And down the street  
The sons of toil,  
An anxious throng,  
To daily tasks  
Will move along  
With heavy tread,  
When I am dead.

The day will dawn—  
The golden sun  
Will rise again  
Its course to run;

And eyes will wake,  
And lips will say  
In trustful prayer—  
“ Give us this day  
Our daily bread,”  
When I am dead.

The flowers will bring,  
To bless the earth,  
The gladsome news  
Of spring-time's birth ;  
With happy sounds  
The world will ring,  
While sweetest songs  
The lark will sing  
Above my head,  
When I am dead.

A softened step,  
A silent tear,  
Wrung from a heart  
That beat sincere ;  
A new-made grave,  
Soon all is o'er,  
And those I loved  
Find many more  
To love instead,  
When I am dead.

---

### THE MESSAGE OF THE CHIMES.

---

While musing o'er the year gone by,  
I caught a sound of distant chimes,  
That whispered “ There are other times,  
’Tis better for us these should die.”

But are these days for ever o'er?  
Much I would give them to regain;  
Toil in the hours that yet remain,  
May locust-eaten years restore.

" Rise ! cast thy mournful dreams away ;  
The Past to thee cannot return ;  
Now let thy soul with ardour burn,  
And let thy task be done to-day.

Await not some still brighter morn,  
But grasp the moments as they fly ;  
The Past is now laid down to die ;  
The Future never may be born.

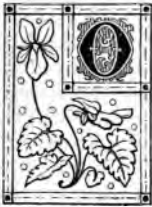
Let the Past serve to warn and guide ;  
List to its voice—but do not ask  
For its return : Complete the task  
That lies unfinished by thy side.

Let the bright Future serve to cheer  
The eye and elevate the heart,  
And give thee strength to do thy part  
In that which to thy hand is near.

" Now—now, alone—is really thine ;  
Seek not the living, 'mid the dead,  
But work to-day—and o'er thy head  
A blue to-morrow yet shall shine."



## Henry Heavisides.



IF all the poets South Durham has produced, there is not one more widely known or more truly appreciated than Henry Heavisides, the genial "Bard of Home." He was born at Darlington, 29th November, 1791, where his father, Michael, carried on the business of printer and bookseller; his mother was Miss Mary Marsh, who for two years was governess to the children of Bishop Thurlow, at Bishop Auckland. She was a woman of culture and refinement, being the authoress of productions in both prose and verse, and it was from this lady, I surmise, that our author inherited the poetic faculty. After attending Darlington Grammar School, he was apprenticed to his father, who, through ill-health and various difficulties, ultimately declined business. At 20 years of age Henry left Darlington, and set out to fight life's battle as best he could. He obtained employment at Stokesley, and whilst there married Miss Jane Bradley. Leaving there he got work on the *Hull Packet*, and subsequently at the office of the *Leeds Mercury*, and at Bradford; in 1814, however, he finally settled at Stockton-on-Tees, where for the long period of 42 years he was foreman to Messrs. Jennett and Co. In 1837 was published the first edition of the "Pleasures of Home," a poem composed, as he himself says in the prefatory notice, "in those leisure hours which every working man can call his own, after he has performed the necessary and important labours of the day." It was received favourably by the critics, and Allan Cunningham, in a letter to the bard, dated 5th July, 1839, says "But few have sung with truer knowledge, or in more moving strains, the sweets of the domestic hearth, or of the faces that gladden it."

In 1840, the second edition, considerably enlarged, appeared; and again in 1859 and 1868 were issued third and fourth editions, the latter of which was got up in a cheaper form, and contained a brief memoir written by his son.

On March 29th, 1847, he was publicly presented with his portrait in oils, subscribed for by his admirers, on the frame of which was the following:—"Presented to Henry Heavisides, author of the 'Pleasures of Home,' etc., by John Crosby, Esq., Mayor of Stockton, on behalf of the subscribers, as a small token of their high respect and esteem for his literary genius and attainments."

His prose works embrace "The Minstrelsy of Great Britain," being a glance at our lyrical poetry and poets, including a dissertation on the genius and lyrics of Burns (1860); "Courtship and Matrimony (1864)—second edition 1868; and the "Annals of Stockton-on-Tees" (1865). In music, Mr. Heavisides excelled, and for twenty-five years was bandmaster of the

"Stockton Amateur Band," during which time he gave as many as twenty-seven concerts, well patronised by the public.

As a lecturer he was much appreciated, his favourite themes being "Courtship and Matrimony" and "The Genius of Burns"—the MS. of the latter is in the present writer's possession.

Mr. Heavisides was a tall man, rather sparsely built, but muscular—indeed at one time he prided himself upon his athletic form, being well-skilled in the art of natation; a high brow, full eye, twinkling with sly humor, and a firm, yet good humored mouth, were features which struck one as belonging to a man of uncommon mould; he was also noted for his wonderful flow of spirits—so much so, that when old age came upon him, he was gayer, and more jovial by far, than most men a quarter the age; and though his long life was witness of trials and sorrows innumerable, yet with calm and independent mien, he withstood the "slings and arrows of fortune" patiently and manfully. He died 13th August, 1870, in the 79th year of his age.

In his poetry slight blemishes may be found, yet a good deal he has left us will bear favourable comparison with the more ambitious attempts of Campbell, Goldsmith, or Crabbe, to the latter of whom he has been, not without reason, compared.

JOSEPH READMAN.

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## APOSTROPHE TO HOME.

---

O Home! dear Home! where all delight to move,  
 Sweet couch of Peace and nursery of Love!  
 Dear hallowed birth-place of domestic joy!  
 Fountain of pleasures that can never cloy!  
 O blessed Home! it boots not where thou art,  
 Thy charms, like ivy, twine around the heart;  
 Steal on the mind, invest its mystic cell,  
 And bind each feeling there, as with a spell;  
 To us endearing all within thy shade,  
 Each thing familiar God or man has made.

Whate'er the clime where human dwellings rise,  
 'Neath laughing Italy's unclouded skies,  
 Round Andes' heights that 'bove the storm-clouds run,  
 Mid Turkey's minarets glittering in the sun,  
 On Ganges' banks, on China's wide domains,  
 Or Scandinavia's less luxuriant plains,

Or e'en where Winter rules with aspect keen,  
And dreary Lapland's stunted sons are seen,  
However, humble, and however poor,  
Still Home is Home, when comes the trying hour,  
Still Home is Home, to those who know its worth,  
Still Home is Home, the dearest place on earth !  
There, lovelier landscapes seem to glow around,  
There, brighter flow'rets deck the sparkling ground,  
There, every pleasing beauty seems more sweet,  
And bosom friends in social converse meet ;  
While scenes beloved are in our pathway cast,  
Rousing the soul to dream on days long past,  
As silvery voices on the zephyr swell,  
And wake the echoes of the mountain dell.

Delightful Home ! though distant we may be,  
Still there's a power that turns our thoughts to thee ;  
Conjures up visions in the restless brain,  
That draw us back to youthful scenes again ;  
To harmless Childhood's pure and dreamy hours,  
To Boyhood busy in fair Learning's bowers,  
To kind companions scattered wide and far,  
And pleasures gone we never more can share.

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### TO THE PRESS.

---

HAIL ! mighty Power ! that on the lucid page  
Unfolds the thought rich with instruction sage,  
That opes the gates of Knowledge to mankind,  
And drives away the darkness of the mind ;  
Hail, mighty instrument ! benignly given  
To guide with Truth's bright torch our way to heaven,  
To thee sweet Poesy her tribute pays,  
Immortalizer of her choicest lays !  
She marks thy progress, and exults to see  
The bloodless victories achieved by thee ;

For wheresoe'er thy light resplendent streams,  
Lo ! Ignorance retreats before thy beams,  
Pale Superstition trembles with dismay,  
Freedom expands, and Tyranny gives way.

O potent Teacher of the human race !  
Nurse of fair Wisdom ! Sun of wit and grace !  
Industrious Storer of the classic hive !  
" Whose labours will the wrecks of Time survive,"  
Long be it thine th' ethereal spark to fan,  
And rouse the latent energies of man ;  
That Art and Science 'neath thy fostering smile  
May thrive progressive in our favoured isle ;  
And meek-eyed Piety, at Faith's pure shrine,  
Revere thy worth, and feel thy power divine.



*Joseph H. Eccles.*

JOSEPH H. ECCLES wrote many capital dialect poems, and not a few popular English songs. His days were spent at business and his nights devoted to literature. He was the son of worthy parents in humble circumstances. He was born June 20th, 1824, at Ripponden, near Halifax, and was a twin child. His school-days were few, and only 2s. 9½d. was spent on his education. From boyhood he was a diligent student, and by self-education made considerable progress in learning. In a letter written to the late Abraham Holroyd, he said: "My early days were spent amongst the woods and fields, and on the moorlands, and ever since my earliest recollections, I have been a great admirer and lover of nature." He removed to Leeds in 1845, and his busy life closed there on August 7th, 1883, at the age of 59 years. He contributed largely to the local papers and magazines, and produced several dialect almanacks, which included poetry and prose from his pen. His English songs embraced, amongst other popular compositions, "Come where the moonbeams linger," "Mother, I have heard sweet music," "The angels are waiting for me," "I'd rather be a violet," "Down where the blue-bells grow," "Snow-white blossoms." Mr. Eccles wrote a large number of dialect poems, and issued seventy-one in a volume under the title of "Yorkshire Songs." The book is one of sterling merit, and attracted much favourable notice. He had, observed a critic, the happy faculty of immortalising the little incidents of everyday life, and this was the secret of the success of his poetry. Few had a keener insight of men and manners. "The incidents of cottage life," said a writer in a London monthly, "have formed the general theme of Mr. Eccles's verse, but many of his lyrics will bear a far wider application. Human nature is the same in the castle as the cabin, and much that he has written of the peasant will apply to the wealthy. The homely pictures he has drawn bear the impress of truth that comes from observation, and the quaint way in which they are treated shows the hand of the true and skilful artist." He was equally happy in pathetic or humorous productions. Perhaps his greatest power was in sketching character. So true are his pieces to nature, that a leading reviewer said they deserved the title of poetical photographs. I long enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Eccles, and can bear testimony to his ability and amiability.

W. A.



## DEEIN BE INCHES.

A'm deein be inches tha knaws weel enuf,  
But net e'en a fig duz ta care ;  
A'm a get aght road as sooin az I like—  
Ma cumpany I knaw tha can spare.  
Goa fetch me that bottle ov fizzick daan stairs,  
An bring me that noggin ov gin ;  
I really feel ready ta faint inta t'earth—  
Tha knaws what a state I am in.

I cuddn't quite finish them two mutton chops,  
A'm az weak az wumman can be ;  
I hav all soarts ov pains flyin right thro' ma boans,  
But then tha's noa pity fer me.  
A'l try an get t'doctor to giv me a chainge—  
Sich pain I noa longer can bide ;  
A mun hev sum owd port ta strenthen me up,  
An a drop ov gud brandy beside.

Av hed a stiff neck an saand e ma heaad,  
An felt dizzy times aght ov mind ;  
But then its noa use, a kind wurd or thought  
Tha nivver wonce hez e thee mind ;  
Wen I sit daan an groan tha stans like a stoop  
An nivver wonce tries fer ma sake  
Ta walk a bit faster, though du what I will  
Tha knaws 'at A'm all on a ake.

Pray keep aght that draft—I feel all on a sweat ;  
A'm suar at A'm wastin ta nowt ;  
I sal hev them cowl shivers az suar az A'm wick—  
Tha can't hav a morsel ov thowt.  
Shut that door, an goa get spooiin an t'glass,  
An mix up a drop nice an strong ;  
It's time tha did summat fer't sake ov thee wife  
A'm fear'd tha wean't hev me soa long.

A've waited fer gruel this haar an a hawf,  
Summat strenthnin iz what I require ;  
A'm faintin awaay, yet az trew az I liv,  
Tha's nivver put t'pan onta t'fire.  
I sal fade like a cannell et bottom ov t'stick,  
Fer want ov attention an care ;  
Be quick wi that glass, an bring me sum toast,  
I feel fit ta sink through ma chair.

It's a queer piece ov bizziness (sed John tull hizsen ;)  
It's cappin what wimmin can du ;  
Shoo's been cryin aght fer this last twenty years,  
An sayin at shoo woddn't get through ;  
Yet shoo eats an shoo drinks all 'at cums e her waay,  
An lewks weel an strong az can be ;  
Wal hear 'Am hauf pined, 'an get nowt but crusts,  
It's noan her at's deen, it's ME !

---

### KEEP AGHT OV DEBT.

---

Keep aght ov debt—it's gud advice,  
A wize an thrifty plan ;  
It's better far ta curb yer wants,  
Ner owe ta ony man.  
'Twill give yo pleashur at yer wark,  
An mak life's pathwaay sweet ;  
An wen yer daaily toil iz dun,  
Yer heeads maay rest at neet.

Keep aght ov debt—tho poor it purse,  
An fortun seams ta fraan ;  
It's better far ner borrowed meeans  
Yo kannot call yer awn.

Yo then maay lewk at fowk e t'faice,  
An calmly goa yer waay,  
Which yo kannot du wen sunk e debt,  
An hevent meeans ta paay.

Keep aght ov debt—won penny saav'd  
Iz wurth a hundurd spent ;  
An unta ivvery thinkin mind,  
Can bring moar pure content.  
God's blessins ontut provident  
Like mornin dewdrops fall,  
Refreshin ivvery noble thowt,  
An givin strenth ta all.

Keep aght ov debt—'tis far the best,  
Tho' shut from pleashur's scenes ;  
'Twill saave yer naame, an keep yer faame,  
Ta liv within yer meeans ;  
An then the cheerin afturthowt  
Will mak yo rich amends,  
An keep yer credit gud beside,  
Afoar boath foes an frends.

Keep aght ov debt—an allus try  
Ta goa e t'honist track :  
Ther iz noa rest fer them woa toil  
Wi burdens on ther back,  
Whoa darn't go aght e t'leet ov daay,  
Ner scarcely oppen t'door,  
Afeard at bayliffs comin in,  
Ta settle sum owd score.

Keep aght ov debt—it's t'best advice  
At man ta man can giv ;  
An teaches t'true philosophy  
Ov hah foaks owt ta liv.

A load ov debt's a canker-wurm,  
At bids all cumfort flee ;  
Then tak advice—keep aght ov debt,  
An yo maay happy be.

---

### THE LOCK OF FLAXEN HAIR.

---

I have a lock of flaxen hair  
Wrapt in a tiny fold,  
'Tis hoarded with a miser's care,  
'Tis dearer far than gold.  
In other eyes of little worth,  
Yet precious unto mine ;  
For once, dear child, in life and health,  
It was a lock of thine.

The numbered hours pass slowly by,  
Days, weeks, and months depart,  
And still the vacant place remains  
Unchanged within the heart.  
The loneliness is still the same,  
The same great want is there ;  
While memory loves to brood upon  
The simple lock of hair.

The cold wind seems to sigh more loud,  
When shades of evening fall ;  
The clock, with more impressive sound  
Ticks louder on the wall ;  
For now no artless words I hear,  
No smiling face I see,  
No tone of childish mirth breaks forth,  
So dear to home and me.

'Tis past, 'tis gone, like some strange dream  
That lingers with the mind ;  
Some pleasant scene of happiness  
The heart hath left behind ;  
An atom from the fading dust,  
A relic of the past,  
That tells of transient hopes and joys,  
Of things that could not last.

'Tis all that now remains of thee,  
Light of our home and hearth ;  
While sadly pass the silent hours,  
And dark the days come forth :  
Yet still I keep it for thy sake,  
And guard it with fond care,  
And oft I view, with throbbing heart,  
Thy simple lock of hair.



## H. T. Mackenzie Bell.



THOUGH Mr. Bell claims only a modest niche in the Temple of Poesy, his place is his own. His verse is pre-eminently marked by simplicity, independence, and sincerity. His themes are chosen from everyday life, and his treatment is correspondingly natural and pleasing. A new and rearranged edition of his poems issued some years ago by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of London, has had the effect of recommending him to a wider circle, the more that the higher critical journals spoke of it in the most favourable terms, and this may be said to have given Mr. Bell his introduction to the *Academy* and other literary journals, in which his later contributions both in prose and verse have appeared.

Henry Thomas Mackenzie Bell was born in Liverpool, on the 2nd of March, 1856; his father, originally engaged in the River Plate trade, and a long resident in Buenos Ayres, being then a merchant in Liverpool. His mother is the sister of Thomas Mackenzie, once Solicitor General for Scotland, and subsequently the author of the celebrated "*Studies in Roman Law*."

In infancy, Mr. Bell unfortunately suffered an attack of paralysis, affecting the right side, chiefly the right hand, and necessitating, in after years, the use of the left hand in writing. Owing to this fact, his education was almost entirely carried on at home; and with a view to the improvement of his health he stayed at Malvern for about a year when nine years old, and derived many pleasant impressions from the beauty of its surroundings. His physical condition also happily improving, it was proposed he should be sent in the autumn of 1874 to the University of Edinburgh, the intention being to take his M.A. degree, and subsequently to enter Trinity Hall, Cambridge, preparatory to his entrance on the legal profession in London. Unfortunately, the strain of study for the examination proved too much for his health, and he was therefore compelled to go abroad. He spent much time at Pau, and visited other parts of the Pyrenees, subsequently journeying through Spain, where he visited San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, and Cadiz. Of all places, Spain appears to have influenced most strongly his mind, if we may correctly judge from his writings. From Lisbon he went to Madeira, where he spent the winter, and proceeded in the spring to Teneriffe. Returning by steamer, he touched at Mogador, Safi, Mazagan, Tangiers, and Gibraltar, and visited Seville, Cordova, Granada, Malaga, Valencia, and Barcelona on the homeward route, as well as Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Paris. In 1880 he visited Switzerland and the Italian lakes, and spent considerable time in the chief cities of Italy, Rome having especially an interest for him. His homeward journey was made through Syracuse and Messina, *via* Straits of Messina and Calabria to Salerno, visiting Pisa, Leghorn, and Genoa, and

returning invigorated both in mind and body. Our justification for this detail of Mr. Bell's travels is that he has made poetical record of his impressions in a section of his work entitled "Verses of Travel."

In 1884 Mr. Bell made Ealing his place of residence, and devoted himself professionally to literature, which had engaged him for some years. "The Keeping of the Vow, and other Verses," consisting of songs, and historical and miscellaneous pieces, was published in 1879, and in 1882 appeared his "Verses of Varied Life," containing his longest poem, "Edgar Vanning," a tale in verse. "Old Year Leaves" was published in 1883, and contains the contents of his two former volumes with the addition of some new poems. These were all well received by the critics, and a short piece entitled "Waiting for the Dentist" is regarded justly as a very successful specimen of light humour, and the inspiration that favoured it must be regarded as a very happy one.

Mr. Bell's latest and perhaps most important production is his literary monograph, "A Forgotten Genius: Charles Whitehead," which is a careful piece of work, showing considerable research and much sound critical faculty. Mr. Bell, we believe, will not be disappointed in his belief that he has accomplished the rescue of Whitehead from quite undeserved oblivion, the object for which the volume was written. Mr. Bell has not recently been publishing so much, though continually engaged in literary studies, many of which will shortly appear in a volume issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; but some of his latest published work, as has been said, has appeared in the *Academy*, and has met with a favorable reception.

Mr. Bell's energy and perseverance, his sincere enthusiasm for the literary art, in face of the severe difficulties with which he has had to contend, no less than his naturalness and efficiency as a poetic exponent, will, we are sure, commend him to the interest and attention of our readers.

MAURICE M. JAPP.

## DEATH OF CAPTAIN HUNT.

January 8th, 1761.

The bold crew of the *Unicorn* discern at dawn of light  
 Their longing is fulfilled at length—they see the foe in sight.  
 Full swiftly now the order comes with speed to give them chase,  
 Their captain knows the French are lost if they can gain the race.  
 Hurrah! the dastard's flight is vain, the vessels drawing nigh,  
 Each man with eager hope prepares to vanquish, or to die;  
 And soon the cannons' ruthless roar is rolling all around—  
 For two fierce hours, with fiendish hate, is heard its hellish sound.  
 Strange scene of wild, delirious joy, yet desolating woe,  
 For now a shot the captain strikes, and he is borne below.

Two seamen bear him softly down, and bleeding sore he lies,  
While carefully to bind his wound the skilful surgeon tries.  
The strife ne'er stays—the bearers bring another blood-stained  
man ;

“ Surgeon,” at once the captain speaks, “ go, save him if you can,  
My wound is mortal ; thus, for me your efforts kind are vain ;  
Not so with him ; then use your power to mitigate his pain.  
Nay, murmur not, but meekly now obey my last behest ;  
God soon shall soothe my sufferings where ‘ the weary are at  
rest.’ ”

Alas ! how soon the span of life which to him still remained  
Stole swift away ; yet ah ! 'twas well he consciousness retained,  
For in a while his heart grew glad—his men had won the day—  
His grandest earthly guerdon—ere his spirit sped away.  
Hero ! as filled with thoughtful love as thou wert true and brave,  
Receive in heaven thy rich reward from Him who died to save.

---

## Q U I E T U D E .

---

“ Quietude, O quietude,”  
My soul is sadly sighing ;  
For thee, in a mournful mood,  
I ceaselessly am crying ;  
But a voice murmurs softly clear,  
“ *True* quietude is never here.”

Quietude, O quietude,  
Come while Life's waves I'm breasting,  
Bringing with thee all things good,  
Pure peace, and joy, and resting,—  
Yet still the voice, “ No, never here,  
Can *perfect* quietude appear.”

Quietude, O quietude,  
Grant me a single token  
That sometimes Life's conflict rude



By perfect peace is broken ;  
A voice still whispers in my ear,  
" *True* quietude is never here."

Quietude, O quietude,  
Mine earthly course is ending,  
Come, and now within me brood,  
Each sin-stained fetter rending ;  
Breathes then the voice with silver sound,  
" In *Heaven* true quietude is found."

---

### A LESTÉ\* SUNRISE IN MADEIRA.

---

Many-hued the sky this morn,  
Beautiful the day is born,  
Fleecy clouds on every side  
Sunshine's coming seem to hide,  
But the other cloudlets stand,  
Ready waiting its command.

Ay, they are a gorgeous group,  
Almost each tint in the troop,  
Red, and light blue, and maroon,  
And some white appearing soon ;  
And a glorious purple shade  
Over all is softly laid.

O'er the mountains purple clouds  
Of deep colour hang, like shrouds ;  
Purple masses faint are shed  
O'er the ocean's wave-strewn bed ;  
Fine the light which now one sees  
On the palms and tropic trees.

\* The Lesté is a south-east wind felt in Madeira, and frequently prevalent for several days. At the beginning or close of a Lesté the sunrises and sunsets are superb.

Swiftly fades the splendid sky  
To a dimly purple dye ;  
Gently stirs the landward breeze  
Shapely-formed banana trees ;  
Dawn's first freshness wears away,  
And begins the balmy day.

---

OLD YEAR LEAVES.

---

The leaves which in the autumn of the year  
Fall auburn-tinted, leaving reft and bare  
Their parent trees, in many a sheltered lair  
Where Winter waits and watches, cold, austere,  
Will lie in drifts ; and when the snowdrops cheer  
The woodland shadows, still the leaves are there,  
Though through the glades the balmy southern air  
And birds and boughs proclaim that Spring is here.

So lost hopes, severed by the stress of life,  
Lie all unburied yet before our eyes,  
Though none but we regard their mute decay ;  
And ever amid this stir and moil and strife  
Fresh aims and growing purposes arise  
Above the faded hopes of yesterday.



## *John Macleay Peacock.*



JOHN Macleay Peacock was born at Kincardine in Perthshire, on the 21st of March, 1817, the seventh of eight children. His father died when the boy was quite young, leaving the mother with scanty means of providing for a growing family. John was sent to work early, at first in a tobacco factory, where his wages were 1s. 2d. per week, afterwards at some bleaching works, and ultimately as an apprentice boiler-maker. From time to time he took a turn at theatricals, for which he had a decided taste and some talent. At one period he associated himself with a company of strolling players, with whom, if he did not take any special rank, he was sufficiently successful. His chief education was derived from his travels. He had a roving disposition, inherited, possibly, from his father, who was a sailor; and at one time or another he visited many parts of the world. Spain, where he resided twice, impressed him greatly, and he wrote a lengthy poem entitled "Musings in Spain," which, however, has never yet been printed. Wherever he went he found friends, for he was open-hearted as a child. He lived with a perfect confidence in others, receiving as a necessary return their entire trust. Among the peasantry of Scotland, Ireland and Spain, with whom, in his wanderings, he was much thrown, he was received with all kindness and confidence, as a child would have been received. I do not think anyone could have really known him without loving him. I do not pretend he was faultless; but he was so true and his very faults seemed to arise so much from his innocence that they are readily forgotten.

In Chartist times, Peacock was an energetic Chartist. Always he evinced a keen interest in progressive movements, political and religious. In writing verses he obeyed, as he himself says, "a monitor within, an inward longing to breathe my thoughts and feelings to the world." His poems are absolutely sincere expressions of himself, and anyone who knew the man can recal him in his varying moods, while reading them. Many of them relate to freedom, justice, and that bright time to come of which good men who love mankind dream. Most of them have an undercurrent of sadness, such as existed in his own life. His poems are his biography, and therefore they appeal with power to the souls of others, and the more they are studied the worthier do they appear. Peacock spoke from the heart rather than from the intellect, and a heart like his, with its kinship to nature, to beauty, and to human needs and hopes, could not but express itself in poetry.

Physically, Peacock was never robust, and the arduous nature of his trade (boiler-making) made him prematurely infirm. In Liverpool and Birkenhead, where most of the best years of his life were spent, and where

his chief work was done, he was well known and highly respected. On the 23rd of April, 1864, he was chosen to plant the oak-tree in Birkenhead Park to commemorate the Shakespeare Tercentenary. He died in Glasgow, after a week's illness, of heart disease, to which he had long been subject, on the 4th of May, 1877.

In 1864, a volume of Peacock's poems, entitled "Poems and Songs," was published. This was followed, three years later, by a revised and enlarged edition called "Hours of Reverie, or Happy Reminiscences." After his death, I prepared a selection of what I considered his best poems. This appeared in 1880. From my introductory notice to that volume I have drawn some of the foregoing narrative, and that little work (now published by W. & J. Arnold, of Liverpool) is the only volume of Peacock's poems that is still in print.

WALTER LEWIN.

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## NIGHT SCENES IN THE CITY.

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Doleful, and dreary, and sad,

Was the song that the night wind sung,  
Oh! pity the poor in the cold, ill-clad,  
The famishing old and young.

Woe, woe, woe!

Was the wail of each mournful blast,  
When the flick'ring glow of a lamp fell low  
On the face of a poor outcast,  
And the wind in its murmuring seemed to say—  
Die where you will, be it out of the way.

Homeless and friendless, in want,  
Like a skeleton clad in rags,  
A starving brother, death-stricken and gaunt,  
Lay stretched on the stony flags.

Oh—oh—oh!

Were groans from his heart that came,  
So solemn and low and so full of woe,  
A voice in the crowd cried—Shame!  
Oh shame—said the wind—as it murmured by,  
That one that is human for want should die.

Pampered, and pompous, and fat,  
Like the lords of some golden land—  
The great ones of wealth at a banquet sat,  
In the hall of a palace grand.

Gold, gold, gold,  
And glitter was everywhere,  
And wine, I am told, a century old,  
Was quaffed with their sumptuous fare.  
And the wind and cold of that winter night  
Came not to the feast in the golden light

Hungry, and weary, and worn,  
Adversity's abject brood,  
All shrivelled and pale, with a look forlorn,  
At the gate of a workhouse stood.

Bread, bread, bread !  
Was their pitiful prayer and cry ;  
Far rather a bed with the buried dead,  
Than thus to be left to die—  
Die—said the wind, as it murmured on—  
The hearts you would move are as hard as stone.

Sweatem and Swindle and Co.,  
With consciences schooled in guile,  
Sat housed o'er a bubble they meant to blow,  
And lived in a princely style.  
Sham, sham, sham,  
Is a game which our gods pursue,  
As well might they palm on the world a flam,  
As priests and patricians do.  
But the wind was whisp'ring without the door,  
Your bubbles and juggles make millions poor.

Wretched and reckless of life,  
Like a Babel of maniacs wild,  
At the poison-founts of the drink-fiend rife,  
Were gathered the vice defiled.

Drink, drink, drink,  
To stifle the heart and brain,  
Of life but to think, is only to link  
Life's moments to mental pain.  
Drink on, said the wind, there is joy in drink,  
To the poor who are left on life's sea to sink.

Flitting like shadows about,  
On watch for their nightly prey,  
Were lepers, in crime, from the world cast out,  
And the fair, unfortunate gay.

Lost, lost, lost,  
Proscribed with a searing brand,  
And helplessly tossed on a dang'rous coast,  
The wrecks of a Christian land ;  
Yet voices were heard on the wind to prate,  
And vaunt of the glories of Church and State.

Princes, and prelates, and peers,  
That night were at sport and play.  
Oh what for humanity's wants and tears,  
Or what for the poor care they ?  
Reign, rule, ride,  
With the rancour of craft and cant,  
And force on their side to support their pride,  
No matter who dies for want.  
And the wild wind wails with a wintry breath,  
In the sinks and slums of the starved to death.

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### TO A FRIEND.

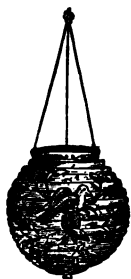
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When I was but a bairn, I heard  
My guid auld grannie say,  
That a' the warld was growin' gyte,  
An' dafter every day.

An' faith, guid frien', am thinkin' on't,  
There's something wrang wi' man,  
It's nought but war whaure'er we look,  
Frae Poland to Japan.

A' love looks like to flee the warld,  
It's folly noo tae feel ;  
He's king o' a' his kind wha can  
Best cheat the muckle deil.  
Yet aye I dream o' better days,  
For truth is no yet lost,  
Tho' in the strife an' storms o' life,  
It's sairly tried an' toss'd.

Unto the law o' kindness yet,  
The warld's wild heart will bend,  
The force o' love has greatness in't  
Men little comprehend.  
We want a Rarey in the warld  
Wi' some prodigious plan,  
Wha'd pore his brains ower human bumps  
To tame the creature man.



## W. Gershom Collingwood.



AN anthology embracing many of the choicest writings of North Country Poets would necessarily be incomplete without selections from the works of W. Gershom Collingwood. This gentleman, who now lives at Gillhead, Windermere, was born at Liverpool in 1854, and received his early education at the College in that city. He afterwards studied at University College, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree, and at the Slade School, London.

Poetry and painting have in him a gifted exponent, and in more serious work Mr. Collingwood has also sought the applause of the world. His "*Book of Verses*" published by George Allen in 1885, is not a work that is commonly to be seen; yet it contains many little poems which are delightful in their sweet simplicity and ingenuousness, and also stanzas of reverent seriousness and hopeful trust. The book, I am afraid, loses by quotation; personally, I should like to give more numerous extracts in order to illustrate the many-sided character of the author; but the few examples which I do give will doubtless shew intelligent readers that there are strong grounds for the belief to which I here give expression, viz: that when his powers have arrived at a fuller maturity we may look for other creations which will entitle him to a high place among the poets of the nineteenth century.

As matters now stand, Mr. Collingwood has a right to expect more than a transitory admiration. He is a trustworthy authority on geology and kindred subjects, and his singularly impressive lectures on Art, etc., have earned for him at Liverpool, the Lake District, and elsewhere, a deservedly high reputation. As a lecturer he takes a place in the front rank: he is clear, concise, agreeable, and invariably interesting.

Mr. Collingwood enjoys the friendship and confidence of one of the greatest writers of modern times. Mr. Ruskin had the good fortune to secure his assistance and companionship during the progress of mutual literary works; and the esteem in which the art critic holds him is friendlily and characteristically shewn in a delightful preface which Mr. Ruskin has written to "*The Limestone Alps of Savoy*" (forming the first supplement to the "*Deucalion*"), which was published by Allen in 1884, and which appears to be Mr. Collingwood's principal literary work. In these graceful fore-words we find many echoes of a beautiful and idyllic friendship; charming reminiscences of a thoughtful companionship in Italy, Switzerland, and France, and, in the book itself, a becoming, though by no means servile, reverence for the tenets of an admiring teacher. That this pleasant association has produced rich results may be seen at once by an examination of the work. It is full of pellucid thought, which, although reflecting Mr. Ruskin in its deeper depths, has many brilliant facets which sparkle with



strong originality. The influence of the master is apparent, but it is an influence altogether helpful and healthful. From unity of purpose, and a charming admixture of the ideal and practical, this work has been evolved, and it is of great value.

Another important book from the pen of this writer is "The Philosophy of Ornament" published by Allen in 1883, a series of eight lectures on the History of Decorative Art, given at the University College, Liverpool. It is a clear and concise record of the dawn of Art, following the artistic impulses of succeeding generations from the Palæolithic age until the present day.

Then we have "Astrology in the Apocalypse: an essay on Chaldean Science,"—same publisher—which is a fine, scholarly compilation of extreme interest.

Mr. Collingwood's pictures are for the most part in the hands of friends, but it is no secret that he has remarkable facility in conception and execution. The mediæval influence is strongly apparent in many of his imaginative paintings, and much of his work is tintured with the golden glamour of old romance. The writer understands that collections of this artist's work are frequently on view in Kendal and elsewhere in Lakeland.

As a poet his song is sweet and sustained; as an artist he is refined and imaginative, and as a lecturer he is brilliant and deep. The small collection of poems which he has published make us long for more, so that it is to be hoped that he will relax his somewhat stern and self-imposed rule of never contributing to magazines or periodical literature, and let the world know more of the generous-hearted poet-artist who lives on the hallowed shores of Lake Windermere.

JOHN WALKER.

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## THE WOOING OF THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

---

There came two fairies tripping along,  
 On a Candlemas-day in the morn, O!  
 And one of them dibbled the daisy-roots,  
 And one of them hoed the corn, O!  
 "Eh, sister Comely, folk will sing  
 To spy your bonny crop in spring!"  
 "Ay, Homely, and how their shouts will ring  
 When your harvest home is borne, O!"

There came two loobies lounging along,  
With Brummagem cane in fist, O !  
And each of them smoothed his shoddy coat,  
And hitched the cuff on his wrist, O !  
And it's, "Come with us, you country girls,  
We'll deck you fine in silk and pearls !"  
But Comely laughed, and shook her curls,  
And Homely wouldn't be kissed, O !  
  
"What little fools, upon my soul !  
Don't look so shy and askance, O !  
My name's Lord Cotton !" "And I'm Lord Coal !  
And it's rarely you'll get such a chance, O !  
We'll make you a palace, with chimneys for towers,  
And parks with black diamonds in them for flowers,  
And the people shall slave, and the profit be ours,  
And we'll be jolly and dance, O !"  
  
The lasses they stood and stared and smirked,  
They didn't know what to say, O !  
"Well, don't if you won't ; there are those that will !"  
But the lasses no more said nay, O !  
But by May the daisies all were dead ;  
And at Christmas where was the children's bread ?  
"It was wedding in haste," they sighed and said,  
By another Candlemas-day, O !

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## LENT-LILIES.

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### I.

O IF I were where my heart is,  
Lying among the Lent-lilies !  
The planes are budding in our square,  
And crocuses were blazing there  
A-row inside the rusty gate  
A week ago ; and yesterday,

As afternoon was growing late,  
 Two ragged children passed this way  
 With handfuls of gold Lent-lilies.  
 But I remember where there is  
 A whole field full ! so thick, you see  
 Scarcely a green blade of the stalks,  
 Except the edges of the walks  
 Which cows tread down continually  
 At milking time ; and you can creep  
 Into a gold grave, soft and deep ;  
 And hardly see the sky o'erhead  
 The dark gold leaves with sunshine through,  
 Clear gold against the sunlit blue ;  
 And hear the becks that, mountain-fed,  
 Run by ; and hear the plash they make  
 When their brown water meets the lake,  
 With quiet in its swirl and flow—  
 And I was there, a year ago !

## II.

Fie, foolish dreams ! but let me look  
 Among the pages of my book  
 If spells there be to quench this worst  
 Of world-desires, this Nature-thirst.  
 Maybe there's virtue in the shape  
 Of Greek words printed anciently,  
 Of verses running into cape  
 And bay upon a rippling sea  
 Of margin ribbed and growing wan,  
 With twice a hundred years bygone.  
 See here, to render this romaunt\*—  
 " Two lived together ; one was he  
 Whom outland folk had named 'l'amaunt,'  
 And one again was called 'l'amy.'  
 Each had the other in great love,  
 For they of yore were fashioned of

\* The *'Atrns* of Theocritus.

Pure gold ; and one knew verily  
That his love's heart toward him was good ;  
But this was many a year gone by.  
O if I knew that my love could  
Find such reward, that every age  
Might hear its fame ! " So ends the page—  
But I would be where my heart is,  
Lying among the Lent lilies !

## III.

Let me go down and see my friend,  
And bring this folly to an end ;  
This night-longing and day-desire,  
That sets my weary thought a-fire,  
With her I'd while away the hours,  
Watching her brown eyes and eyebrows ;  
For there is quiet in the house,  
And music there, and many flowers.  
And in the sky there is sunshine,  
And breaths of air serene and fine  
Even in this London's smoky prison.  
I'm like an invalid new risen  
From month-long sickness, who can walk  
Delicately, and laugh, and talk  
Of travel when his body's pain  
Shall cease, and he be strong again.  
—But you who know the mysteries  
Of human will, resolve me why  
I find content in none of these,  
But in the Lent-lilies would lie ;  
To see the gold against the blue,  
And hear beck-water rippling through.  
Oh if I were where my heart is,  
Lying among the Lent-lilies !

### AIMS IN LIFE.

---

“ O IF I might do some great deed, and die ! ”  
 She said,—and hid her face among the grass ;  
 And, lying there, felt the warm breeze pass  
 Close overhead, and through the pines hard by,—  
 “ Some work that may not perish utterly  
 With all the trifles of the tedious mass  
 Whose naught sums up this death-in-life. Alas !  
 To do this one great living deed, and die ! ”

But in the wind a whisper seemed to say,  
 —God’s voice, if e’er He spake ; none else was nigh,—  
 And from the grass it answered to her sigh,  
 “ What were a great work worth, if thou delay  
 Each little task I set thee day by day,  
 To link the chain that spans eternity ? ”

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### OLD-FASHIONED LOVE.

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Love is a baron with counties seven,  
 And his suzerain is the Lord of Heaven.  
 (Tira-la-la through the budding corn !)  
 Love is my lord, and his liege am I,  
 Owing him faith and fealty.  
 (And I ride abroad in the rosy morn,  
 Through wet green grass of the meadows.)

I knelt at his throne ; I swore to his oath ;  
 And my ears ring yet with the plighted troth.  
 (Tira-la-la through the bladed corn !)  
 I folded my hands between his hands,  
 That burnt to my heart like fiery brands.  
 (And I ride along in the golden morn,  
 In the poplar’s purple shadows.)

I kissed his foot and he kissed my brow,  
And I feel the print of his kisses now.

(Tira-la-la through the waving corn !)  
Now am I his faithful errant-knight,  
Bound on his quest at noon or night.  
(Riding away on the dewy morn,  
Through rainbow-glitter of meadows.)

My lord hath a maid with sunlit hair,  
And eyes like a grove when the sun shines there.

(Tira-la-la through lilies and corn !)  
He led me to her and let me speak,  
And kiss her eyes and her lips and cheek.  
(And I ride alone in the sunny morn,  
In the quivering beechen shadows.)

How am I wrong in adoring her,  
So pretty she is, and dear and fair ?  
(Tira-la-la on my bugle-horn !)  
And what other song can I sing to-day ?  
With her scarf in my helm for the great tourney,  
Riding out in the sultry morn  
By folds and fields and meadows.

---

### THE ALOE-BLOSSOM.

---

There's a tree that the fruit-trees scorn,  
And plants that are scarce its peers ;  
For its very leaf is a thorn,  
And the tardy flower of it born  
But once in a hundred years.

And that flower ?—No flower I know,  
How magic soe'er its name,  
To southward or east, can show  
Such a glory of golden flame !

## II.

There's a heart left lone in its gloom  
By lovers of every degree ;  
And it hides in a breast like a tomb,  
For the love of that heart could bloom  
But once for eternity.

And that love ?—No passion whose powers  
Are prompt to a transient flare  
Can vie with its fiery flowers,  
Or the smouldering fragrance there !

---

## FORTUNE.

You may frown if you like, and I'll borrow  
Your sauciest smiles ;  
You may flirt, and I'll bid you good-morrow  
In scorn of your wiles.  
You may beckon, I loathe your alliance,  
Am deaf to your call ;  
You may threaten, I send you defiance,  
Whatever befall.

For the sand must run  
With our hopes and fears,  
And all's one  
In a hundred years.

You are bride of To-day, and the daughter  
Of Yesterday dead.  
And your pedestalled feet in the slaughter  
Of millions are red ;  
But the Fates, they alone have the presage,  
Are queens of the earth ;  
And the Fates have enshrouded your visage—  
O blind from your birth !

And seek it or shun,  
Laughing or tears,  
It's all one  
In a hundred years.

You are feared by the high—then oppress them ;  
I've nothing at stake.  
You're adored by the low, and may bless them ;  
You've nothing I'd take.  
Should you smite me, I smile at your blindness—  
My heart can endure ;  
Should you kiss me, I wince at a kindness  
That covers a lure.

When the thread is spun,  
A snip of the shears,  
And all's one  
In a hundred years.





## William Watson.



WILLIAM Watson, to whom we owe some of the finest sonnets produced in our generation, and one of the noblest English elegiac poems produced in any generation, was born on the 2nd of August, 1858, at Burley-in-Wharfedale, in the county of York. Gray, in one of the letters descriptive of his northern driving tours, mentions it as a pretty village, and such it remains to this day, despite of modern additions tending to obscure its ancient charm. Of Mr. Watson's remoter ancestors on the paternal side little seems to be known, but his father admirably illustrated some of the best and most characteristic features of the typical Yorkshireman. On his mother's side Mr. Watson descended from an ancient and fine breed of Wensleydale yeomanry, and some of his maternal ancestors—notably his grandfather—seem to have possessed a certain measure of literary facility; but it is probable that one of the weightiest and most impressive qualities of his mature verse—a certain elevated plainness, with perhaps more of intellectual than of purely emotional force—was derived from his father, who, though not distinguished in any marked degree by literary culture—his mental bent being rather in the direction of science—was a man of very massive and penetrating natural powers of mind. When the young Watson was but two years of age, his father removed to Liverpool, and embarked in what is known as the Dundee trade, achieving a fair amount of modest affluence, and winning the esteem and respect of all who were brought into contact with him. Here, in Liverpool, Mr. Watson received his education, and at an early age manifested a passion both for the reading and writing of poetry, having before the attainment of his fourteenth year produced a considerable amount of verse, which he himself declares to have been “marked by as complete an absence of the faintest promise of future excellence as the adolescent verse of the very greatest geniuses.” If this were so his progress was certainly rapid, for when Mr. Watson was but a boy of sixteen he contributed to a Liverpool journal, then edited by the present writer, several short poems, which, if somewhat imitative in the externals of expression, possessed a lyrical flow and freedom, a coherence of thought, and a general felicity of phrasing in which, without fancifulness, we may see a prophecy of that distinction of style, that noteworthy mastery of the vehicle of language, by which his later work is so eminently distinguished. Scott and Byron seem to have been the poets by whom Mr. Watson was first attracted, and he is probably to be congratulated on not having been familiarised, at an age when such familiarisation is of doubtful advantage to the formation of a sound style, with the more subtle and complex developments of literary art. While on the border-ground between boyhood and manhood, he came to some extent

under the influence of the latter-day æsthetic school, and was temporarily diverted into paths somewhat alien to his real tendencies and powers. Traces of this influence are undoubtedly found in the title poem of his first volume, "The Prince's Quest, and other Poems" (Kegan Paul, & Co., 1880), in which neither the arbitrary supernaturalism of the story, nor the occasional archaism of the style, is really characteristic; but the wholesale repudiation of this early work, in which Mr. Watson seems inclined to indulge, will not be endorsed by any discriminating reader. The record of the Prince's wanderings in search of the dream-discerned City of Youth may be—and doubtless is—finer in parts than as a whole; but some of the parts (I am thinking specially of half-a-dozen descriptions and one or two lyrics) have a body of imagination and a vesture of expression which possess not only an immediately arresting quality, but a permanent charm. Of the shorter poems in this early volume I have not space in which to speak, but some impression of their peculiar quality of feeling and utterance may be derived from the first two of the selected poems, "A Song of Three Singers," and "The Questioner," in the latter of which the student of poetical *technique* may be interested to observe how the effect of solemnity is secured and intensified by the recurrence of a single rhyme sound. After the publication of "The Prince's Quest" volume Mr. Watson's next literary achievement which demands notice is a century of "Epigrams," which originally appeared in the columns of the *Academy*, and were afterwards published in a dainty volume (Liverpool: G. G. Walmsley, 1884). Of these exquisite cameos of verse, which, in the mass, are unique in English poetry, I can only remark that they display in the most emphatic manner Mr. Watson's wonderful aptitude for the adequately imaginative utterance of condensed and concentrated thought. The finest of these epigrams may have been equalled, the weaker of them may have been excelled by other epigrammatists, but of the volume as a whole it is not too much to say that it stands alone. Not less noteworthy is a magnificent sonnet-sequence, entitled "Ver Tenebrosum," suggested by the events of the Soudanese war, which appeared in the *National Review* of June, 1885, to which magazine Mr. Watson also contributed the elegiac poem, "Wordsworth's Grave," in which, perhaps, his genius finds its most massive and monumental embodiment, and concerning which I have elsewhere expressed my conviction that "a century hence 'Wordsworth's Grave' will be numbered among the three or four great elegies which our language enshrines." To the general reader Mr. Watson is largely unknown, but he has been discovered by the lovers of essential poetry, and the future of his fame is certain, for his work is characterised by that grave sanity of thought and emotion, and that perfection of lucidly imaginative expression, which, amid all the chances and changes of literary fashion, constitute a valid claim to endurance in the memory of the world.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

## A SONG OF THREE SINGERS.

---

Wave and wind and willow-tree  
Speak a speech that no man knoweth ;  
Tree that sigheth, wind that bloweth,  
Wave that floweth to the sea :  
Wave and wind and willow-tree.

Peerless, perfect poets ye,  
Singing songs all songs excelling,  
Fine as crystal music dwelling  
In a willing fountain free :  
Peerless, perfect poets three !

Wave and wind and willow-tree  
Know not aught of poets' rhyming,  
Yet they make a silver chiming,  
Sunward climbing minstrelsy,  
Soother than all songs that be.

Blows the wind it knows not why,  
Flows the wave it knows not whither,  
And the willow swayeth hither,  
Swayeth thither witlessly,  
Nothing knowing, save to sigh.

---

## THE QUESTIONER.

---

I asked of heaven and earth and sea,  
Saying : " O, wondrous trinity,  
Deign to make answer unto me,  
And tell me truly what ye be ? "  
And they made answer : " Verily,  
The mask before His face are we,  
Because 'tis writ no man can see  
His face and live ; "—so spake the three.

Then I : " O, wondrous trinity,  
A mask is but a mockery—  
Make answer yet again to me,  
And tell if aught besides are ye ? "  
And they made answer : " Verily  
The robe around His form are we,  
That sick and sore mortality  
May touch its hem and healèd be."  
Then I : " O wondrous trinity,  
Vouchsafe once more to answer me,  
And tell me truly, what is He  
Whose very mask and raiment ye ? "  
But they replied : " Of Time are we,  
And of Eternity is He.  
Wait thou, and ask Eternity ;  
Belike his mouth shall answer thee."

---

### EPIGRAMS.

---

I close your Marlowe's page, my Shakespeare's ope.  
How welcome—after gong and cymbal's din—  
The continuity, the long slow slope  
And vast curves of the gradual violin.

---

To keep in sight Perfection, and adore  
The vision, is the artist's best delight ;  
His bitterest pang, that he can do no more  
Than keep her longed-for loveliness in sight.

---

Think not thy wisdom can illume away  
The ancient tanglement of night and day.  
Enough, to acknowledge both, and both revere :  
They see not clearliest who see all things clear.

Love, like a bird, hath perch'd upon a spray  
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.  
Contented, he forgets to fly away ;  
But hush ! . . . remind not Eros of his wings.

---

Onward the chariot of the Untarrying moves ;  
Nor day divulges him nor night conceals ;  
Thou hear'st the echo of unreturning hooves  
And thunder of irrevocable wheels.

---

I pluck'd this flower, O brighter flower, for thee,  
There, where the river dies into the sea.  
To kiss it the wild west wind hath made free :  
Kiss it thyself and give it back to me.

---

## SONNETS FROM "VER TENEBROSUM."

---

### THE SOUDANESE.

They wrong'd not us, nor sought 'gainst us to wage  
The bitter battle. On their God they cried  
For succour, deeming justice to abide  
In heaven, if banish'd from earth's vicinage.  
And when they rose with a gall'd lion's rage,  
We, on the captor's, keeper's, tamer's side,  
We, with the alien tyranny allied,  
We bade them back to their Egyptian cage.  
Scarce knew they who we were ! A wind of blight  
From the mysterious far north-west we came.  
Our greatness now their veriest babes have learn'd,  
Where, in wild desert homes, by day, by night,  
Thousands who weep their warriors unreturn'd,  
O England, O my country, curse thy name !

THE ENGLISH DEAD.

Give honour to our heroes fall'n, how ill

Soe'er the cause that bade them forth to die.

Honour to him, the untimely struck, whom high  
In place, more high in hope, 'twas fate's harsh will  
With tedious pain unsplendidly to kill.

Honour to him, doom'd splendidly to die,

Child of the city whose foster child am I,  
Who, hotly leading up the ensanguined hill  
His charging thousand, fell without a word—

Fell, but shall fall not from our memory.

Also for them let honour's voice be heard

Who nameless sleep, while dull time covereth  
With no illustrious shade of laurel tree

But with the poppy alone, their deeds and death.



## Robert Kidson.



IN the fair region of Yorkshire, adjacent to Roche Abbey and Hatfield Chase, in which, according to tradition, Chaucer, the father of English poetry, spent part of his youth, Robert Kidson was born in the year 1848. His father, William Kidson, was for 50 years a draper at Bawtry, and there his family was born.

Robert Kidson was apprenticed to a large carpet salesman in London, and in 1871, at the age of twenty-three, emigrated to America, where he still resides. In Brooklyn he combines the art of carpet selling with that of journalism and writing poetry. A series of "Trade Rhymes," which appeared in the *Carpet Trade and Review*, and have been extensively copied in other newspapers, gained for him the title of "The Poet of the Carpet Trade." He has taken a prominent part in various agitations for the benefit of his fellow-workers, and now in the early prime of life is respected by a large circle of friends. Though a good deal connected with journalism he is a thorough democrat, and rather proud of his position in the largest retail carpet house in America. He is of Walter Scott's opinion, that literature is a good staff but a poor crutch, and prefers to write when and what he likes. From time to time he has published, in various magazines and newspapers in the country of his adoption, poems on various subjects which he purposes shortly to bring together in a volume. His writings are characterized by a cheery optimism, which finds strong expression in the little poem which follows, entitled, "Why should I write a weary poem?" Sympathy with his kind comes out in most of his verse, and is expressed in easy flowing numbers.

Though so closely connected with trade, and though first taken note of because of his "Trade Rhymes," yet readers of Robert Kidson's verse will find also poems which savour little of the marts of commerce, but are crisp with the salt sea air, or come like breezes from the mountain top and nature's fairest and most secure retreats, breathing the perfumes of wild flowers.

ANDREW GREAME.

### WHY SHOULD I WRITE A WEARY POEM?

Why should I write a weary poem  
A hundred stanzas long,  
When I can satisfy my soul  
With little trills of song?

The lark and nightingale sustain  
Their efforts of delight,  
The Burns and Byron of their tribe,  
They charm both day and night.

Piercing the fires of mid-day sun,  
The lark, heaven-high sings he,  
And in the impassioned Summer night  
We hear Love's minstrelsy.

Brown coated, humble and obscure,  
Seek I my hawthorn bush,  
Nor lark, nor nightingale can daunt  
The singing of the thrush.

---

### MY FRIEND.

---

He has taken the vow of poverty,  
'Tis an ancient vow, yet new  
And strange to come from such as he,  
I can scarcely believe it true ;  
He was anxious, ambitious, strained each nerve  
To gain a place and name,  
But now he says that less will serve,  
And he cares no more for fame.

He says he no longer seeks for wealth,  
But that riches come to him,  
All heaven is his, and his soul has health,  
And he dwells with the seraphim ;  
The hills are his, and the flocks and herds,  
The earth and the universe,  
The rhyme of streams, and the song of birds,  
And the poet's sweetest verse.



He says that his life of care and toil  
 Is over, and past, and gone,  
 And that now his soul delights in toil,  
 For devotion leads him on ;  
 He has left the selfish crowd behind,  
 And his life is now serene ;  
 Shakespeare was once his master-mind,  
 But now 'tis the Nazarene.

---

### CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

---

We are the latest heirs of time ;  
 The ancient squire silent lies,  
 Who, years ago, heard this same chime  
 Of village bells ; whose wistful eyes  
 Glanced eagerly across the plain,  
 And scann'd with greed these snowy fields,  
 Now they are ours—the garner'd grain  
 For squires dead no pleasure yields.

Oh Time ! what happy heirs are thine !  
 Whose child is this I call my bride ?  
 Along the old ancestral line  
 What myriad shadowy lovers glide ;  
 Procession form'd to march to rhyme,  
 And lovers all, and old maids none,  
 We are the latest heirs of time,  
 We'll keep the pageant moving on.

We are the latest heirs in line  
 Of great republics long since dead,  
 Whilst tyrannies, old world, are thine !  
 But here fair Freedom lifts her head—  
*America—par excellence !*  
 The bells of Heaven ring our chimes  
 God's Love is our inheritance,  
 And heirs are we to better times.

## WHAT OF THE NIGHT.

Watchman ! What of the night ?  
Now that the roseate light  
Like tidal flood receding,  
Whose flow is past impeding,  
Hath left this Earth in gloom,  
Like melancholy tomb,  
Imprisoned in dense black,  
Oblivion's pathless track.

What of the night, ye gazers ?  
Now that twilight's hazes  
Are lost in darkness deep,  
Which field and mountain steep.  
What of the night, ye toilers ?  
Slaves to tyrant spoilers,  
Squeezing out life's blood,  
To earn mere prison food.  
What of the night, ye minions ?  
On Pleasure's whirling pinions,  
Who night as day are found  
Taking the circling round.

What saw ye, angels eyes ?  
Saw ye that bosom rise  
With love's acute emotion,  
Stirred like depths of ocean ;  
Saw ye that lovely bride,  
By love's bright fireside,  
More warmth her heart contained  
For him whose love she gained ;  
Saw ye when black despair  
Had gained an entrance there,  
Alone she then did brood,  
Drowned in widowhood.

Oh, wept ye not to see  
The world's great misery ;  
A part, a selfish race,  
Wealthy, but often base ;  
The rest, the millions buried,  
To death by squalor hurried.

What saw ye, demons' eyes ?  
Saw ye vile passions rise,  
Oh, kindled ye the fire  
Of hellish base desire ;  
Did ye the murderer nerve  
Your dark designs to serve ;  
Did ye take active part,  
And aid with hellish art  
Love's power to abuse,  
And beauty to seduce :  
Away arch fiends to hell,  
Nor more sin's story tell.

Divine Compassion weeps  
As half the planet sleeps,  
As on it rolls in gloom,  
Plunged in midnight's tomb.  
Divine Omniscience sees  
Worth poor, and sin in ease ;  
But ever through the night  
Mercy divine gleams bright,  
So watchman cry, " 'Tis dawn ! "  
For Mercy makes it morn.



## William Hall Burnett.



WILLIAM Hall Burnett was born at Stokesley in Cleveland, on the 10th November, 1841. His parents being poor, his early education was necessarily limited, so that his intellectual attainments are entirely due to his own indomitable pluck and perseverance. He was a *protégé* of William Braithwaite, the well-known printer, and friend of many celebrated authors, Inwards, Walker Ord, Tweddell, Heavisides, Prince, Cleaver, Rogerson, etc. He developed early a *penchant* for elocution, so much so that he had recited to considerable audiences before he was ten years of age. By the time he had attained 13, he was at business, had taught himself "the winged art," and was acting as correspondent at Stokesley for the *York Herald*, remaining on the staff for ten years. At 15 he went to Middlesbrough as turn-over apprentice on the *Middlesbrough News*, of which journal he was appointed editor at the age of 19. During his apprenticeship he regularly contributed articles and poems to the *Stockton Herald*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, the *Newcastle Journal*, *Sheffield Independent*, and other leading newspapers. On attaining his majority, he became the manager of the *Middlesbrough Times*, a position he held for a year, when, being offered a larger salary, he accepted the editorship of the *Redcar and Saltburn-by-the-Sea Gazette*. He had only acted in that capacity for a couple of years before he was re-appointed editor of the *Middlesbrough News*, which had changed its proprietary, again at an increased remuneration. At this time the circulation of that paper (a weekly, in the early days of journalism) was only about 1700, but thanks to the energy and *verve* of its editor, this was more than doubled in a very short time. Later, this energy was transferred to the *Middlesbrough Weekly Exchange*, a new journal, which, under Mr. Burnett's editorship, soon ran the older paper off the field. Subsequently he became editor of the *Daily Exchange*, which however, was not able to resist the influence of Company Dailies, and the terrible depression in the Cleveland iron trade, a depression which nearly brought all the older papers to a standstill, and ruined most of the leading business people in the place. During its palmiest days the circulation of the *Exchange* (a Tory paper in a Radical town) exceeded 9,000. Mr. Burnett left Middlesbrough at the end of 1887 for Blackburn, where he is now located as editor of the *Blackburn Standard*, the recognised Conservative paper in the town, which is acquiring new life under his energetic and alert literary management.

In addition to writing many poems and much prose, Mr. Burnett is the author of a novel, entitled "The Miner's Death, and What Came of It;" a *brochure*, "Broad Yorkshire," which has gone through two editions; "A Guide to Redcar and Saltburn-by-the-Sea;" "A Hand-book of

Middlesbrough" (with Dr. Veitch, Sir Lowthian Bell, A. Macpherson, and others), for the use of the British Association when they visited that place; and a work of biographical interest called "Old Cleveland." The latter book was subscribed for by the whole of the leading gentry of the district. In the course of a lengthy notice of the volume *The Guardian* (London) of October 26th, 1887, said:—"But the most interesting memoir in the volume will be found by many readers, in the story of "Sister Mary," the devoted and energetic founder of that first Middlesbrough Hospital which was the beginning of cottage hospitals in England. Mr. Burnett gives a vivid picture of a singularly beautiful life, marked as much by practical common sense as by devotion of the highest kind. And though apparently, no great friend to Ritualism, he is careful to acknowledge that her life derived its first impulse and abiding impress from the teaching received in St. Saviour's Church, at Leeds. The present volume is announced as merely the first section of a projected series. It may be hoped that Mr. Burnett will receive sufficient encouragement to enable him to carry out his purpose." And Joseph Cowen, writing to Mr. Burnett concerning "Old Cleveland," says:—"I have read your book with pleasure; it is extremely interesting, and very well done." That Mr. Burnett lived an active and useful life in Middlesbrough is shewn by the fact that when he left it in 1887, he was a member of nearly a score of committees, the Council of the Cleveland Agricultural Society, and the Committee of the North Riding Infirmary and the Cottage Hospital being amongst the number.

Mr. Burnett's many friends, both old and new, will be interested to learn that he has several books ready for immediate publication and in the press, amongst them being a considerably enlarged life of "Sister Mary;" "Sunlight in the Slums;" "The Blackburn and East Lancashire Infirmary;" and a series of "Holiday Rambles by Road and Field Path," with several illustrations by Herbert Railton. The two dialect poems given here are from "Broad Yorkshire," the shorter one being a classic in the Cleveland district.

W. A. ASHTON.

## AH'S YORKSHIRE.

(In the present poem an attempt has been made rigidly to express the phonetic value of Broad Yorkshire vowel sounds.)

Ah's Yorkshire! bi mi truly!  
 Ah is, Ah'm proud ti say;  
 Just try ya ti get ower mah,  
 Ye'll hev eneäf ti deäh.  
 Ah's oppen-gobbed and soft like;  
 Ah knaw mare than Ah tell;  
 The fellah that wad bite mah,  
 All seäf get bit his sell.

Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire ! Ah's a plain stick,  
What's that ? It's been mi luck,  
Ti be like monny a dabmond,  
Covered at top wi' muck.  
Some foäks weär t' muck at insard  
Seäh deep it's scarcely seen,  
Noah's flood a pure soft watter  
Wad scaircely wesh em' clean.  
Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire ! Ah's true-hearted,  
Ah luv a reäl awd frind,  
An' Ah allus stick up for him,  
An' his good neäm defend.  
If ony chap should call him,  
An' Ah be stannin by,  
Ah lets him knaw his bizness,  
An' this is t' reäson why—  
Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire ti the back beän,  
Out-spokken frank and free,  
Ah hate a leär as Ah hate  
Awd Nick, that tell'd fost lee.  
Ance Ah may be catch'd nappin',  
We all may slip sum day,  
Büt twice if ye get ower mah,  
Ah niver mair al say,  
Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire ! Ah's endivverin  
Whativver foäks may say ;  
Ah can't abeär ti be i' debt,  
Ah likes ti pay mi way.  
Ah's green Ah knaw, but what's the good,  
A credit and sike stuff,  
Those 'at can pay for all they git  
Al allus stand bum-pruf.  
Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire ! Debt deänt fret mah,  
 Worrit an' mak ma thin,  
 There's nut a man iv England  
 Can say Ah've stick or pin  
 That's nivver yit been paid for.  
 Crack that nut if you can !  
 Seäh bein independent  
 Ah's a truly happy man !  
 Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire ! Bi mi truly !  
 Ah is Ah'm proud ti' say ;  
 Ah's fond at grand awd county,  
 An trust at lang Ah may ;  
 England wer nowt without it,  
 An' its brave-hearted men,  
 Ah'll drink ther health, and wish em wealth,  
 Because Ah's yan mysen.  
 Ah's Yorkshire.

---

### AN AWD MAN'S CONFESSION.

---

There was yance a tarm i' mi life when Ah was soft as suds need be,  
 When Ah thought my nybours wer just as gud as each gud man  
 seeamed ti be.

That's a lang lang tarm gon back : Ah've altered my marn'd sen  
 then,  
 An' now Ah think there's very few folks that's hawf si gud as mysen.

Loke-a-day ! Ah went a sweet-hearting : Ah'd a bonny smooth-  
 feeaced lass ;  
 She told mah she were fond o' ma' and things gat ti' sike a pass  
 That we wer about bein wed, an we'd actilly neamed the day,  
 When sha picked up another fella an' left ma ti gan mi oan way.

Ah was tell'd at foaks were punished at played sike a wicked trick,  
But she seemed ti me ti bi appy, tho' Ah meead but a sorry fick :  
God luv her ; Ah wer fain ti fergiv her, but tho' now Ah's sivventy  
gone,  
Ah've walked the journey o' life by mysel unmarried and alone.

There was yance a tarm i' my life, when Ah thought all parsons  
wer good ;  
Especially the noisy sooart ; for ther preachin stirred yer blood ;  
An Ah thowt when Ah eear'd em pray, the kindom of ivven had  
come,  
An' the divvel wad hev ti emigrate ti sum pleeeace where he'd hev  
mair rum.

But lose-a-me ! Ah've altered mi marn'd, an' nut afore 'twer tarm,  
Fur them noisy, ranting parsons they nivver deeah gud but harm ;  
The young fellows lead the wimmin astray, an' the awd 'uns trick  
the men,  
There's a varry few parsons i' the world at's a quarter as gud as  
mysen.

Poor divvel, just hear 'em run him down ; and threaten their  
hearers wi pains  
Through a lang, lang, lang etarnity cursing ther bodies an' brains ;  
An' all the tarm if the divvel wer gon its plain eneeaf ti be seen  
The parsons wad miss the best frind they hev, that is leeaking wi  
common sense een.

The divvel's a good investment for thousans a parson fooak ;  
He pays magnificent dividends—an' marn'd A'hm nut writing a  
joke—  
He's the greatest frind at the parsons hev, they may pummel him  
as they will,  
An' shud he ivver be cheeaned ageean, what wagging tongues wad  
be still !



There was yance a tarm i' my life, when Ah thowt all rogues  
wer i' prison fast—

What a feeal Ah was ! What a dubble feeal, Ah've seen these lang  
years past.

The biggest rogues i' the universe are basking out i' the sun,  
An' yan reads i' pious biographies the grand things they hev dun.

What honour there is iv our merchants : what honesty i' trade ;  
Dar ony man honestly say now-a-days how monny a fortun' is  
meead?

That new word, " liquidation," explains how monny a knave  
Walks up to the seeats o' the nobles, that's ower meean ti be even  
a slave.

Lose-a-me ! Wi ther bran new things an' ther toggery, how they  
prance,

Wi impidence fra Lundun town, an' polish fresh fra France !  
Poor moths, that toy wi the candle o' prard, they'll bon ther wings  
sum day,

An' they'll leean that prard is painful, as my feyther used to say.

There was yance a tarm i' mi life, when Ah thowt all gud fooaks  
wer gud,

An' ther was ony yah karn'd o' leeing that was easily understood ;  
But lees can bi drissed like truth, an' leak mightily like it annole,  
An' the lees that are round about are them that meeast fret and  
worry yer soul.

There was yance a tarm i' mi life, when Ah thowt a friend was a  
friend,

An' you'd only ti' ask for the gowd if he'd ony money ti lend.  
Ah'd a karnd of a silly idee, as weel, it wad pleeas him much ti  
part,

An' he'd rush wi the cheque iv his hand ti pay, an' smile fra the  
depths of his heart.

Ah've altered mi marnd sen then—an' this mony a lang lang day,  
The joy o' mi life has been ti honestly pay mi way ;  
Ti honestly liv for mysel, an' mak the plizure o' life  
A modest use o' the world's gud things, that on ivvery sard are rife.

The mooarning sun, the stars at neet, the blue o' the summer sea,  
Are mair bi far ti mi heart o' hearts then frin'd an' kin can be :  
An' the deein o' worthy things, apart fra praise or blame—  
Theease, theease, it is that el ivver bring a joy that is dearer nor  
fame.

Ah, Fame! that's another bauble that fills a young fellow's  
dreeams,  
The dearest ov earthly guerdons this breet deceeaver seeams ;  
It's all mi eye! The best ov all fame is that we carry insard,  
That tells us there's joy in deeing the reet, whativver else betard.

Sike is mi view o' life, now Ah's come ti the clooase o' the day.  
Ah've pairted wi mony illusions, but this Ah will allus say :  
There's nivver a tarm i' life when the truth weant stand ya a friend,  
An' a reet down honest man all allus hev summat ti spend.

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## STOKESLEY.

---

### I.

I've read in story books full oft  
Of pleasant cities o'er the wave,  
With dome, and spire, and minaret,  
And ruins marking Art's fair grave.  
I've read of valleys of the South,  
And happy islands far away,  
Blooming beneath eternal sun  
In all the wealth of nature gay.

## II.

But oh, within my constant heart  
A red roof'd village greenly dwells :  
No traveller from the sunny South  
Knows half the rapture in me swells  
When muse I on the time that's past,  
The old, old home of early youth,  
Blooming with halcyon memories  
Of early love, and troth, and truth.

## III.

Even whilst I muse upon its joys,  
My fancy doth in vagrance stray ;  
My heart is like an empty room,  
And all my thoughts are far away :  
By Leven's stream, on Caldmoor's hill,  
I wander, as in days gone by ;  
The glorious meadows shine again,  
Refreshing oft my woe-worn eye.

## IV.

The woods their queenliest foliage wear,  
The streams chaunt to the summer sun,  
The village bells across the vale  
Chime in the evening shadows dun ;  
The rooks in immemorial trees  
Awake their chorus of delight,  
And all sweet sounds and sights of earth  
Possess the day and fill the night.

## V.

The memory of early friends,  
Long since like me in exile driven,  
Comes like a soothing breeze of eve  
To weary traveller often given.  
Refreshing love ! may I full oft  
E'en now thy early portion share,  
And friendship be the bond of Truth,  
The cordial in life's draught of care.

## VI.

In the fair cities of the South  
No loving hearts appeal to me ;  
In carven stone and monument,  
Naught but a frigid Art I see.  
I love to note the pride of mind,  
Aspiring to perfection's goal,  
But what is sweet society  
But heaven to the human soul ?

## VII.

Oh, there was *one* who taught me well,  
E'en in the blush of life's young day,  
How olden Eden is regained  
By being true and pure alway.  
I know since then full many a fall  
Has led me on a lower road,—  
But still my heart aspires the same  
To truth, humanity, and God.

## VIII.

Oh, queenly valley of the North,  
I love thee with a lasting love !  
True as the needle to the pole,  
I turn to thee where'er I rove.  
Fair oasis of the wilderness,  
Bright Eden left to me on earth !  
I love thee with a lasting love !  
I love thee ! Valley of the North.



## William Leighton.



UNDEE, in the year 1841, was the birth-place of the subject of this notice. In his seventh year his family removed to Liverpool, where William Leighton received his education and passed the remainder of his life. At an early age he went to business in the office of a firm of merchants, rising in a few years to the position of managing and confidential clerk. He very early commenced writing poems, and, in spite of the constant labour entailed by his position, made considerable progress in that art. His death on April 22nd, 1869, at the early age of twenty-eight, closed a career of much promise. His writings, in spite of unfavourable circumstances, shew a marked improvement with ripening years, and it was not unnaturally expected that he would produce work of a still higher character. Many of his poems on National subjects appeared originally in the *Liverpool Mercury*, and he contributed to several of the magazines. In private life he was esteemed by a large circle of friends for his cheerful and happy disposition, tender sympathies, and thoughtful kindness.

His productions are mainly distinguished by thoughtful tenderness, in many cases with a religious bent. Perhaps one of his best pieces is that entitled "Baby died to-day," which, for what it suggests, as much as for what it expresses, has become very popular.

ANDREW GREAME.

### BABY DIED TO-DAY.

Lay the little limbs out straight ;  
Gently tend the sacred clay ;  
Sorrow-shaded is our fate—  
Baby died to-day !

Fold the hands across the breast,  
So, as when he knelt to pray ;  
Leave him to his dreamless rest—  
Baby died to-day.

Voice, whose prattling infant lore  
Was the music of our way,  
Now is hushed for evermore—  
Baby died to-day.

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams  
Made our waking moments gay,  
Now can shine but in our dreams—  
Baby died to-day !

Still a smile is on his face,  
But it lacks the joyous play  
Of the one we used to trace—  
Baby died to-day.

Give his lips our latest kiss ;  
Dry your eyes and come away ;  
In a happier world than this  
Baby lives to-day !

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### AWAKE.

---

The sun is flooding the eastern sky  
With a blaze of silver light ;  
The fresh green foliage waving high,  
Is fringed with a flame of white ;  
And far above, from the topmost air,  
The showering lark-notes break ;  
And the spirit of beauty floats everywhere—  
Sweet my lady, awake !

A slow breeze steals o'er the dewy land,  
From its home in the dreamy South,  
And scatters a perfume on every hand  
As sweet as the breath of your mouth ;

And the tremulous boughs, as they bend and sway,  
A murmurous music make ;  
And bright on the brooklet the sunbeams play—  
Sweet my lady, awake !

The river that lay in its dusky repose  
Through the long lone hours of night,  
Now laughs in the lustre that sunrise throws  
And ripples in rosy light ;  
And the hills that loomed like shadowy ghosts  
A clearer outline take ;  
And the white sails glimmer along the coasts—  
Dear my lady, awake !

The violet lifts its eye of blue  
To the bending blue above ;  
And the roses, bathed in a drench of dew,  
Are breathing of beauty and love ;  
And the lily stoops its head to kiss  
Its shadow within the lake—  
O never was morning so lovely as this !  
Dear my lady, awake !

Awake ! for a music is flooding the air,  
And melting along the deep.  
When nature is all awake and so fair,  
O, why should my lady sleep ?  
A passionate sigh begins to start  
And from the depth of each thicket and brake—  
A sigh that finds echo within my heart—  
O, sweet, my lady, awake !

Awake ! and come where the zephyr moves  
In ripples across the grass ;  
Awake ! and come to the lake that loves  
To mirror your form as you pass ;  
And come, O come, to the heart that pines  
And languishes for your sake ;  
And bright eyes shall blind each dew-drop that shines—  
Dear my lady, awake !

## MY NEST.

The shadows lengthen ; and the twilight is falling ;  
The labours and cares of the day are ended :  
A peace settles over the city's brawling,  
Like the mirrowed glow of the sunset splendid.  
And sparrow and robin and skylark and throstle  
Are silent now in leafy recesses,—  
Calmly and warmly and safely they nestle  
In the shadowy bliss of soft caresses.

On the skirts of the city *my* nest is waiting,  
Warm with a glow that is grateful and tender ;  
And the world, with its striving and sinning and hating,  
Melts in the light of its sacred splendour.  
What though my dove cot be poor and lowly ?  
Love's kingly sway makes the dwelling royal !  
Peace, like a cherubim pure and holy,  
Fills every heart with a faith life-loyal !

Cosy warm nest ! every bounty and blessing  
Linger about thee as years o'er thee gather ;  
Joys bide within thee ; and mercies unceasing  
Rain from the bountiful hand of the Father !  
Hope's budding promises break without number  
Rich 'mong thy leaflets, and burst into blossom :  
Sweet be thy glad waking hours ! and thy slumber  
Calm as the sleep of a babe on the bosom !





## Joseph Cooper.

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JOSEPH Cooper was born at Thornsett, near New Mills, Derbyshire, 9th Nov. 1810, and received only the scanty education which in his early days was thought sufficient for the children of the poor. His mother was a deeply religious woman, whose influence upon her son was of the happiest. He was for years engaged in business in Manchester, and having made what is a competence for a man of his moderation, he retired, and has for several years past enjoyed a useful leisure at Eaves Knowl, where his cottage stands upon a commanding eminence overlooking many picturesque miles of scenery in North Derbyshire and East Cheshire. Mr. Cooper has given valuable assistance in the local government of his native district as member of the Board of Guardians, and Local Board, but the best energies of his life have been devoted to the temperance cause. His earnestness, his experience of life, his humour, his power of speech and song, have stood him in good stead, and made him a most acceptable advocate of temperance. Amongst the Good Templars he holds a position of distinction as an Honorary Deputy of the Chief Templar. Mr. Cooper is a member of the Manchester Literary Club, and in former years it was one of the characteristic events of the gathering when Cooper gave the "Owdham Melludy." His temperance verses have had a large circulation, and been printed by hundreds of thousands, a large consignment having been sent to the Crimea for the use of the English soldiers before Sebastopol. The "Temperance Minstrel," "Temperance Reciter," "Gems and Tit-bits," are amongst the titles of his publications, and in addition he has issued numerous broadsides bearing upon the reform to which he has devoted himself. The quality of his verses varies, but probably the best are "Bodle the Bouser," "An Owdham Melludy," and "Helping God to make the Flowers grow."

WILLIAM E. A. Axon.

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### AN OWDHAM MELLUDY.

AIR.—"Mon at Mesthur Grundy's."

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Tother Setthurdy neet, aw thowt it wur reet,  
 Aftor a hard week's laybur,  
 For t' get a quart, at th' owd White Hart,  
 Wi' Bill at Tom's my naybur;

So in aw went, an' sixpunse spent,  
In a quart a real stingo,  
It wur so good, it warmt my blood,  
Aw wur t' double mon, by jingo.

In comes Sam Blakes, who sells wut cakes,  
Keaw-heels, an' troipe, and trotters ;  
Owd Bawsun Ned, ut Betty wed,  
And in lawm Jenny totters,  
I ask'd Ned t' sup—he swoipt it op,  
Says he by gum—" What stingo ! "  
Aw'll stond a quart w' o my heart ;  
Awm a gradely mon, by jingo .

Owd Fidlur Ben, 'gan playin' then :—  
He made th' owd fiddle t' spake mon ;  
We doanc'd an' sung—th' ale wur so strung,  
Aw bawstunt one o' my clogs, mon ;  
At twelve o'clock, they turn'd eawt th' stock,  
My yed it reelt wi' t' stingo ;  
Aw wur drunk enoof ; aw fell it soof,  
Au' could no' stur, by jingo ;

A mon in blue his trunchun drew,  
And thump'd my on my back, so ;  
Believe me, sur, aw could no' stur,  
So he dragg'd me off to limbo :  
Theer o' t' next day, awr forc'd t' stay,  
My yed an' booans they warch't so ;  
Aw made a vow, aw kept till now,  
Aw'd drink no more owd stingo.

**BODLE THE BOUSER.**

(A Lancashire Tale.)

A goggle-eyed fuddler, as usual, bout brass,  
 Sat studyin' one mornin' heaw t' raise another glass ;  
 He're a bit of a coalyer, or rather a snob,  
 But he noather liked wark nor them ut set him at th' job ;  
 He liked ale—O' three-penny ale !

He walk'd int' owd Neddy's so neat and so nimbly,  
 Sayin'—"Dang it, owd Ned, aw shud like t' goo up th'  
 chimbly ;"  
 So owd Neddy says—"Dang it, owd Bodle, goo up,  
 An' I'll gi' thee a quart o' good ale for to sup,  
 O' good ale—O, three-penny ale !

So Bodle at wonst set th' tone foot o' th' top bar,  
 An' went climbing aloft like a gradely jack tar ;  
 Well, owd Neddy 'ur so pleas't, he sheawts "hey, lads, hey,  
 Owd Bodle's gwon chlyen up th' chimbly to-day,  
 For some ale—good three-penny ale !"

Then owd Neddy sheawts "Bodle, goo on, lad, goo on,  
 Go through wi' it, Bodle, theaw'rt a reet un, bi th' mon ;  
 Aw like a brave fellow, aw do i' my heart,  
 An' if t' gets eawt at th' top, mon, aw'll gi' thee a quart  
 O' good ale—good three-penny ale."

But while owd Ned sheawted like a nat'ral clown,  
 Bodle let goo his howd, an' coom shutterin' deawn ;  
 He leet wi' his hinder-end thump o' th' top bar,  
 Roll't deawn, an' a gradely blash-boggart he wor,  
 O for ale—O, three-penny ale !

He're so buried i' soot, he could hardly be seen,  
 While owd Neddy stood leaughing an' wipin' his een,  
 Sayin'—"Ta' thy woint, Bodle, theaw'st have a quart moor,  
 My chimbly wor ne'er swept uz chlyen afore ;  
 Nan, bring th' ale, that three-penny ale !

So yo' seen wot contrivances men han for drink,  
To get it without oather credit or jink ;  
For to credit a drunkard folks dunnot like th' job.  
And jink's eawt o'th' question when a hole's in the fob,  
Made by ale—O, three-penny ale !

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## HELPING GOD TO MAKE THE FLOWERS GROW.

---

One hot and sultry summer's eve,  
After a scorching day,  
A sweet girl with a watering-can  
To the garden went her way ;  
And as she sprinkled drooping plants,  
Her stainless soul did glow,  
To think that she was helping God  
To make the flowers grow.

A mother, with a mother's care,  
Went out to seek her child,  
And seeing her engaged at work  
Enquired with accents mild :  
“ What are you doing there, my love ?  
I should be glad to know.”  
The child replied, “ I'm helping God  
To make the flowers grow.”

' Mid clashing tenets, dogmas, creeds,  
This child's the one for me ;  
It seems a photograph of Him  
Who died upon the tree.  
He spent His time in doing good,  
Relieving pain and woe,  
In deserts wild and wilderness  
Helping God's flowers to grow.

He at the grave of Lazarus  
Shed tears and heav'd a groan ;  
Then said unto the lookers on,  
" Take ye away the stone."  
He could have done without their aid,  
But wished the world to know  
That God expects his followers  
To help His flowers to grow

' Tis written, He said, " Learn of me,"  
Be trustful as a child,  
While passing through this sin-stained world  
Walk blameless, undefiled.  
Be beacon-lights set on a hill,  
A good example show,  
Haply your upright walk and talk  
May help God's flowers to grow.

The fields are ripe for harvest-time,  
The labourers are few ;  
Take spade, or rake, or water-can,  
There's work for all to do.  
If you can't plough the stubborn field,  
Or reap the corn, or mow,  
You may remove the weed, and help  
To make God's flowers to grow.

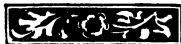
Cut down, root up the Upas trees  
The wicked one hath sown,—  
Some that have stood for centuries,  
Till they are hoary grown ;  
Those licensed dens that dole out death,  
And drape the land with woe,  
Help us to close them if you wish  
To help God's flowers to grow.

Legions of learned, earnest souls  
Are preaching with their might,  
Wooing, also beseeching men  
To come to the true light ;  
But while the preacher buildeth up,  
Dram-vendors overthrow ;  
Christian, abstain, if you would help  
To make God's flowers to grow.

Friends, you may help with a kind word,  
Or sweet and gentle smile,  
To lift the withered, drooping head  
Of stricken son of toil.  
We all can work on sunny days,  
And the 'mid-winter's snow,  
" Remembering the forgotten "  
Will help God's flowers to grow.

The earth's the garden of the Lord,  
His flowers grow everywhere,  
But flourish most in holy ground—  
Plots fertilised by prayer.  
Our churches, chapels, Sabbath schools,  
Where many here we know  
Are by example, word, and purse,  
Helping God's flowers to grow.

Friends, let us toil, while yet 'tis day,  
Both to be, and to do good,  
That we may hear the Master say  
" Thou hast done what thou couldst."  
When angels shout the harvest-home,  
May heaven's register show  
Our names among the " well done " band  
Who helped God's flowers to grow.



## Lord Houghton.



"It is twenty years," wrote the late Matthew Browne, "since I heard a bundle of rags in a gutter singing, 'I wandered by the brook-side, I wandered by the mill;' and it is not three years since I heard the same bundle of rags, scarcely changed in face, voice, coat, trousers, spatterdashes, or otherwise, sing the same song in another gutter." This was written in 1872. Another sixteen years have passed away, and there has been no diminution in the popularity of Lord Houghton's beautiful and tender song. There have been greater poets who have stirred fewer hearts. Who would not be glad to have written "Strangers Yet," which has within it the promise of immortality, being one of the most cherished of English ballads? It is possible that a similar favourite passage of "In Memoriam" may be forgotten before these lines:—

He, who' for Love has undergone  
The worst that can befall  
Is happier thousand-fold than one  
Who never loved at all;  
A grace within his soul has reigned,  
Which nothing else can bring—  
Thank God for all that I have gained,  
By that high suffering!

Yet Lord Houghton was so much the patron and encourager of poets that for that very reason he missed something of the poetic distinction to which he was himself entitled. Critics have thought more of how he helped poor David Gray than of how he now and then wrote poems which found their way to an immeasurably wider audience than any which the author of "The Luggie, and Other Poems," ever contrived to reach. Perhaps a further reason why his genius has been under-rated is to be found in the fact that he always, and as if by design, gave the impression of being in everything an amateur. He was serious, but not quite earnest, an apparent contradiction in terms which will be intelligible enough to those who knew him. He had a keen appreciation of the pleasantness of life, and never felt that spur which circumstances apply, sometimes with cruel keenness, to less fortunate men. The dry details of Lord Houghton's life are sufficiently well known; the more intimate particulars are shortly to be related by Mr. Wemyss Reid.

Richard Monckton Milnes was born at Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, in June, 1809. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1831, he took his M.A. degree. It was the sister university which conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. For twenty-six years he sat in Parliament as member for Pontefract, and was really, though not obtrusively, useful. With general Liberal leanings, he had no very clearly defined political creed, being interested, indeed, much more in social than

political questions. Lord Palmerston would have given him a seat in his Government, but to have accepted it would have taken something from the joys of life, and so it was declined. Milnes interested himself much in the reform of our penal institutions, and brought into the House of Commons the first Bill which proposed the establishment of Juvenile Reformatories. In 1863, he was raised to the House of Peers. Matthew Browne, already quoted, was a reporter of the Committees of the House of Lords, and he says that Lord Houghton had a habit of mastering a case and then going to sleep. There was a Railway Bill before the Committee. The time had come for giving the decision. "Shall we wake Milnes?" said the chairman, in a whisper audible enough to the public outside the barrier—(his peerage was then rather new)—and just nudged "Milnes," whispering, "What do you say, Houghton?" "Oh," said his lordship, opening his eyes, "give 'em the running powers;" and walked off to the window again to enjoy the view. This is a characteristic anecdote. Lord Houghton had a happy facility in doing most things, and agitated himself greatly about nothing.

I last saw Lord Houghton at a dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund. It was a position in which he was invariably happy, for he made admirable after-dinner speeches. He was the President of the Fund from its foundation and up to his death. He was also the President of the London Library, in succession to Carlyle. His contributions to literature were considerable, seeing with how little eagerness he pursued the author's trade. Besides several books of verse, he wrote two charming volumes of gossip and criticism, entitled, "Monographs, Personal and Social." His "Life and Letters of Keats" is still the standard work, though its frankness drew a scathing rebuke from the poet Laureate. He contributed "One Tract More" to the Tractarian Controversy, and wrote much on the leading subjects of his day. In his later years Lord Houghton suffered from a paralytic seizure, the effects of which remained slightly visible in a shaking of the hand and a nervous habit of body; but up to the last he was a man of delightful manners, of keen intelligence, and unpretending gentleness and simplicity. He died in 1885, the last of the aristocratic patrons of literature.

AARON WATSON.

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## STRANGERS YET.

---

Strangers yet!

After years of life together,  
After fair and stormy weather,  
After travel in far lands,  
After touch of wedded hands,—  
Why thus joined? Why ever met,  
If they must be strangers yet?



Strangers yet !

After childhood's winning ways,  
After care and blame and praise,  
Counsel asked and wisdom given,  
After mutual prayers to Heaven,  
Child and parent scarce regret  
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet !

After strife for common ends—  
After title of "old friends,"  
After passions fierce and tender,  
After cheerful self-surrender,  
Hearts may beat and eyes be met,  
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet !

Oh ! the bitter thought to scan  
All the loneliness of man :—  
Nature, by magnetic laws,  
Circle unto circle draws,  
But they only touch when met,  
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet !

Will it evermore be thus—  
Spirits still impervious ?  
Shall we never fairly stand  
Soul to soul as hand to hand ?  
Are the bounds eternal set  
To retain us—strangers yet ?

Strangers yet !

Tell not Love it must aspire  
Unto something other—higher :  
God himself were loved the best  
Were our sympathies at rest,  
Rest above the strain and fret  
Of the world of—strangers yet !  
Strangers yet !

THE TENT.

---

Why should a man raise stone and wood  
Between him and the sky ?  
Why should he fear the brotherhood  
Of all things from on high ?  
Why should a man not raise his form  
As shelterless and free  
As stands in sunshine or in storm  
The mountain and the tree ?

Or if we thus, as creatures frail  
Before our time should die,  
And courage and endurance fail  
Weak Nature to supply ;—  
Let us at least a dwelling choose,  
The simplest that can keep  
From parching heat and noxious dews  
Our pleasure and our sleep.

The Fathers of our mortal race,  
While still remembrance nursed  
Traditions of the glorious place  
Whence Adam fled accursed,—  
Rested in tents, as best became  
Children, whose mother earth  
Had overspread with sinful shame  
The beauty of her birth.

In cold they sought the sheltered nook,  
In heat the airy shade,  
And oft their casual home forsook  
The morrow it was made ;  
Diverging many separate roads,  
They wandered, fancy-driven,  
Nor thought of other fixed abodes  
Than Paradise or Heaven.

And while this holy sense remained,  
    'Mid easy shepherd cares,  
In tents they often entertained  
    The Angels unawares :  
And to their spirits' fervid gaze  
    The mystery was revealed,  
How the world's wound in future days  
    Should by God's love be healed.

Thus we, so late and far a link  
    Of generation's chain,  
Delight to dwell in tents and think  
    The old world young again ;  
With Faith as wide and Thought as narrow  
    As theirs, who little more  
From life demanded than the sparrow  
    Gay-chirping by the door.

The Tent ! how easily it stands,  
    Almost as if it rose  
Spontaneous from the green or sand,  
    Express for our repose :  
Or rather, it is we who plant  
    This root, where'er we roam,  
And hold, and can to others grant,  
    The comforts of a home.

Make the Divan—the carpets spread,  
    The ready cushions pile ;  
Rest, weary heart ! rest, weary head !  
    From pain and pride awhile :  
And all your happiest memories woo,  
    And mingle with your dreams  
The yellow desert glimmering through  
    The subtle veil of beams.

We all have much we would forget—  
Be that forgotten now !  
And placid Hope, instead, shall set  
Her seal upon your brow :  
Imagination's prophet eye  
By her shall view unfurled  
The future greatnesses that lie  
Hid in the Eastern world.

To slavish tyrannies their term  
Of terror she foretells ;  
She brings to bloom the faith whose germ  
In Islam deeply dwells ;  
Accomplishing each mighty birth  
That shall one day be born  
From marriage of the western earth  
With nations of the morn !

Then fold the Tent—then on again ;  
One spot of ashen black  
The only sign that here has lain  
The traveller's recent track :  
And gladly forward, safe to find  
At noon and eve a home,  
Till we have left our Tent behind,  
The homeless ocean foam !

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### THE BROOK-SIDE.

---

I wandered by the brook-side,  
I wandered by the mill,—  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still ;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
Nor chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,  
I watched the long, long, shade,  
And as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid ;  
For I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word,—  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—  
The night came on alone,—  
The little stars sat, one by one,  
Each on his golden throne ;  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirr'd,—  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent, tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind,  
A hand was on my shoulder,  
I knew its touch was kind :  
It drew me nearer—nearer,—  
We did not speak one word,  
For the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.



*Joseph Baron.*

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HIS well-known Blackburn prose and verse writer was born at Rishton, near the big borough on the Blakewater, on the 7th of May, 1859. He was educated at the Blackburn Grammar School, and first began to devote himself to literature at seventeen years of age. The word "devote" in his case is not misapplied, for his love of books and "booky stuff," always of the best description, approaches the zeal of a religious enthusiast for some favourite cult. Poems in the Lancashire dialect, and in ordinary and old-fashioned English, of both a serious and humorous description, drop from his pen like water from some perennial spring. These appear from time to time mainly in the local journals. He prefers, however, the mirth-making role, and if writing prose he cannot resist the strength or weakness of a pun, which he mercilessly perpetrates. His farce, "Grandfather's Clock," was produced at the New Sadlers Wells Theatre, London, in December, 1883, and had a good run. His poems and writings of various kinds are very voluminous. The appended are specimens of his ready muse, which has already asserted its powers in some of our leading periodicals. At the present time he has a comedietta ready for production, and has also in hand other publications in prose and verse. We may safely predict for this young author a successful career.

W. H. BURNETT.

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*A BALLADE OF MEMORIE.*

---

When from Pandora's fateful box  
    (Ah, cursèd dowry for a bride !)  
The giant evils flew in flocks,  
    Afflicting mortals far and wide,  
Amongst them were Deceit and Pride,  
    With Falsehood, ever at their call,  
And Slander, with its lightning stride,  
    But *Memorie* was worst of all.

It seated Mind within the stocks,  
 For meaner senses to deride ;  
 It dashed high aims against the rocks,  
 To sink beneath its swollen tide  
 Of past defects,—and so they died.  
 Frankenstein-like it did appal  
 The bravest hearts, and many cried,  
 “ Ah ! Memorie is worst of all.”

And still, like Banquo's ghost, it mocks  
 All unto wickedness allied ;  
 Like sword of Damocles it shocks,  
 And happiness is yet denied ;  
 Away it flieth, terrified,  
 For what were sweets it turns to gall.  
 Ah ! of all curses at men's side  
 Sure Memorie is worst of all.

#### L' ENVOI.

Prince, from all evils thou mayst hide,  
 Save one, which hath thee in its thrall ;  
 With thee through life it will abide—  
 'Tis Memorie, the worst of all.

---

### BALLADE OF FOOTE-BALLE

---

Ye jollie game wych alle creacyon lycks  
 It is ye playe of kyckying att foote-balle,  
 And hym thatt playeth itt atween ye stycks  
 Certes he is ye chiefeste of y<sup>m</sup> alle.  
 Hys pate is lyke unto a stonie walle,  
 And mightie bootes hath he wherewyth to lame ;  
 Fulle manie a foeman doth he roughlie maul,  
 Yett foote-balle is a verie jollie game.

And hym thatt playeth backe, wyth weightie kycks,  
And heavie charges, makynge foemen falle,  
Untylle ye watcher layeth tenn to syx  
Thatt he wyll cause ye left-wyng payr to spralle ;  
And eftsoones doth he make y<sup>m</sup> to looke smalle  
Through heartilie projectynge of hys frame  
Upon ye twayne, soe they can scarcelie crawlle,  
Yett foote-balle is a verie jollie game.

Alsoe ye forwarde, wyth an hondrede trycks  
(Oh, whenne he drybleth looke oute for a squalle !)  
He cometh downe lyke to a ton of brycks,  
Although he seemeth soe exceedynge smalle ;  
And though hys foemen be uncommon talle  
He kycketh at theyr shynns wyth certayne aim  
("Takyng ye man," methynkes they doe it calle),  
Yett foote-balle is a verie jollie game.

#### ENVOY.

Friendes, who delyte to idlie bragge and bralle.  
Ye who avowe thatt tennys is too tame,  
And lykewyse saye that cryckette lycks y<sup>m</sup> alle,  
Yett foote-balle is a verie jollie game.

---

#### T W O S E E D S .

---

As the fallen seed of a former flower,  
Blown and sown in the zephyr's play,  
Quickened and suckled by sun and shower,  
Buds and blossoms in one brief day ;  
Flaunts and flares in the noonday whiteness,  
Fades and dies ere the dews of night,  
Leaving no ling'ring love for its brightness,  
Lost to the mem'ry when lost to sight,  
So do the thoughts of a mushroom growth  
Decay and die as they leave the mouth.



But the acorn, deep in the dark earth lying,  
Is bursting its bonds in the bliss of birth ;  
Winter shall wane, and the spring be sighing,  
Ere a glimpse of its greenness glads the earth,  
And the far-off Future's ephemeral flowers  
Shall be born to blossom, to fleet, and fade ;  
But the oak tree there, that so loftily towers,  
Shall shelter the weary beneath its shade,  
And a thought which has grown from *experience*  
Will shelter the weary centuries hence.



## Sir Henry Taylor.



SIR Henry Taylor, dramatist and essayist, was engaged in the Colonial Office, which he entered in January, 1824, for nearly fifty years, and so was brought into intimate personal contact with the leading statesmen and most distinguished men of the time. During a long public career of responsible duties, it was his lot to serve under no fewer than twenty-six Chief Secretaries.

He was born at Middleham, in the county of Durham, in 1800, and was the only son of George Taylor, Esq., of Wilton Hall, Wilton-le-Wear.

In 1827, he published "*Isaac Comnenus*," a play founded on history, but of which little notice was taken. In 1834, appeared his "*Philip van Artevelde*," an historical romance, cast in dramatic and rhythmical form. In two parts, it is the history of the two Artevelde, father and son, "citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince, and each of whom, paid the penalty of ambition, by an untimely and violent death." This work at once and enduringly established his reputation as a poet. In this play occurs the oft-quoted line:—

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

In 1836, appeared "*The Statesman*," a prose volume, containing views and maxims relating to the transaction of public business, suggested by his own experience of twelve years' official life in the Civil Service. His other works are "*Edwin the Fair*, an Historical Drama" in five acts and in verse, 1842; "*The Eve of the Conquest*, and other Poems," 1847; "*Notes from Life*, in Six Essays," 1847 (treating of such subjects as "*Choice in Marriage*," "*Humility and Independence*," "*The Life Poetic*," and "*Children*"); "*Notes from Books*, in Four Essays," 1849 (including an essay on "*The Ways of the Rich and Great*," and three others on "*Modern Poets*," re-printed from the *Quarterly Review*); "*The Virgin Widow*," a play in five acts, and chiefly verse, 1850; "*St. Clement's Eve*," a play from French history during the period of Charles VI., 1862; a collected edition of his "*Poetical Works*," in three volumes, 1863; "*A Sicilian Summer*, and Minor Poems," 1868. Throughout these works the style of thought and diction is of a high order, characterised by severe simplicity, transparent purity, and pithy directness. His friend and fellow official, Sir James Stephen, in common with the highest critical authorities, frankly expressed the opinion that Taylor had established "a wide, an honest, and an enduring fame."

"*Philip van Artevelde*," his greatest achievement, has gone through many editions, and all his other publications have been more or less

successful. In 1877, his complete works, in verse and prose, appeared in a uniform series of six volumes.

He was made D.C.L. at Oxford; and, in 1873, was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He had long before married Lord Monteagle's daughter, who still survives him.

He was the life-long friend and correspondent of Wordsworth, and of Sir Aubrey de Vere; and it was through Taylor that Wordsworth first became acquainted with Miss Fenwick. Southey said, Henry Taylor was the only one of a generation younger than his own whom he had taken into his heart of hearts; and, for that reason, he appointed him his literary executor.

It was my valued privilege to correspond with Sir Henry, for many years, from the days when he lived at Mortlake, down to his last illness; and to receive from him valuable literary assistance in various researches connected with Cowper and Wordsworth. He kindly sent me the 1880 edition of "Philip van Artevelde;" wrote out one of his poems for me; and gave me a cabinet photograph of himself, by Hawker of Bournemouth, inscribed with his autograph. I also possess the large splendid artistic venerable and patriarchal photograph of Sir Henry, taken in the Isle of Wight by his friend Mrs. Cameron. It was given me, however, not by himself, but by Carlyle, who knew both him and Mrs. Cameron. In 1885, Sir Henry, knowing that the end could not be far off, published his "Autobiography," and also looked through his letters, marking those he deemed worthy of preservation. He also, about this time, wrote several articles for reviews; one of these, a very noteworthy paper, was a sensible review of Froude's work on Carlyle. For about a year, from increasing infirmity, he was unable to get out of doors, and, latterly, was confined entirely to his room, at "The Roost," Bournemouth. On March 29th, 1886, he died, aged eighty-six. Professor Dowden has, this year (1888), edited and published a selection of his letters. These, and his other writings, forcibly convey the impression that Sir Henry Taylor was a man of sterling moral worth, intellectual power, sound wisdom, refined taste, and mature judgment; a man of thought and scholarship; and, more especially, a dramatic poet of great and peculiar ability, whose works, thoroughly English in character, have deservedly given him an enduring reputation among all thoughtful readers. He himself once asked, "Who would not rather be read a hundred times by one man, than once by a hundred?"

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON.

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## PORTRAIT OF A REVOLUTIONIST

[From "Philip van Artevelde."]

---

There is no game so desperate which wise men  
Will not take freely up for love of power,

Or love of fame, or merely love of play.  
These men are wise, and then reputed wise,  
And so their great repute of wisdom grows,  
Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,  
And then their wisdom they do part withal.  
Such men must still be tempted with high stakes :  
Philip van Artevelde is such a man.

---

### JOHN OF LAUNOY.

[From " Philip van Artevelde." ]

---

I never looked that he should live so long.  
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,  
He seemed to live by miracle : his food  
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,  
And peril to his body. He was one  
Of many thousand such that die betimes,  
Whose story is a fragment, known to few ;  
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,  
And he's a prodigy. Weigh chance with chance,  
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times  
Who wins the race of glory, but than him  
A thousand men more gloriously endowed  
Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand more  
Have had their fortunes by haphazard wreck'd,  
Whilst lighter barks push'd past them ; to whom add  
A smaller tally, of the singular few,  
Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.  
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

## S O R R O W ' S   U S E S .

[From "Philip van Artevelde."]

---

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mind.  
 Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure  
 For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.  
 Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,  
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,  
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

---

## M A S T E R   M I N D S .

[From "Philip van Artevelde'."]

---

Such souls,  
 Whose sudden visitations daze the world,  
 Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind  
 A voice that in the distance far away  
 Wakens the slumbering ages.

---

## BATTLE OF SENLAC.\*

Near Hastings, 14th Oct., 1066.

[From "The Eve of the Conquest."]

---

Long was the day, and terrible. The cries  
 Of "God to aid!" "The Cross!" "The Holy Cross!"  
 With songs of Roland of Roncevalles,  
 Were heard, then lost in dumbness and dismay.  
 A mighty roar ensued, pierced through and through  
 By shrillest shrieks incessant, or of man,  
 Or maddened horse that scream'd with fear and pain  
 Death agonies. The battle, like a ship  
 Then when the whirlwind hath it, torn and tost,  
 Stagger'd from side to side. The day was long;

\* Now "Battle."

COMPANY IN BANQUETING ROOM IN  
PALACE OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

*De Vierzon*                                      To see grim John  
Do his endeavour at a gracious smile,  
Was worth a ducat ; with his trenchant teeth  
Clinched like a rat-trap.

*De Cassinel*                      Ever and anon  
They open'd to let forth a troop of words  
Scented and gilt, a company of masques  
Stiff with brocade, and each a pot in hand  
Fill'd with wasp's honey.

[From "A Sicilian Summer."]

I'm a bird that's free  
Of the land and sea,  
    I wander whither I will ;  
But oft on the wing,  
I falter and sing,  
    Oh, fluttering heart, be still,  
                                Be still,  
    Oh, fluttering heart, be still.

I'm wild as the wind,  
 But soft and kind,  
     And wander whither I may ;  
 The eye-bright sighs,  
 And says with its eyes,  
     Thou wandering wind, oh stay,  
                             Oh stay,  
 Thou wandering wind, oh stay.

---

### H O P E .

[From "A Sicilian Summer."]

---

Across the vale of life  
 The rainbow rears its soft triumphal arch,  
 And every roving path and brake and bower  
 Is bathed in colour'd light. Come what come may,  
 I know this world is richer than I thought  
 By something left to it from Paradise ;  
 I know this world is brighter than I thought,  
 Having a window into heaven. Henceforth,  
 Life hath for me a purpose and a drift.

---

### DAWN OF HEART-JOY.

[From "A Sicilian Summer."]

---

*Silisco* Then shall this glorious Now be crowned the Queen  
 Of all the hours in ages past,  
 Since the first Morning's rosy finger touch'd  
 The bowers of Eden. Grace defend my heart  
 That now it bound not back to what it was  
 In days of old, forgetting all that since

Has tried and tamed it ! No, Rosalba, no—  
Albeit yon waves be bright as on the day  
When, dancing to the shore from Procida,  
They brought me a new joy, yet fear me not—  
The joy falls now upon a heart prepared  
By many a trouble, many a trial past,  
And striking root, shall flourish and stand fast.

---

### THE HON. EDWARD ERNEST VILLIERS.

[From "Memorial Lines," which might not inaptly be  
applied to the Author himself.—A. J. S.]

---

His life was private ; safely led, aloof  
From the loud world, which yet he understood  
Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.  
For he, by privilege of his nature, proof  
Against false glitter, from beneath the roof  
Of privacy, as from a cave, surveyed  
With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,  
And gently judged for evil and for good.  
But, whilst he mixed not for his own behoof  
In public strife, his spirit glowed with zeal,  
Not shorn of action, for the public weal,—  
For truth and justice as its warp and woof,  
For freedom as its signature and seal.  
His life, thus sacred from the world, discharged  
From vain ambition and inordinate care,  
In virtue exercised, by reverence rare  
Lifted, and by humility enlarged,  
Became a temple and a place of prayer.  
In latter years he walked not singly there ;  
For one was with him, ready at all hours  
His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,  
Who buoyantly his burthens helped to bear,  
And decked his altars daily with fresh flowers.



## C H A R A C T E R .

[From "Lago Lugano."]  

---

Be open, courteous, bland,  
Be simple, cordial, not more strong to stand  
Than just to yield,—nor obvious to each jar  
That shakes the proud ; for Independence walks  
With staid Humility aye hand in hand,  
Whilst Pride in tremor stalks.

---

## M U S I C A N D L I G H T .

[From "Alwine and Adelais."]  

---

With that, she sang a low, sweet melody,  
Mysterious but penetrating too,  
Which with a slow and subtle magic crept  
Into the bosom of the darkness. Soon  
It ceased, and as it ceased, a glorious light  
Forth from the bosom of the darkness burst,  
And filled the ways of life.



## George Lancaster.



GEORGE Lancaster was born at North Ferriby, near Hull, 1846, but spent the greater part of his boyhood at Welton, renowned for its beautiful scenery. He served an apprenticeship to the scholastic profession in Hull, and later laboured for some years in an iron-merchant's office in the same town. On the death of his employer he went to Ontario, Canada, where in the public schools of Campbellford and Bobcaygeon he took up his old occupation of teaching. In 1879, he returned to England, and edited with great success the satirical *Hull Bellman*. In the same year was published his first volume of poetry, under the title of "Lays and Lyrics," which met with favourable review. In 1883 he joined the literary staff of the *Eastern Morning News*. In 1888, he issued a second volume of poems, "Legends of Lowgate," which has drawn the attention of the critical press.

George Lancaster is a school of poetry to himself. There is no living writer to-day who gives looser rein to his fanciful pen, his erratic muse often leading him into a wild fandango of comic nonsense-verse, and as often into a rich maze of word-colouring that glows upon the imagination like a bizarre but gloriously-colored arabesque. A great part of this effect lies in his facility in rhyme. He seems to take a master's delight in starting difficulties, merely to overcome them. He pitches upon some out-of-the-way term, phrase, or name with which to finish his line, apparently without a rhyme in the world of words to fit it—and then comes jingle-jangling up with an apt word that in the very unexpectedness of its sound is a joke. Thus the ear is captivated, and though the composition from the beginning may be devoid of seriousness or probability, we read it to the end with pleasure. We may challenge his too constant want of dignity and serious purpose, but his chief aim seems to be to provide popular fun. Yet it must by no means be supposed that his scintillating brilliancy of word-choice is his highest quality. The catching swing of his style, and the odd use of the most florid expedients of poetic language, never shew to greater advantage than when clothing a worthy subject; and not a few of his poems might be quoted in which the language, like a barbaric (nay, even sometimes barbarous) gold setting, shews up a pure gem of poetry with a lustre that a more conventional treatment would fail to equal. The poet often adopts the terrible, but is true enough to life to mingle it with the ludicrous and common. Thus we laugh with him at his introduction of the mystic, and his trampling upon the artificial rules which divide the poetic from the prosaic, yet, at the same time we cannot deny that his use of the weird, much as we affect to despise it, has a due effect upon us. His "Terrible Tale of a Tragedy," absurdly improbable, ludicrously framed, and packed with impossible horrors as it is, affects us with sentiments that could, upon ordinary considerations, only be inspired by the loftiest strain of the

laureatic muse. Of course this is only to be fully explained by the curious turn of the individuality of the poet; but a partial reason is to be found in the fact that some of his most gorgeous and eccentric pieces have the steel core of a truth, a moral, or a sentiment. Often, too, the commonplaces of life are scornfully dilated upon with repelling minuteness, when lo! the sunbeam of a poetic thought touches the dewy edge of some flower-petal of poetry—the burlesque wanes, and we acknowledge the poet.

Not a few of his compositions are in a pseudo old-English that gives a kind of antique scumble to the effect. Even in strictly dialect pieces his command of words is as remarkable as in those of more classic mould.

It is no detriment to Mr. Lancaster to say that a comic opera—or, failing that, a pantomime—from him, would be intensely enjoyable, for his muse shines in *bouffe*; at the same time there is no subject, be it the aspirations of a people, or the highest hopes and experiences of a soul, in which his fertile genius has not power to point fresh views and re-impress old truths. The following examples are taken from "Legends of Lowgate."

T. TINDALL WILDRIDGE.

## HOW THE WIDOW'S GOOSE CAME THERE.

'Twas a case which happened in court; the prisoner's name was  
Ward.

She was charged with stealing a couple of geese from Mr. Hare's  
farmyard.

There was a large and gaping crowd in the gallery's upper space,  
And the magistrate cried, "Silence, there! Now, farmer, state  
your case."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, your woshupp, it's not the fust time that I've been  
robbed of geese,

I fed 'em for Christmas market, and they're worth twelve shillings  
a-piece.

I counted 'em three times ower, and there was just fifty-one,  
And then fust thing in the morning, I found that a couple had  
gone.

There was feathers upon the pumpston, where the thief or thieves  
had sat,

There was blood on the barnyard cobbles, and blood on the  
staggarth yat,

There was blood on the foadgarth causey, two hundred foot or  
more,  
And blood all up the village flags, right away to the prisoner's  
door.  
We found 'em in the prisoner's house, and then she'd the cheek  
to say,  
That the Lord had sent 'em to her, but she didn't know what  
way.  
I've heerd a deal o' canting talk, but that was a stroke ower  
much,  
And my missus said, 'I'll take my jerry if that doesn't beat the  
Dutch.' "

\* \* \* \* \*

" Well, never mind what your missus said, for that's no  
evidence,"

His worship growled, " and now let's hear the prisoner's defence."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Well, your Worship, I'm a poor lone widow, a-washing early  
and late,  
To keep my two little children from out of the workus gate,  
An the baby's very sickly, which they call him little Jim,  
But Benny can eat pretty hearty, which there's nothing the  
matter with him.  
An I'll just tell you all about it, I'll keep back nothing at all,  
An how it was that them two geese was hung on my pantry wall.  
I'd been working extra hard that night, as I'll leave it to you to  
say,  
When I'd twenty-five white shirts in the starch, as was wanted  
on Christmas day,  
An everything seemed awkward like, for the irons did nothing but  
stick,  
An I was that put out o' patience, I wished 'em all to Old Nick.  
An they just seemed to get more awkward, the more I seemed to  
try,  
Till at last I had to sit me down and have a real good cry.

An then my poor little Benny, he makes no more to do,  
But he said as he came to kiss me, ' Mammy, what's the matter  
wiv oo?

I'll pray for oo to Jesus, an I'll tell oo what I sall say,  
I'll ask him to send oo a nice fat doose for dinner on Tissmus  
day.

So don't try any more mammy, or else Jesus will be tross,  
An I'll ask him to send oo a nice fat doose, an baby a nice big  
hoss."

Well, I didn't take much notice then of what the poor laddie said,  
But I kissed him and told him to say his prayers, and then he  
might go to bed.

So he made no more to do, but he just knelt down at my knees,  
An he says " Peas Jesus, send mammy a nice fat doose, do peas.  
Mammy's trying all about pappa, but peas Jesus don't be tross,  
An peas send mammy a nice fat doose, and baby a nice big hoss.  
Pappa's dead and don to Heaven, tause Jesus sent him to  
Heaven,

An baby's very poorly, an I'm tix and doin o' teven,  
An mammy's trying for pappa, but peas Jesus don't be tross,  
But peas send mammy a nice fat doose, and baby a nice big hoss.  
An Jesus, oo needn't send me one, tause dat would be no use,  
But if oo sends one to mammy, she'll dimme a bit of her doose,  
An peas make baby better, and I'm tix and doin o' teven.  
An make Benny a dood boy, and take him to pappa in Heaven.  
An mammy she can't help trying about pappa now an den.  
But peas send mammy a nice fat doose, Jesus Trist sake, Amen."

Well, your Worship, I put him to bed as soon as he'd said his  
prayers,

An then I began of my work again as soon as I came down stairs,  
An it seemed to slip out o' me mind, and I gave it a thought no  
more,

Till all of a sudden I was startled by a thundering knock at the  
door.

There wasn't a soul to be seen when I opened the door and  
looked round,

But there, as dead as two door nails, were a couple of geese on  
the ground.

I thought they'd been sent by Jesus in answer to poor little Ben,  
So I fell on my bended knees, and I thanked Him there and then,  
An that's the truth, your Worship. Me steal 'em? God forbid!  
For if Jesus didn't send 'em, I'm sure I don't know who did.

You can send me to jail, your worship, my conscience will be  
clear,

The Lord knows I didn't steal 'em, so I don't feel any fear."

\* \* \* \* \*

His Worship took a pinch of snuff, and kind o' shook his head,  
And was just a-going to say, "Six Months," when a man in the  
courthouse said :—

\* \* \* \* \*

If you'll just let me speak a word, your Worship, I think I can  
throw some light

On this here case. I was out with a pal on a bit of a spree that  
night.

We'd been up to farmer Barchard's, and he took out a bottle o' gin,  
And presently after he took it out, we very soon took it in.

And then we'd a few drops o' rum, and lastly a noggin o' whisky,  
And so when we started for home, we both felt a little bit frisky.

We were full of our pranks all the way, for the drink had got  
into our heads,

And we knocked several parties up, that were safe and sound in  
their beds,

And then when they put their heads out to see what we were  
arter,

We laughed and pelted 'em well with handfuls of mud and water.  
Then as we passed by the widow's, I heard a voice in the house,  
And I stood at the window and listened, as still and as whisht as  
a mouse,

When I heard a little lad praying, (Peas Jesus don't be tross,  
But peas send mammy a nice fat doose and baby a nice big hoss.)

So we thought it would be a good lark, to go to old farmer Hare's,  
And sneak out one or two of his geese, to answer the wee laddie's  
prayers.

And that's how they came to be there, I'm willing to pay for 'em  
double,

And all the costs as well, to get her out of her trouble."

\* \* \* \* \*

His Worship said, "I'm bound to remark, my view of the case is  
enlarged,

I'll attend to you by and bye, sir. Prisoner ! you are discharged."

---

### MATILDA, YE PRYDE OF YE BELLE TOWRE WALKE.

---

Oh, why is the Humber soe dysmal and browne,  
As ytte flowes past ye harboures of Kyngstone old town ?  
Oh, why doe yttes waters so ceaselessly sighe,  
As they passe ye wide archbowes of Hesslegate bye ?

By gossipes of olde, 'tis a tale that is tolde,  
Of a maiden so faire and a lover soe bolde ;  
Of a maiden soe faire who was clycked from ye tyde,  
Of a lover so bolde who despairingly dyed.

No peaches or blush-pynkes that growe on ye tree,  
Were ever so blooming or viewlie as she ;  
No columbine brantled soe proude on yttes stalke,  
As Matilda, ye pryde of ye Belle Towre Walke.

So dimber her forme and so sparkysh her tongue,  
She was praysed by ye olde and beloved by ye younge,  
And alle were conceited to wende or toe talke  
With Matilda ye pryde of ye Belle Towre Walke.

They knew that her feyther, though granky and gruffe,  
With plenty of housen, and acres, and stuffe,  
Of kyth and of kyndred was left alle alone,  
Save Matilda, on whom alle his wealth toe dispone.

Toe his daughter alone he was gentle and kinde.  
Toe her and his drugshoppe he gave all his minde.  
And there alle ye daie long he moggled and growled  
Toe dower his daughter with sylver and golde.

Of suitors and gallants she drewe suche a crowde,  
That Matilda with worshippe grew deynous and proude,  
And she bade them toe live or condemned them toe die,  
With a smile from her lyppes or a frowne from her eye.

One daie when she thwarted ye Humber's broad ponde,  
Toe see her faire cousins in Barton beyonde,  
Such a number of gallants went over toe ryde,  
That ye ferrie-boate laboured and sagged in ye tyde.

Such sadde disappointmente amongst them that daie,  
Her feyther was there, and he kept them at baie,  
But she bade them to hope or condemned them to sighe,  
With a smile from her lyppes or a frowne from her eye.

They had not gone far from ye Hesslegate syde,  
When ye ferrie-boate loppered and lunched in ye tide,  
And afore her weak feyther could catch her toe save,  
Matilda was carried away bye ye wave.

Then gan alle ye gallants toe chitter and chelp,  
Ye ranty olde feyther roared loudly for helpe,  
"Whoever amongste you shall save her deare life,  
Shall have halfe my fortune and her for a wife."

Up sprange Roger Grene. Not a moment to lose,  
He dashed downe his bonnet and kycked off his shoes.  
One leape from ye decke like a flasht of light,  
And after ye maiden he dived out of sighte.



One stroke from his armes that were steady and brayve,  
He has broughte her again to the toppe of ye wave.  
"Yes, she breathes! She is safe! Roger Grene my brave boie  
You have won her for wife,"—shouts ye feyther with joie.

Not one of ye other feyn gallants coude swim,  
With rage and with envie they gazed after him,  
Till they saw his strong arme rounde her beautiful necke,  
And watched him deposit her safelie on decke.

The gratefulle olde feyther moste joyfully cryed,  
And kissed her pale cheekes as he knelt at her syde.  
"Matilda! My daughter! I gave you for wife  
Toe ye brayve Roger Grene who has saved your deare life."

She looked up toe smile, while brayve Roger stood bye  
Toe see her revive and toe catche her replie.  
He was brayve, but he hadde not much beauty or grace,  
And ye dints of ye smallpoxxe were deep in his face.

"My feyther, I thank him for saving my life,  
But you should not have promised to make me his wife.  
My husband at leaste must be fitte to be seene,  
And I never can marry with brayve Roger Grene."

"Farewell then," cried Roger, in accents of woe,  
"Your heart is more colde than ye waters belowe.  
Disdeyned by ye maiden I struggled toe save,  
I'll come to your bridal from oute ye colde wave."

As he leapt in ye water and sank like a stone,  
Great bubbles arose with a gurgling grone,  
Blacke mud-cloudes rolled up like ye fogs of ye nighte,  
And hid ye brayve Roger for ever from sighte.

And ye waves which were clear as brayve Roger wente downe,  
Have ever since then risen dysmal and browne,  
And 'tis said that ye waters still gurgle and sighe,  
As they passe ye wide archbowes of Hesslegate bye.

Matilda was wedded within a shorte spayce,  
Toe a spruce-looking gallant of title and grace,  
And there came to ye wedding feaste, soe it is said,  
A figure of seeming most nauseous and dread.

His forme was alle dripping with slime and with ooze,  
Black sea-serpentes crawled down his legges toe his shoes,  
While aspicks and eeles of a horryble size  
Crawled in atte his ears, and crawled oute atte his eyes.

Huge crayfishes stucke oute their hornes from his cheste,  
Grene seaweed grewe long on his hands and his breste,  
And he cried from a mouthe of a cavernous mien,—  
“Disdeynful Matilda, beholde Roger Grene.”

Ye guests at ye wedding feaste fled with dismaie,  
Matilda was borne shrieking loudlie awaie.  
Ere morning pale deathe had despoyled her of charmes,  
And ye bridegroom had clasped a dead bride in his armes.

They mayde her a grave in olde Trinitie's fayne,  
And the dowlie olde feyther was smytten with payne  
When his darling Matilda hadde left him alone,  
So he tolde them toe carve her a statue of stone.

On cushions of marble her colde heade did reste,  
With handes in a passion of prayre on her breste,  
As if she woude pardone bye penitence winne,  
For ye measurelesse depth of her pryde and her sinne.

And ofte when ye even was synking in gloome  
He woude whymper and whine at ye syde of her toombe,  
And thinke that he sawe, in the statue's cold stayre,  
A glympse of his daughter whoe once was soe faire.

—  
LINES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY  
ROBINSON CRUSOE.  
—

Dear Nellie, I set sail to-morrow,  
The world and its wonders to view,  
But the bitterest drop in my sorrow  
Is to think that I'm parting with you.  
My heart is all yours, dearest Nell ;  
And the last time we went to the Minster  
I told you—I mind it quite well—  
That you shouldn't be always a spinster.

My sweetheart ! my spouse I may call thee ;  
I'll come back to claim thee my bride,  
And if aught that is evil befall thee,  
I'll lie in the grave at thy side.  
E'en Death should not shatter our plight,  
We would still be a bride and a groom ;  
Our wedding should still be in white,  
And our honeymoon down in the tomb.

Oh, why were such warring emotions  
Implanted in one human heart ?  
Such jarring and clashing devotions  
As rend soul and body apart ?  
With mingled delight and repining  
My storm-beaten bosom is full,  
And my heart is for ever declining  
To stay with my body in Hull.

And why ? 'Tis no longer my own.  
'Tis with *thee* wheresoever I haste ;  
In the crowds of the busiest town,  
In the depths of the solemnest waste,  
In the forest primeval and savage,  
In the uttermost isles of the sea,  
Which the winds and the waters may ravage,  
My heart will be ever with thee.

And what shall I bring for thy bridal ?  
The crown of an African Queen,  
The spoils of an Indian idol,  
Or pearls from the Bight of Benin ?  
No ;—scornful I know thou would'st toss 'em,  
Far better I know what to bring—  
A wreath of the pure orange blossom,  
A piece of pure gold for a ring.

When I gaze on the inflowing Humber,  
As softly the Southend he laves,  
I scarcely could tell you the number  
Of kisses I cast on his waves.  
O, River, I charge thee, convey them  
As far as the mouth of the Ouse,  
And tell him to faithfully pay them  
At York, to my desolate spouse.

My parents,—I'm sorry to grieve 'em,  
Their pressure was meant for the best,  
It's rending my heartstrings to leave 'em,  
But law is a trade I detest.  
Do, Nellie, go down, there's a beauty—  
You know where they live up in Bootham—  
And give 'em my love and my duty,  
And say something gentle to soothe 'em.

I can't be a lawyer. The notion  
Is simply abhorrent to me.  
No ! give me a life on the ocean  
Where I can be happy and free.  
Old Ocean ! thy sunshiny ripples  
To me are a depth of delight.  
It is only a calling for cripples  
To sit in an office and write.

What ! be a professional liar ?  
To plunder, to cheat, to beguile,  
To make fees mount higher and higher,  
To rob with respectable smile ;  
To study fine speech and persuasion,  
To screen wealthy rogues at a high rate,  
To glory in trick and evasion ?  
No !— rather a candid old pirate.

The wild goat skips round on the mountain,  
The petrel flies out on the main,  
The goldfish leaps up in the fountain,  
The lion bounds over the plain,  
The flocks feed in sweet-smelling valleys,  
But where shall we look for the men ?  
In dark-reeking cities and alleys,  
With cash-book, and ledger, and pen.

I love all the brooks and the rivers  
Because they go down to the sea.  
Old Humber ! thy gates are the givers  
Of freedom and glory to me.  
Oh, bear me to climes where God's creatures  
Have only God's law to obey,  
With justice and truth for its features,  
Without either fee or delay.

Last night I was dreaming a vision.  
We dwelt on a beautiful isle,  
And round us the landscape Elysian  
Was spread in the sun's brightest smile.  
Rare flowers in the forest were blushing,  
Rich fruits bent the boughs on the trees,  
And musical rivers were rushing  
O'er coralline rocks to the seas.

The mocking-bird sang in the myrtles,  
The turtle dove coo'd on the palms,  
And sea-swans were sporting with turtles,  
Without any fears or alarms.  
There were love-birds—most sweet little lispers—  
Each pluming and kissing his brother,  
And butterflies carrying whispers  
Of love from one rose to another.

Together we dwelt in a cottage  
Embowered with creeper and vine ;  
We gathered ripe fruits for our pottage,  
And crushed the sweet grapes for our wine.  
Our flocks in the valleys were bleating,  
And Love was the crown of my life,  
For graces and virtues were meeting  
In thee as companion and wife.

Can Fate have such gifts in her giving ?  
Or will she present me a stone ?  
Perhaps I am doomed to be living  
On such a fair island alone.  
The summits of hope, as it seems,  
Can seldom by mortals be mounted,  
And Fate only grants us our dreams  
With the best of the blessings discounted.

But my candle is sinking the gloom in,  
The watchman is calling the hour,  
And midnight is solemnly booming  
From old Holy Trinity's tower.  
He speaks like a prophet of sorrow,  
Perhaps I may heed him too late.  
Good-bye dearest Nellie. To-morrow  
I go forth to wrestle with Fate.



## Rev. Robert W. Elliot, M.A.



HIS poet was born at Hull, the 26th day of February, 1829. He was originally intended for the medical profession, and indeed studied for that purpose two years, but afterwards was led to change his plans. His bent was towards the ministry of the Church of England, and with a view of preparing for the important office placed himself under the care of the Rev. J. E. Bromby, D.D., as tutor, and subsequently under that of the Rev. C. H. Bromby, D.D. These gentlemen were sons of the Rev. J. Bromby, for many years the beloved and highly respected Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Hull. He became a member of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and in due course took the degree of B.A. in 1853, and that of M.A. in 1856.

In 1853 he married the eldest daughter of the late Captain Roach, of Hull. In 1857 the Archbishop of York ordained him a deacon, and appointed him in the same year to the curacy of Etton, near Beverley, the Rev. Canon Musgrave, nephew of the Archbishop, at that time being Rector. At the expiration of a little more than a year he was induced to become assistant to the Rev. C. Hodgson, M.A., then District Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Yorkshire. It was intended that Mr. Elliot should succeed Mr. Hodgson as Secretary, but he found the duties of the office beyond his strength, and was compelled to relinquish the post.

After a year's work as Curate in Charge of the Parish of Sewerby, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, he accepted the Curacy of St. Leonard's, Malton. The Vicar, the Rev. G. P. Cordeux, M.A., resigned in 1863, owing to ill health. So favourable was the impression made by Mr. Elliot during his short curacy that on a petition being presented, signed by the principal parishioners, the patron of the living, Earl Fitzwilliam, appointed him as Mr. Cordeux's successor. Mr. Elliot is liberal in his views, but has no sympathy with any extremes that have a tendency to nullify the great work of the Reformation.

In literary matters Mr. Elliot very early tried his apprentice hand. His first effort was sent to the *Family Herald*, and he had the pleasure of finding his "Flowers enigmatically expressed" inserted in the next number of that paper. His pen has been active ever since. In 1854-5, at the suggestion of the editor of the *Hull Advertiser*, Mr. Collins, he wrote a series of articles on popular subjects, which attracted the attention and received the approbation of Mr. James Clay, M.P. for Hull. Mr. Elliot was a contributor to the *Hull Packet* for two years; and when the idea of a Free Library in the town was first mooted he wrote the leading article which appeared in that paper after the first meeting. Contributions from his pen were also frequently to be found in *Notes and Queries*.

In 1854 he published a volume of "Sonnets on Various Subjects," which was very favourably received by the press; also, in the same year, appeared the "Battle of Inkermann," the first edition being sold on the day of issue, as well as an "Ode on the Queen's Visit to Hull." "A Day's Reverie in Westminster Abbey," published in 1859, in "Titan," was very favourably noticed by the press. Much poetry and prose by Mr. Elliot has from time to time appeared in *London Society*, *Hull Christmas Annual*, *Shipwrecked Mariners' Magazine*, *Athenæum*, *Illustrated London News*, *Bristol Times*, the leading Yorkshire newspapers, and numerous periodicals. He has also printed in the *Malton Gazette* a series of articles headed "Antiquarian Notes and Foot Notes," dealing with such subjects as "Lantern Towers," "Curious Bequests," "Fortified Churches," "Briefs," "Place-Names," "Fairs," "Markets," "Chantryes," and "Church Ales." In the same paper he has issued, with a running comment on all important facts, the most interesting entries in the Parish Registers of St. Leonard's, Malton, and Norton.

As Vicar of the parish of St. Leonard's for 25 years, by the faithful discharge of his ministerial duties and his willingness to assist in other departments of public life, he has endeared himself to the people of Malton. As Chairman of the Debating Club connected with the Literary Institute, Vice-President of the Malton Field Naturalists' Society, and in other ways, he has exerted himself to advance the intellectual and scientific culture of the rising generation in this pleasant Yorkshire town.

JOHN H. LEGGOTT.

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## THE OPENING OF THE BELLS OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HULL, A.D. 1727.

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The roses were red in the gardens of summer,  
That gladden the valleys old Yorkshire enfolds,  
The brooks and the woodlands were joyful with music,  
The harvest was ripening afar on the wolds.

Softly the breeze o'er the Humber's wave winging,  
Breathed with sea breath over steeple and street,  
High in blue heaven the sky-lark was soaring,  
Morning's first sun-smile with worship to greet.

Vessels with white sails were thronging the river,  
Freighted with goods from all parts of the world,  
Swiftly and gaily approaching the harbour,  
Each with the flag of its nation unfurled.



All through the town eyes were turned to the steeple,  
Lifted in grandeur o'er God's House on high,  
Hitherto silent in gloom and in sunshine,  
Soon with sweet music to peal through the sky.

Shrined 'neath its battlements, olden and fretted,  
Hung the eight bells, all awaiting the time  
When sturdy hands in quick order should raise them,  
To speak to the world with their voices sublime.

\* \* \* \* \*

At length the longed-for moment came,  
And forth they burst with wild acclaim :—  
Forth they went through the windows wide,  
Over the Humber's flowing tide ;  
Forth they went over mart and street  
Alive with cheers and throng'd with feet ;  
Forth they went over stately hall,  
Sacred fane and cottage small ;  
Forth they went over gardens fair,  
Bright with blossoms sweet and rare ;  
Forth they went over fort and tower,  
Lofty tree and trellised bower ;  
Forth they went to the distant fields,  
Rich in grain the harvest yields ;  
Forth they went over scenes of joy,  
And others dark with grief's alloy ;  
Forth they went till the stars shone bright,  
And pierced the silent gloom of night ;  
A glorious choir, they their anthem sung,  
Their birth-day anthem—and it flung  
To the breezes, to tell to young and old  
The truths their sounding tones unfold  
Of the joys and griefs that all hearts feel,  
As men's lives pass through woe or weal,  
Seeking through sunshine or sorrow's gloom,  
Their way to peace beyond the tomb.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1885.

"When the Children are Asleep."—*Thos. Faed, R.A.*

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Two lovely babes lie wrapt in sleep's repose,  
With golden hair across their foreheads thrown,  
Their cheeks are sweet as roses newly blown,  
And their small hands as white as Alpine snows.

No cares of life as yet have touched their hearts,  
No tears of grief have dimmed their soft blue eyes,  
Their dreams are bright as cloudless summer skies,  
And joy to them its purest bliss imparts.

Hushed silence reigns beside their little bed,  
The kitten rests in sleep from playful mirth,  
The faggots brightly burn upon the hearth,  
And light with gleams the rafters overhead.

The Highland mother, knitting, watches near,  
Oft glances, listening, towards the rude latched door,  
For her babes' father, coming o'er the moor  
Through storm of blast and snow, with anxious fear.

---

A DARK DAY.

---

Downy seeds of thistles drifting lay like snow flakes on the moor,  
With a wild and solemn music moaned the wind against the door;  
From the shieling's thatch dripped noiselessly the lush abundant  
rain,

Bright and greenly in the sunset's gleam came out each lichen stain.

Long we watched the taper glimmer from the sorrow darkened room,  
Till the stars shone out above us and it faded in the gloom,  
Till the blossom of the furzes lighted not the scene around,  
And the night in robes of sables clad the dreary waste of ground.

Soon the storm passed into silence, and all things of life were still,  
Save the utterance, never ceasing, of the spring-fed moorland rill ;  
As we trod with silent voices, thinking thoughts we could not say  
Of the dark and fearful sorrow that had marred a bridal day.

Oh ! the joy-smiles of the morning. Oh ! how bright the festive  
scene ;

Oh ! how fair and sweet the maiden in her dress as white as sheen ;  
Oh ! the blush of hidden feelings warmly burning in her cheek ;  
Oh ! the glances rich in meaning words were powerless to speak.

But alas ! the happy bridegroom scarcely kissed her as his bride,  
Ere death's cold, destructive finger touched her life-blood's flowing  
tide ;

And her head lay on his bosom, as she dying breathed farewell ;  
And the marriage peal ceased ringing, to give place to passing bell !



## Mrs. Susan K. Phillips.



**M**ONGST Yorkshire's long roll of famous singers, Mrs. Susan K. Phillips takes high rank. She was born in 1831 at Aldborough, near Boroughbridge, of which place her father, the Rev. George Kelly Holdsworth, was Vicar. In 1865, nine years after her marriage with Mr. Henry Wyndham Phillips, the artist, she published her first volume of poems under the title of "Verses and Ballads," which was followed in 1870 and 1878 respectively by "Yorkshire Songs and Ballads" and "On the Seaboard," and still later by "Told in a Coble" (1884). Mrs. Phillips has contributed to several of the leading magazines, such as *Macmillan*, *Belgravia*, *Time*, *All the Year Round*, *Tinsley's*, *Cassell's*, &c. Many of her verses, in fact most of them, deal with various incidents in the lives of the sea coast people of Yorkshire. At Whitby she is well-known and highly respected by the rough but kindly-hearted fishermen, to whom she has been a friend during the dark days of suffering and hardship which not unfrequently fall to their lot. The pathos and mystery of the sea has been the theme of poets for long ages. Its vastness and loneliness, and the dread sense of mighty uncontrollable power, have affected the character of those who live on its bosom and watch by its shores. To them the sound of the sea in calm weather is not as the ripple of a child, but rather as the purring of a crouching tiger. This is how Mrs. Phillips in her poem "On the Seaboard," describes this influence:--

We live our lives, who on the seaboard dwell,  
Lives face to face with peril, death and heaven;  
The strong sad sea in its eternal swell  
Something of strong sad fellowship has given;  
Stern as its tempest, solemn as its roar,  
Keen, true and frank as sunlight on its breast,  
Its signet stamps their souls, who on the shore  
Dare, love, and labour; die, and sleep in rest.

In the short and simple annals of the poor, Mrs. Phillips has found a worthy theme, which is made all the finer by the grace and power of her verses. Tales of heroic deeds, done by obscure men in the darkness and storm of winter nights, are told with a simple force and directness which enchant the reader. Not once, but many times, have brave fishermen given to their comrades the oar or buoy on which depended their only chance of salvation amongst the roaring breakers. Such a story is enshrined in the poem "Me and My Mate." The announcement of such and such a ship being lost with all hands is not an unfrequent one in the newspapers. To realise the awful meaning of such a paragraph to the wives and friends of those who go down to the sea in ships, Mrs. Phillips's fine poem entitled, "Lost with all hands," will help many a sympathetic reader.

It is, however, not always of the sea folk that Mrs. Phillips sings.

Her sympathies are wide enough to embrace human life in many states. It is generally the human interest that attracts her attention, whatever may be the subject of her poems. The breezy moor, the glittering sunlight, the restless ocean, are all subservient in her work to the sympathy and feeling which illuminate the incidents of every day life from year to year. "Two" is the title of a poem full of pathos showing the beginning and ending of two lives in different circumstances. One was reared in luxury and wealth, the other in squalor and poverty. The contrast is a sorrowful one, and full of pity. Truly "the riddle is hard to read" the smooth verses tell us, but without any unnecessary bitterness. In "The Buried Chime," whose cadences ripple like a peal of far-off bells, Mrs. Phillips tells the story of a local tradition relating to the loss of the bells intended for the Abbey of St. Hilda, a famous North Country Shrine in the Middle Ages, the ruins of which now crown the Head overlooking Whitby Bay. When first published in one of the magazines some years ago, it was spoken of in terms of the highest praise by lovers of musical rhythm, and it was copied very extensively into newspapers and journals of the period.

All Mrs. Phillips' verses are characterized by a perfect finish, as if the lines had been touched and retouched until they shone like jewels. They have thus an interest for the student of literature, as well as appealing to the larger class who are touched by her tender and delicate delineations of life and character, and her setting of many a beautiful story and legend old.

ANDREW GREAME.

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## THE BURIED CHIME.

---

Under the cliffs at Whitby, when the great tides landward flow,  
Under the cliffs at Whitby, when the great winds landward  
blow,

When the long billows heavily roll o'er the harbour bar,  
And the blue waves flash to silver 'mid the seaweeds on the  
Scar,

When the loud thunder of the surf calls down the hollow shore,  
And 'mid the caves at Kettleness, the baffled breakers roar;

Under the cliffs at Whitby, who so will stand alone,  
Where in the shadow of the Nab the eddies swirl and moan,

When to the pulses of the deep, the flood-tide rising swells,  
Will hear amid its monotone, the clash of hidden bells.

Up from the heart of ocean the mellow music peals,  
Where the sunlight makes his golden path, and the sea-mew  
flits and wheels.

For many a chequered century, untired by flying time,  
The bells, no human fingers touch, have rung their hidden  
chime,

Since the gallant ship that brought them, for the abbey on the  
height,  
Struck and foundered in the offing, with her sacred goal in  
sight.

And the man who dares on Hallowe'en on the black Nab to  
watch,  
Till the rose-light on St. Hilda's shrine the midnight moonbeams  
catch,

And calls his sweetheart by her name, as o'er the sleeping seas,  
The echo of the buried bells comes floating on the breeze,

Ere another moon on Hallowe'en her eerie rays has shed,  
Will hear his wedding peal ring out from the church-tower on  
the Head.

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## ME AND MY MATE.

A WHITEY STORY.

---

Mates? ay, we've been mates together  
These three-score years and more :  
Lord, how we used to lake and cuff  
In't caves down there on t'shore!

Will, he were as bad as orphaned,  
His father were drowned at sea,  
And his mother, poor fond dateless soul,  
Could do naught with such as he.

So my father, as were a kindly man,  
Though slow in his speech and stern,  
Sent us both off to the whalery,  
Our bit and sup to earn.

And we were mates in the cold and the toil,  
And mates o'er the cheery glass,  
Till we parted, as better men have done,  
For we'd words about a lass.

Poor Nance !—her red lips and bright blue eyes,  
And her smiles for one and another,  
I wot those pretty ways of hers  
Came betwixt us, friend and brother.

And she wouldn't have neither him nor me,  
But took up with an inland chap,  
As daren't step in a boat nor haul a rope ;  
But he'd brass—we hadn't a rap.

Still, for all we heard her wedding-bells,  
Changed blows are bitter coin :  
We're hard to part, we Yorkshire folk,  
But we're harder yet to join.

Well, it were dree work to meet on t' pier,  
Nor once " Well, mate " to say ;  
And one to start with the lifeboat crew,  
And the other to turn away.

To go alone for the Sunday walk,  
To smoke one's pipe alone ;  
For while we shunn'd each other like,  
We'd go with never a one.

Only when the herring got agate,  
And the lobster pots were set,  
We were partners in the Nance, you see,  
So we went together yet.

Together, but never a word we spoke ;  
Out on the dancing waves,  
Under sunlight, or moonlight, or great white stars,  
As silent as men in their graves.

I tell you, we've sate as sullen as aught,  
One at t' sheet and one at t' helm,  
Till the very ripples seemed to call,  
" Shame ! shame !" in the sound of them.

Silent we pulled the fish aboard,  
Silent we turned her head,  
And steered her home, and leaped ashore,  
And never a word we said.

The very bairns stood back afeard,  
As we came glooming in ;  
And ever and aye I knew my heart  
Grew heavier in its sin.

One day the sky showed coarse and wild,  
And the wind kept shifting like,  
As a man that has planned a murder,  
And doesn't know where to strike.

" Best stay ashore and leave the pots,  
There's mischief brewing there ;"  
So spoke old Sam as could read the clouds ;  
But I had an oath to swear.

And I muttered : " Cowards might bide at home,"  
As I glanced at Will the while ;  
And he swung himself aboard the Nance,  
With one queer quiet smile.

Out ran the rope—up went the sail—  
She shot across the bar,  
And flew like a bird right through the surf,  
As was whitening all the Scar.



We reached the pots, and Will stretched out  
To draw the bladder near ;  
I looked astern, and there well-nigh broke  
From my lips a cry of fear.

For, flying over the crested wave,  
Terrible, swift, and black,  
I saw the squall come sweeping on ;  
All round us closed the wrack.

The boat heeled over to the blast,  
The thunder filled the air,  
Great seas came crashing over us ;  
Scarce time to think a prayer.

But 'mid the foam that blinded us,  
And the turmoil of the sea,  
I saw Will seize the bladder up  
And heave it right to me.

Can you understand, you landsmen ?  
It was all the chance he had ;  
Ay, thou mayst growl thy fill out there,  
But I'll tell the truth, old lad !

It was all the chance he'd got, I say,  
And he gave it to his mate ;  
I'd one hand on it, and one in his hair,  
When they found us, nigh too late.

For Sam had sent the lifeboat out,  
And they pulled us both aboard ;  
There was not a plank of the Nance afloat ;  
But I've got that bladder stored.

And whenever I'm vexed, or things go wrong,  
If Will should not be nigh,  
I light my pipe, and sit nigh hand  
Where it hangs there safe and dry.

And I know through good and evil,  
We are mates on to the end ;  
For the Book says there is no greater love  
Than to give one's life for one's friend.

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## TWO.

---

In the bitter gloom of a winter's morn  
A babe was born.  
The snow piled high against wall and door,  
On the mighty oak boughs, the frost lay hoar ;  
But warmth and light shrined the happy face,  
Softly pillowed mid down and lace.  
The bells clashed out from the reeling spire,  
The night was reddened by many a fire ;  
The cottage smiled for the joy of the hall,  
As the poor man answered the rich man's call,  
And his lot for a day was less forlorn,  
Because a little child was born.

In the bitter gloom of a winter's morn  
A babe was born.  
The snow piled high in the narrow street  
Trodden and stained by hurrying feet ;  
On the hearth the embers lay cold and dead,  
And the woman who crouched on the damp straw bed  
Muttered a curse as the drunken sport  
Swelled up to her lair from the crowded court ;  
Riot without and squalor within  
To welcome a waif to a world of sin,  
And a pitiful life was the more forlorn  
Because a little child was born.

In a smiling home amid sun and flowers  
A child grew up.

Calm, and beauty, and culture, and wealth,  
To give power to life and grace to health ;  
Gentle influence, thought, and care,  
To train the darling of love and prayer.  
The stately heirlooms of place and blood,  
To crown the flower of maidenhood ;  
With childhood's pearly innocence kept  
On the folded leaves where the sunshine slept ;  
So sweetly and richly foamed the cup  
Life held, where the happy girl grew up.

Where " home " was a vague and empty word  
A child grew up.  
Where oath and blow were the only law  
And ugly misery all she saw ;  
Where want and sin drew hand in hand  
Round the haunts that disgrace our Christian land ;  
A loveless, hopeless, joyless life  
Of crime and wretchedness, struggle and strife ;  
Never a glimpse of the sweet spring skies  
To soften the flash in the wild young eyes ;  
No drop of peace in the poisoned cup  
Life held, where the reckless girl grew up.

On a summer eve as the slow sun set  
A woman died.  
At the close of a long and tranquil life,  
Honoured and guarded, mother and wife,  
With gentle hands whose work was done,  
And gentle head whose crown was won ;  
With children's children at her knee  
And friends who watched her reverently :  
Knowing her memory would remain  
Treasured by grief, that scarce was pain,  
With her heart's dearest at her side,  
Blessing and blessed, the woman died.

On a summer eve as the slow sun set  
A woman died.  
She had fought the failing fight so long,  
But time was cruel and hard and strong ;  
Without a faith, without a prayer,  
With none to aid and none to care ;  
With not a trace upon the page,  
From desperate youth to loathsome age,  
But sin and sorrow, wrong and chance,  
And bitter blank of ignorance ;  
With not a hand to help or save,  
With not a hope beyond the grave,  
Tossed in the black stream's rushing tide  
Unmourned, unmissed, the woman died.  
  
And, we are all akin, runs the kindly creed ;  
And the riddle of life is hard to read !



## Aaron Watson.



POET, in this utilitarian age, must needs prove his *raison d'être*. John Ruskin, himself an ardent lover of poetry, as of everything else that is ideal and refining in influence, confesses as much in one of his letters. "Now, not only," he writes, "is this proverbially an age in which poetry is little cared for; but even with those who have most love for it, and most need of it, it requires, especially if high and philosophical, an attuned, quiet, and exalted frame of mind for its enjoyment; and if dragged into the midst of the noisy interests of everyday life, may easily be made ridiculous or offensive." It is, however, to idyllic and philosophical poetry that the great critic especially refers. The effect of a quotation from Wordsworth delivered "on Change" would be grotesque and absurd. Nevertheless, poetry of action and of labour is eminently suited to the present time. We require to have held up before us, for our example and encouragement, the heroisms of the common-place—the ideals of work-a-day life. And it is just for this reason that such work as that of Mr. Aaron Watson is entirely acceptable. He is, before all, a poet of the people. Invariably through the rhythm of his verse comes a soul-stirring sound—the sound of the heart throbs of humanity. His are songs of struggle, of work, or of endurance; of passionate outcry against oppression and wrong; of bitter mockery of whatever in our social system is false, hollow and insincere; of deep and tender sympathy with the victims of these same falsities and insincerities, of keen recognition of the pathos of uncomplaining endurance.

No small personal aim or grievance appears to cripple his muse. Healthy in tone and in design, his poems and ballads form a refreshing contrast to the generality of those of our modern writers of verse who seem to fancy that to be morbid is to be poetic. We feel grateful to Mr. Watson in that he has avoided this, alas, too common disease of morbidity; and only regret that the claims of a busy life do not allow him sufficient leisure to produce more work of a like sort. We are glad, however, to learn that he has been engaged upon a subject, for which his talents and scholarly attainments render him eminently fitted. The romance, we allude to, is to deal with circumstances connected with the commencement of the reign of James I., being a narrative of the last voyage of Sir Walter Raleigh and a search by some of his crew for the golden city of Manoa.

Mr. Watson is a native of Fritchley, in Derbyshire. While residing in Manchester, whither he went at an early age to push his fortunes, he became a contributor to the press, both in London and in Manchester itself. Encouraged by the success of his first efforts, he next proceeded to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where, after a newspaper venture of his own, he was appointed assistant editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Four years

later, he joined the staff of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* as leader-writer and special correspondent. After being engaged upon these two papers some considerable period, he resigned, and the editor and staff showed their appreciation of the value of his services by entertaining him with a farewell banquet, and presenting him with a testimonial of the regard in which he was held.

In London, whither he went in 1882, his success was speedily attained. By a stroke of rare good fortune, his first article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—at that time under the able editorship of Mr. John Morley—chanced to be made the subject of question in the House, and attracted thereby considerable attention; while a subsequent one, dealing with the treatment of our invalided soldiers from Egypt, was the primary cause of a much needed Commission of Inquiry upon the subject. His work then found a ready market, and he contributed at this time to a great many of the leading papers and magazines. He was appointed editor of the *London Echo* in 1884, and himself founded the *Weekly Echo*, which he succeeded in making a popular journal for the people by dint of judicious management and much bright writing of his own. Nothing seems to come amiss to his facile pen; and his style has won for it the commendation of many leaders of literature. And now again, Mr. Watson is a resident in the North, living at Tynemouth, where the ruins of one of our most famous Priors look out over the North Sea.

LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

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## BY THE NORTHERN SEA.

A Conversation.

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We strolled beside the margin of the sea,  
 Ransome and I, a mile or so from where  
 My cottage nestled 'mid its shadowing trees  
 And roses bloom'd within my garden ground.  
 A little, snug, sweet, solitary place;  
 No neighbours but the distant fisher-folk,  
 No visitors but sea-gulls, starlings, tern,  
 A thrush sometimes, and once an eagle—strayed  
 From some far northern eyrie, broken-winged,  
 Heart-broken too, and very near to death.

I marked with red ink in my calendar  
 The day when Ransome came; and yet it seemed  
 That he was like my eagle, broken-winged,  
 And sick at heart, and with no strength for flight,

And wearied past all hope, desire, or care.

"We laugh at you," he said; and with the words  
There came the shadow of his former smile;  
"We laugh at you that you are hidden here,  
'Twixt desolate landscape and deserted sea;  
You, who have breasted with such strength of limb  
The mighty surges of our city life,  
And kept your head above the breaking waves  
So many drown in. Come, what secret now,  
What mystery of mysteries keeps you here?"

"I love the sea, the sands, the dunes," I said,  
"The storms of winter, and the summer calm,  
The midnight sky above the lifting waves—  
The gleaming gems that stud Orion's belt,  
And pallid glitter of his mighty sword."

"All which evades my question," he replied,  
"Not being earnest. Let the secret out."

"I have my purpose, doubtless: that may be  
To fashion ballades, rondeaus, villanelles,  
Toys, playthings, in which artful use of words  
Makes up for lack of thoughts; for words, you know,  
Are numerous in 'Webster;' thoughts are few."

"A truce to jesting," Ransome said. "For me,  
I have no further use for 'purposes;'  
We're friends no longer, having said farewell  
This year or two, nor met to change our minds."

Here was strange news; for Ransome, long ago,  
When we were youths together—he bright-souled,  
Fresh, eager, buoyant, I less light of wing—  
Had been compact of purpose, and resolved,  
In the knight-errant spirit, to subdue  
The world to order, and to right all wrongs.

"'Twere well," I said, "that I should question you.  
What bee has stung you; or what venomous asp  
Has spread its numbing poison through your blood?  
You still have what the world calls youth, and fame

Has scarcely shunned you. As for wealth, we two  
May pride ourselves we have the strength to earn.  
Your purposes were noble : have you found  
The task too heavy ? ”

“ There you hit the blot,”

Ransome replied. “ At most I am but one  
Against the world. I toiled, indeed, and strove  
As Paul strove with the beasts at Ephesus,  
But now at last my strength has given out.  
The mass of human misery is too great  
For one to rear himself against the tide  
And say, ‘ Go thou no further.’ One, indeed !  
Nothing at all is left that one can do ;  
And now-a-days a man must sit apart,  
Twiddle his thumbs if he be dull of soul,  
Or eat his heart up, if that heart can feel.”

“ ’Tis a sad doctrine, truly, that you teach,”  
I said, and looked within his orb-like eyes ;  
“ And ’tis a mercy that it is not true.  
Why, even I, beside this lonely sea,  
Amid this solitude at which you rail,  
Live in good hope to do some true deed yet,  
And help the world somewhat before I die.  
Meanwhile I dig my little garden plot,  
And tend my roses, till my path is clear.  
Have you no garden ? Nay, I do not mean  
A few square yards of soil, hedged round with thorn  
And with a tree or two to lend you shade.  
No minor duty that lies near to you ?  
No smaller purpose that, while great ones wait,  
May best be served by humble industry ? ”

“ All purpose, great and small, leads to one end,  
Which is the gradual breaking of the heart.”  
So Ransome said, despondent. “ Nothing thrives.  
One only sees one’s patient effort die.”

“ I have my thoughts on dying,” I replied.



"Death seems to me the vastest sham of all,  
The one great imposition on our kind.  
No effort, howsoever small and poor,  
Ever died yet, if it deserved to live.  
Look you, I throw this stone into the sea ;  
The waves absorb it ; on the ocean floor  
It lies with other ancients of its kind ;  
But yonder ripple in the silvery calm  
Makes all the world of waters tremulous—  
Aye, down as deep as to the Kraken's bed.  
How know I on what shores that ripple breaks,  
On rock-strewn coasts, or cliffs, or populous sands,  
Or fairy islands garlanded with flowers ?  
These are the secrets that we need not know.  
Enough to know is, what is done is done,  
And what is done is done beyond recall.  
No effort dies nor fails——"

"Hold there, my friend,"

Said Ransome. "That's the old familiar stuff  
We learned as boys—How many years ago ?  
Your ripple is already out of sight :  
'Twas imperceptible e'en while you talked.  
It proves my argument, but shatters yours.  
Why, that's what man can do, nor more nor less—  
Just throw a stone into the heedless sea."

"You feel, but do not reason," I replied.  
"You ask for the effect to follow cause  
Too soon and visibly. 'Twere well to wait.  
The pears upon my trees are still but green,  
But they will ripen in the summer sun.  
Our vanity would do all things at once ;  
God takes his time, and puts us all to shame.  
I am for trust, for working with a will,  
And waiting long to see what comes of it.  
We can but do our part--the doctrine's old,  
Just as you say !—We can but do our part,

Perform the little duties or the great  
Just as they come in order. For a deed—  
Well, I, like you, should like to do a deed  
That men would speak of, and, not only that,  
That men would profit by. We cannot tell ;  
Often we needs must grope within the dark.  
God lights us when he needs us. Patience, then ;  
Have patience, cherish hope, and keep alive  
The glow-worm faith, to shine until the dawn ! ”

The sunny ripple broke about our feet,  
And pools of brine held little bits of sky,  
And we went homeward o’er the purple sands.

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## PICTURES.

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Night on the Thames, and yonder flush of light,  
Centred above the purple mass of gloom,  
Throbs over London. Silent as the tomb  
The river seems, and is deserted quite,  
Save where, far off, almost from reach of sight,  
A boat creeps forward, so that I discern  
A single figure crouching at the stern,  
Dark as a shadow, still as is the night.  
By either shore pillars of tremulous flame  
Gleam in the lifting waters everywhere,  
Reflected from the endless lamps that sweep  
Curving to that vast city. Ah, there came  
A sound like to a sob borne on the air,  
The moan of London in its restless sleep.

A little town surrounding a sweet bay,  
With jutting headlands, under which the sea,  
Unvexed by any breeze, stirs dreamily ;  
Red sails of fishing boats out far away ;

A sky from which the light of a June day  
Floods all the waters ; landward a few trees,  
With heath and fern and bracken to the knees  
Of one who strolls there, careless of his way.  
A dainty picture, whether sea or land  
One's eyes are fixed on ! There, the country sweet ;  
And here the placid, slowly-swooning waves,  
The brown-tiled houses nestling to the strand,  
The blue smoke shimmering upwards, the one street,  
And yonder churchyard, with its mossy graves.

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“IN A GARRET BRED.”

---

You see that little chap on crutches there—  
Him with the bare head and the yellow hair—  
Well, that's my boy, the only child I've got ;  
The last that's living out of all the lot !  
He isn't much to give a father pride !  
Well, perhaps he's not, but if that boy had died,  
Sure as I stand, I should have lost my wife,  
And all the comfort would have left my life.

You smile because I speak of comfort, sir ;  
There isn't much 'bout which to make a stir :  
A room there at the top, two chairs, a bed,  
And a patched, broken, cranky roof o'erhead—  
That's all I've got to boast of ; and to pay  
For that comes hard, on fifteenpence a day.  
'Twas of the roof that I was going to speak.  
The boy there, who is crippled, thin, and weak,  
And always ailing, has but just got out  
After a long and almost killing bout.

Poor lad, he's always had to fight for breath,  
Always seemed far less meant for life than death.  
His spirit pulled him through ; a pluckier lad,  
Or one more tender, parents never had.  
Well, then, the roof above our garret there  
Was rather meant for letting in the air  
Than keeping out the rain. At nights we lie  
And look up through the rafters to the sky.  
The lad will count the stars as, one by one,  
They seem to flicker feebly, and are gone ;  
Or sometimes watch the moonbeam stealing through ;  
And weave strange fancies that would startle you.  
What's that ? Why don't I have the roof repaired ?  
Why, who's to mend it ? How the landlord stared  
When I asked him ! And then he turned about ;  
And said if we complained he'd chuck us out !  
And so he would, too ; that's the landlord's way.  
" It's good enough," he says, " for what we pay."

But there, I meant to speak about the lad.  
Last time but one that he was taken bad  
The rain was falling almost night and day,  
And came down dripping on him where he lay ;  
And so his mother took the boards (you see,  
I'm just a sandwich man), and tenderly  
Laid them above him to keep off the wet,  
For that was all the help our means could get.

Well, that poor lad—him who on crutches hops—  
Lay there in bed, a-counting of the drops,  
And looking so as if it eased his pain  
To listen to the dripping of the rain ;  
And one day, " Mother," says he, to my wife,  
Who's lost her health in saving of his life,  
" How I do pity those, on these wet days,  
Who've got no boards to cover them," he says.

There, when I heard it I burst into tears  
Such as I've never shed for years on years ;  
I think that partly they were tears of joy,  
And partly tears of pity for the boy ;  
For I was proud of him—proud as could be ;  
And yet all broken down with misery.

I've heard the parson say, time and again,  
How Christ came down and lived among us men  
In pity for us. Well, perhaps it's bad,  
But I'm reminded of Him by the lad.

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### A PARTING.

---

Here is the place at which we must part ;  
Here are severed the ways we tread.  
You must go that way, I this, dear heart !

And now I think of the words you said  
Long ago, ere I knew you well.  
Dear, shall I give you those words again ?  
' How wide the world is, and, sooth to tell,  
How little we care for all we meet !  
The greeting of friends in a crowded street,  
Who meet without pleasure, and part without pain :  
That is what life is to me, ' you said,  
' And, believe me, I do not find it sweet.'

Yet life has seemed to be sweet since then ;  
To you and to me it was sweet indeed !  
But now, how bitter it seems again.

Behold, from the grass I pluck a weed,  
And blow the dust of its petals wide.  
Does that remind you of aught beside  
The few last words that must now be said ?

Ah yes ! I see that you strive to hide  
A tear or two. Will you bend your head,  
And rest it where it has lain before  
A moment. There, I had rather have died !  
Good bye ! The pain of parting is sore.  
Here, you see, do the ways divide ;  
Here, for ever, I leave your side ;  
Hence, till death, we shall meet no more.

You to the east, and I to the west,  
But wherever you go my thoughts will follow ;  
Life without you will be empty and hollow,  
Life without you, whom my soul loves best.  
You to the east, and I to the west,  
And wherever you go my heart will follow.



*The Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon.*

WILLIAM Morley Punshon was born at Doncaster, on the 29th May, 1824, and at the Grammar School of his native town, and at Tadcaster, he received the rudiments of education. When about 14 years of age he was sent to Hull, where he entered his grandfather's office as junior clerk. For three years he remained in the ancient and thrice-loyal borough, occupying every minute he could steal from office-work in posting himself in the politics of the day, in cultivating his mental faculties, and in writing poetry. He persuaded several young men to join him in his self-imposed tasks, and with them started a sort of Mutual Improvement Society, which they called the Menticultural Society, and in connection with which they published for a short time a periodical entitled the "Hull Quarterly Magazine." Of this society Punshon was the life and light, and at its meetings he first gave evidence of the possession of those elocutionary powers which were to stamp him as one of the most finished orators of the century, and to earn him his proud title—"The Poet of the Christian Pulpit." On the 23rd of May, 1839, he joined the Methodist Society at a meeting of the leaders of the George Yard Chapel in Hull, and it was at Ellerby, one of the tiny hamlets in the neighbourhood of that town, that on Sunday, the 2nd of August, 1840, when only sixteen years old, he preached his first sermon, one that was remembered and talked of in the place years afterwards, when, as Dr. Punshon, the head of the Wesleyan Connexion, he visited the scene of his first attempt in the pulpit.

In 1840 Mr. Punshon left Hull for Sunderland, to fill a vacant stool in an uncle's counting-house. There he stayed for another three years, and then cast away day-book and ledger for ever. After a short course of training and probation, he was proposed for the Wesleyan ministry in 1844, and in the springtime of the following year, he went to take charge of a new Wesleyan church that had been formed at Marden in Kent, by seceders from the Established Church, who objected to the Ritualistic practices that obtained there. Under Mr. Punshon's care the new congregation so increased and flourished that a large and substantial chapel was built, and speedily filled by those anxious to hear the new preacher. So popular did he become that, so it is said, an offer was made to erect and endow a church for him. He, however, was resolved to remain true to the Church of his adoption, and therefore refused the tempting offer.

From 1845 to 1855 his life was one of hard work and frequent change. From Marden he went to Whitehaven, and from there to Carlisle. For two years he laboured in the latter city, leaving in 1849 to be ordained at the Manchester Conference. In the same year he was married to Miss Maria

Vickers. On his ordination he was appointed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, from there he removed to Sheffield, and from Sheffield, in 1855, to Leeds.

During this period of almost incessant labour Dr. Punshon, however, found time to make his first appearance in Exeter Hall as a public lecturer, his subject being "The Prophet of Horeb." This lecture, delivered on the 17th of January, 1854, to an audience of 3000 persons, established his reputation as a master of oratory. He roused his hearers to enthusiasm, played upon their every passion and emotion, claimed and obtained their sympathy, and carried them away thrilled by a flood of magnificent eloquence. His lectures were delivered from memory, and with such wonderful exactness, that on their subsequent publication not a sentence would be found altered.

Nor was it as a lecturer alone that Dr. Punshon displayed almost transcendental abilities as an orator. No one who has heard him proclaim from the pulpit the glorious message of Christ will ever forget the impassioned manner, the voice of matchless pathos and harmony, that so moved the crowded chapel, nor his low whisper, penetrating as the still small voice of Conscience. Dr. Punshon's sermons were not only specimens of convincing eloquence, they possessed literary merit of no mean order, as a perusal of the published volumes will reveal.

In the thick of his pulpit and platform triumphs, Dr. Punshon did not neglect the every-day work of the ministry. He became a member of the Conference in 1859, and in due course occupied the Presidential seat. He set to work to relieve the congregation at Spitalfield's from their financial difficulties, and by his lecture on the Huguenots raised £1000 for that purpose. He went out to Canada in 1868, and as President of the Canadian Conference laboured with success in the new field there opened out to him. On his return to England an effort was successfully made to provide a sum of £10,000, in order to build chapels in watering-places where none existed, and to restore and improve those already built. A similar work in the metropolis was then undertaken, and in a thousand and one other ways, both at the Mission House and elsewhere, he threw his whole soul and energy into his efforts for the welfare and advancement of Wesleyan Methodism.

But in the midst of life comes death, and Dr. Punshon was struck down in the full strength of his manhood. He started for the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, hoping that change and rest might bring renewed health. But in vain, he returned suddenly home to die. On the 14th April, 1881, the end came. His last utterance was a charge to wife and children to "Love Jesus, and meet me in Heaven," and then the spirit returned to God who gave it.

SIDNEY CLARKE.



### PERMANENCE OF CHARACTER.

“Every man’s work shall be made manifest : for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire ; and the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is.”—1 Cor. iii., 13.

By trifles in our common ways  
 Our characters are slowly piled ;—  
 We lose not all our yesterdays,—  
 The man hath something of the child.  
 Part of the past to all the present cleaves ;—  
 As the rose-odours linger. e’en in fading leaves.  
 The habits of each wayward hour  
 Increase by their indulgence gain,  
 Till we are slaves beneath their power,  
 Yet all unconscious of our chain ;  
 And to our fancied independence cling,  
 As birds, which, in their cage, the songs of freedom sing.  
 Never did flood sweep through the vale  
 Without some ravage left behind,  
 Some wreck to turn a young face pale ;—  
 Some household comfort undermined ;—  
 So hath each moment, used or wasted, left  
 To all an added grace, or of some charm bereft.  
 As, when the ancient temple rose,  
 In silence must the work be done ;  
 As light upon the morning flows,  
 The bright dower of the silent sun,—  
 So heedless men their busy tasks have plied,  
 Nor known what palaces were rising by their side.  
 Full oft, in some unhappy night,  
 The fire hath wrapt around a house  
 Where Care had hid his griefs from sight,  
 And slumber stole o’er aching brows,  
 And startled sleepers, ’mid the fiery strife,  
 Are rudely roused from dreams, and battle for dear life ;

Then all that darkness had concealed  
Is by the ghastly dawn declared ;  
And in that sickening light revealed,  
No household mystery is spared ;  
There was no time to alter—'mid the blaze ;—  
*Just as they were*, they met the stranger's curious gaze.

And is it to be so at last ?  
All our life-work disclosed and tried !  
In memory of the faithless past  
Who may the stern assize abide ?—  
Those who, on Sion's sure foundation old,  
"Build" steadfast, day by day, the "silver" and the "gold."

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### INFLUENCE OF TRIFLES.

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"Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."—1 Cor.  
v. 6.—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—Gal. vi. 7.

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Speak not of trifles light as air,  
Or froth of Ocean's pride ;  
For things, on which no thought we spare,  
The mightiest forces hide.  
As slumbers, in the clod, the fire,—  
As lingers music in the lyre,—  
So future destinies are born  
From hours of prayer, or hours of scorn.  
  
Where God in generous fulness dwells,  
Nor small nor great is known ;  
He paints the tiniest floweret-cells  
O'er emerald meadows strown ;  
And sees, but not with kinder eyes,  
The heavens grow rich with sunset dyes ;  
Both ministrant to beauty's sense,  
Both signs of one Omnipotence.

He comes not forth with pageant grand  
His marvels to perform ;  
A cloud " the bigness of a hand "  
Can blacken heaven with storm.  
A grain of dust, if He arrange,  
The fortunes of a planet change.  
An insect reef can overwhelm  
The stately navies of a realm.

There are no trifles. Arks as frail  
As bore God's prince of old,  
On many a buoyant Nile stream sail  
The age's heirs to hold.  
From Jacob's love on Joseph shed,  
Came Egypt's wealth and Israel's bread ;  
From Ruth's chance gleaning in the corn,  
The Psalmist sang ;—The Christ was born.

Each spirit weaves the robe it wears,  
From out life's busy loom,  
And common tasks and daily cares  
Make up the threads of doom.  
Wouldst thou the veiled future read ?  
The harvest answereth to the seed.  
Shall Heaven e'er crown the victor's brow ?—  
Ask tidings of the battle now.

Oh wise beyond all written page  
Are those, who learn to say,  
" Less worth were centuries of age  
Than golden hours to-day ! "  
For in the present all the past  
And future years are folded fast,  
And, in each laden moment, lie  
The shapes of an eternity.

## SABBATH EVENING.

---

Another Sabbath sun is down,  
Grey twilight creeps o'er thorpe and town.  
How much of sorrow, unconfessed,  
Lies hidden in yon darkening west !

What burdens, uncomplaining borne !  
What masks o'er latent anguish worn !  
What pangs of heart-break !—plots of sin !  
Have this night's shadows folded in !

We woke to-day with anthems sweet  
To sing before the mercy-seat,  
And, ere the darkness round us fell,  
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,  
Each upward glance of filial fear,  
Each litany, devoutly prayed,  
Each gift upon Thine altar laid ;

Each tear, regretful of the past,  
Each longing o'er the future cast,  
Each brave resolve,—each spoken vow, —  
Jesus, our Lord ! accept them now.

Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes  
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice ;  
Aught of presumption, over bold,  
The dross we vainly brought for gold ;

If we have knelt at alien shrine,  
Or insincerely bowed at Thine,  
Or basely offered " blind and lame,"  
Or blushed beneath unholy shame ;

Or,—craven prophets,—turned to flee  
When duty bade us speak for Thee ;—  
'Mid this sweet stillness, while we bow,  
Jesus, our Lord ! forgive us now.

Oh let each following Sabbath yield  
For our loved work an ampler field,  
A sturdier hatred of the wrong,  
A stronger purpose to grow strong ;—

And teach us erring souls to win,  
And “hide” their “multitude of sin ;”  
To tread in Christ's long-suffering way,  
And grow more like Him day by day.

So as our Sabbaths hasten past,  
And rounding years bring nigh the last ;  
When sinks the sun behind the hill,  
When all the “weary wheels” stand still ;

When by our bed the loved ones weep,  
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,  
And vain is help or hope from men :—  
Jesus, our Lord ! receive us then.



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